# THE CONQUEST OF CALIFORNIA

WILLIAM B. GROSS

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To Lawrence and Lilian Fletcher
with the compliments
of the author
William B. Gross
First Edition. —Dec. 11, 1930

# THE CONQUEST OF CALIFORNIA

Books are the playfellows of
childhood, the companions of
youth, and the friends of old age.
144

WITHDRAWN

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# THE CONQUEST OF CALIFORNIA

A DRAMATIC ROMANCE
OF AN UNKNOWN HERO

BY

WILLIAM B. GROSS

WITHDRAWN

THE STRATFORD COMPANY
PUBLISHERS BOSTON, MASS.

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*Publishers*
PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

71-472 March 4, 1971

PRINTED BY
THE ALPINE PRESS, INC., BOSTON, MASS.

# Introduction

SOME years ago a motion-picture director asked me if I could furnish him a scenario of an Indian story that would make a good picture.

"Yes, I can, and it is the greatest Indian story you ever heard of and it is a true story."

Then I told him about a sentence I had read in Bancroft's history of California, "What a subject for a painting," and the impression it made upon me and how it constantly reminded me of that illustrious historian's description of the San Diego Mission battle, and the twenty-two-year-old soldier standing in a dilapidated adobe hut, fighting — single-handed — an army of over eight hundred savages all through one night and forcing them to disperse. Then I surprised my friend when I stated that I doubted if one per cent of the people in California know this hero's name.

A Methodist Episcopal clergyman was the next man to become interested. He thought I had an exceptionally fine subject either for a novel or a picture. He tried to interest some well-known authors, but his proposition did not appeal to them. He then suggested that I should write the novel. It was easier said than done.

The writing of a novel, such as I had planned, would require a vast amount of reading and research work. Moreover, I wanted to tell the true story of the eminent Franciscan missionaries who had devoted their

lives to the regeneration of thousands of the meanest and lowest types of Indians the world has ever known. I obtained most of my information from the diaries, letters and histories of Fathers Serra, Palou, Lasuen, Crespi, Fuster, Baegert, Boscano, Engelhardt, and Messrs. Galvez, Ortega, Portolá, Costanso, Bucareli, Bancroft, Bolton, Chapman and many others.

Although the epochal events as described by the above mentioned authors were intensely dramatic and often bordered on the miraculous, they lacked coördination, and in order to make their story of the conquest of California more interesting, I decided to weave about it a web of romance, but without intending to discredit the posthumous fame of either Fages or Ortega. A few transpositions had to be made to complete the picture.

The startling event that climaxed this great story was the San Diego Mission battle. Charles E. Chapman in his history of California (1921) says: "The San Diego plot involved thousands of Indians, being virtually a national uprising and owing to the distance from New Spain and the extreme difficulty of maintaining communications a victory for the Indians would have ended Spanish settlement in Alta California—and the eventual loser would have been the United States."

What will most likely astonish the reader of this narrative, is how little has heretofore been known about the superhuman task undertaken by the Franciscan Fathers in converting the California Indians to

Christianity. It is a graphic story but not a bloody one. Of the spiritual conquest of California, it might truly be said that "God moves in mysterious ways His wonders to perform."

Last, but not the least, comes the unknown hero, Juan Estevan Rocha, the sharpshooter, Palou called him. Remember his name.

Even though this is a skeptical age, there are still many thousands of men and women who believe that truth is stranger than fiction.

THE AUTHOR.

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# PART I

## CHAPTER I

# A King Sets the Stage

A GREAT upheaval had taken place throughout the Spanish Dominions. Nothing less than the expulsion of the Jesuit fathers from Spain and all her colonies had been decreed by King Carlos III. Why this was done or for what reason the king had ordered the banishment of these priests has never been definitely established.

Carlos and his councilors kept their plans a profound secret until the day they were ordered to be executed throughout the Spanish realm. At an appointed hour meetings were to be called by various officials in Spain and all her dependencies. Carefully sealed packages had been sent to these officials, all bearing the king's seal and signature and inscribed with these words: "Under penalty of death you will not remove this wrapper until the night of June 24, 1767." The explicit and carefully worded instructions contained in all the sealed packages were very strict and threatened the lives of any appointed Spanish officials who failed to carry them out. The execution of this royal decree began before sunrise on the morning of June 25, 1767, and it was carried out remorselessly, until all the Jesuit priests scattered throughout the Spanish domain had been arrested, conducted to des-

ignated ports and there embarked for those countries that would offer them asylum.

Captain Gaspar de Portolá had been ordered to carry out this royal decree in Lower California, where the Jesuit priests had established and been in charge of the various missions for over seventy years. Captain Portolá at the same time was appointed governor of Lower California.

Father Junipero Serra, a member of the Franciscan Order of Friars, who had gained considerable reputation as a missionary in Mexico, was likewise ordered with thirteen brothers of the same fraternity to accompany Captain Portolá to Lower California, where, he had been informed, they were to take charge of the Lower California missions.

Three small ships were furnished for the transportation of Captain Portolá, his company of fifty soldiers and the Franciscan padres; but severe storms, contrary winds and various misunderstandings caused numerous delays, and many months passed before the royal decree of King Carlos was finally executed in Lower California, the arrest and banishment of the Jesuit priests accomplished and the Franciscan friars established in their place.

When the Spanish ambassador at the court of St. Petersburg, Visconde de la Herreria, learned that the Empress Catherine the Great was planning to send an exploratory expedition along the western coast of North America, he immediately sent word of it to Marquis de Grimaldi, minister of state, at Madrid. As

Russia claimed the Aleutian Islands and Alaska by right of discovery, this information caused considerable uneasiness to Carlos and his ministers, and letters were promptly forwarded to the Marquis de Croix, at that time viceroy of New Spain (Mexico), advising him of the danger that menaced the Californias, and that he take such steps as he thought necessary to protect Spain's interests along the Pacific coast. Realizing the importance of this information, the viceroy lost no time in forwarding copies of the despatches he had received from Madrid to Don Joseph de Galvez, the king's inspector-general, who was then on his way to San Blas, a newly established settlement on the west coast, where Mexico maintained a small navy yard and ship-building plant.

Don Joseph de Galvez, before coming to Mexico in 1765, had creditably filled a number of important positions in the service of King Carlos. While attached to the State Department he learned that both England and Russia were contemplating further explorations in the Pacific. There was nothing unusual in this; but what caused Spain's uneasiness was the possibility that some day one of these exploratory expeditions might land somewhere along the coast of Alta California, take possession of that vast domain and force Spain to contest her rights with the invader.

Even before the Marquis de Croix's letters reached Don Joseph de Galvez, he had given considerable thought to a possible invasion of Alta California and had even spoken of it to the viceroy just before leaving

the City of Mexico. He had also conferred with some of the officials and wealthy merchants at San Blas and elsewhere along the west coast, and they had agreed to help de Galvez if he decided to take any action to protect Spain's interests in Alta California.

Galvez had been sent to New Spain with virtually unlimited authority. Holding a position even greater than that of the viceroy, he was responsible only to the king for any action he might take. An energetic man, upon the receipt of the viceroy's letters he quickly arranged a plan that called for the organizing and outfitting of four expeditions; two of them to go overland and two by sea. Thus he would put Spain in actual possession of Alta California and effectually guard this vast domain against invasion by England or Russia.

Nothing could have given Galvez greater satisfaction than the information contained in the copies of despatches forwarded by de Croix, wherein both the king and the Marquis de Grimaldi advised the viceroy to take necessary steps to protect Spain's interest along the Pacific coast from foreign aggression. The knowledge that King Carlos, Grimaldi and de Croix would all undoubtedly sanction the project that he, Galvez, on his own initiative, had planned for the conquest of Alta California, gave a different aspect to his undertaking, and he promptly decided to expedite the work.

For a time Galvez was at a loss to know how to finance the four expeditions; but with the authority the king had placed in his hands, and the information he had just received from the viceroy, some means must

be found to supply his needs. He knew he could requisition the men, money and supplies required, but he wanted to evade extreme measures, and, if possible, avoid criticism.

Spain's financial condition just then was at such a low ebb that he knew he could not depend on getting any funds from her, so he finally decided to draw on the Pious Fund for at least a part of the money needed, and get the mission fathers of Lower California to supply the horses, mules, cattle, farming implements, and such other articles they would be able to furnish for the missions to be established in Alta California.

Galvez's intention in taking possession of Alta California was a peaceful one, and, in order to satisfy the administrator of the Pious Fund, he proposed to make it more of a religious than a military conquest, and in so doing justify the use of the money belonging to this fund.

Galvez knew that the money belonging to what was known as the Pious Fund had been contributed or bequeathed by wealthy and pious Spaniards from time to time for the conversion of the Indians and the building of the missions in the Californias. Knowing the keen interest Father Serra had taken in the conversion of the savages to Christianity, Galvez promptly enlisted the aid of this well-known missionary in his plans. It was agreed between them that he was to establish and take charge of the new missions that would be required in Alta California, and the Franciscan Order was to supply the missionaries for these new establishments.

If Father Serra had any doubts about accepting so great a responsibility in behalf of his fraternity, these were quickly dissipated by the enthusiasm shown by Don Joseph de Galvez in the outfitting of the four expeditions.

Before leaving the mainland for Lower California, Galvez ordered the officer in charge of the naval base at San Blas to overhaul and properly outfit the *San Carlos* and *San Antonio,* two sailing ships that had been used in coastwise trade. Additional sailors and supplies were to be furnished, and as soon as the work was completed they were to sail for Lower California, where the ships were to be given a second overhauling, take on additional supplies, a number of soldiers, a Franciscan padre or two and some workingmen, and sail thence for San Diego and Monterey.

The first of the four expeditions planned by Galvez left Santa Ana, Lower California, for the overland march to San Diego, on September 30, 1768. The first ship to leave for San Diego was the *San Carlos.* She sailed from La Paz, on January 10, 1769. The second ship, the *San Antonio,* sailed from Cape San Lucas on February 15, 1769. The second overland expedition left Loreto, Lower California, March 9, 1769. All told, there were about two hundred and twenty men assigned to these four expeditions.

It was well for Spain that neither England nor Russia, but more particularly the former, had any knowledge of her plans for the conquest of California, in view of the pitifully small forces that Galvez had sent

to take possession of that vast domain. For had England known of it, she might easily have wrested this territory from her ancient enemy, and justified her action in claiming Alta California by right of Sir Francis Drake's discovery of what is now known as Drake's Bay, lying northwest of San Francisco.

Thus the upheaval caused by the expulsion of the Jesuit priests from Lower California served to bring into the limelight of historic fame such eminent men as Don Joseph de Galvez, Governor Gaspar de Portolá, Fathers Junipero Serra, Firmin Francisco de Lasuen and Francisco Palou, Lieutenant Pedro Fages, Captain Fernando de Rivera, Sergeant José de Ortega and a host of others; but the bravest of them all, California's unknown hero, who saved Alta California for Spain and eventually the United States, lies buried in an unmarked and unhonored grave.

In none of Spain's many conquests had she spent less money, or caused the shedding of less blood, than in her conquest of Alta California. Nevertheless, this enterprise was as hazardous as any ever undertaken by her, and the many thrilling adventures that the men of the four expeditions were to live through before Spain's proud flag was safely flying over this vast domain are set forth in the following pages.

## CHAPTER II

# The First Capital of the Californias

LORETO, known as the oldest of the Lower California missions, was founded in 1697. An earlier attempt had been made to found a mission at San Bruno, some leagues farther north, but it had proved a failure. Loreto was also the first presidio (garrison) to be located in Lower California, and it was likewise the first capital and the home of the first governor of that province, who was also the chief magistrate, having full jurisdiction over all the inhabitants, except the mission fathers.

Father Jacob Baegert, one of the Jesuit missionaries who was expelled from Lower California in 1768, has left an interesting and illuminating work, entitled "Nachrichten von der Amerikanischen Halbinsel Californien" ("Information About the American Peninsula of California"), in which he gives a vivid account of current events, and other more or less valuable information, during the time the Jesuits were in charge of the missions. As its name indicates, the book was written in German, but a fine translation has been published. In describing Loreto, Father Baegert says:

"It is doubtful if there is a hamlet in Russia, Poland, or even Lapland, that would present such a mean appearance. The building in which were located the

church, sacristy, storehouse, the living-room for the governor and his staff and the mission fathers was a small quadrangle, one story in height, built mostly of unburnt brick and having a flat roof. The wing of the quadrangle that was used as a church was built mostly of stone and lime and its roof was formed of nicely worked cedar beams. Its four walls were bare, but it was rich in the number of its paintings and the costliness of the vestments.

"Near the mission building there was another fairly large building, likewise of cheap construction, which was used as a storehouse in which were kept such articles as jerked beef, tallow, lard, soap, coarse sugar, chocolate, bales of coarse cloth, leather, wheat, corn, and several millions of black bugs that had generated in the grain, and many other articles that were required by the inhabitants.

"In addition to these two structures one sees within musket-shot a rambling shed, which served for guard-house and barracks of the unmarried soldiers. Toward the west one sees two rows of huts made of mud that house the Christian Indians, while here and there, scattered about the sandy waste, but in full view of the Gulf of California, are seen thirty or forty more pretentious cabins, also constructed of mud but looking much more like a village cow-stable than a house, and here dwell, generally in a single compartment, the married soldiers or sailors with their wives and children. Another building made of poles and covered with brushwood served both as arsenal and shipyard. All

this forms Loreto, the capital of the Californias. There was little or no foliage. No shade except that afforded by buildings. Nor was there any running water; in fact, no water at all except that drawn from the wells dug in the sandy soil."

## CHAPTER III

# Portolá's Plans Upset

LITTLE did Father Baegert realize, when he wrote that vivid description of Loreto, that in less than one year after the Franciscan padres took charge of the Lower California missions, there was to start out from that desolate place the last of the four expeditions that Don Joseph de Galvez had planned and helped to organize for the peaceful conquest of Alta California; and that the results brought about by these expeditions would prove to be so far reaching as to appear almost miraculous.

The first land expedition and the two sea expeditions were presumptively well on their way to San Diego on Tuesday morning, March 9, 1769, as Gaspar de Portolá was hurriedly completing arrangements for his own departure. Everyone that was to go with him had been ordered to report at the Loreto presidio properly outfitted and ready to start on the march northward. The early morning of that momentous day found Father Serra on his knees in the dimly lighted chancel of the mission church, fervently praying for the success of Galvez's undertaking. An Indian neophyte entered the church and slowly and quietly approached the chancel rail, where he joined Father Serra in early morning prayers. As the day dawned, the eminent missionary,

who had been troubled for some years with a badly ulcerated foot and leg that had given him great pain and considerable annoyance, had to be helped up by the Indian neophyte.

Captain Portolá, aware of the trouble Father Serra had been having with his sore leg, tried to dissuade him from undertaking the long and tiresome journey from Loreto to San Diego; but Serra, firmly believing that God had selected him for this glorious task, would not be deterred, and, in the light of what was to follow, it was well that no one could prevent him from going.

There were no late sleepers in Loreto on that red-letter day. Everybody was abroad dressed in their Sunday clothes. Here and there small groups had gathered around various buildings, anxious to see what was going on, while waiting to see the final departure of the soldiers and Indians who were to leave for San Diego.

Never before had Loreto contained such a motley crowd. Barely a year had passed since their former priest had left them, and now the good Father Serra and the newly appointed governor, Captain Portolá, and others equally as well liked were about to leave them, possibly forever. To the inhabitants who were to remain the situation was beyond their comprehension. Apparently, they accepted it philosophically and decided not to worry about it. Some, especially the natives, were sorry that these newly made friends and protectors were to leave them, and their faces showed it, but there was nothing that they could do to change

matters. They were now anxiously waiting for the coming of Father Serra.

On that day of days even the sacristan became a man of importance, and all gazed upon him with awe as he rang the church bells calling the people to early service. A high Mass was to be sung, and it had been noised about that Father Serra was to preach a farewell sermon, and that all those who were to leave for San Diego were to receive holy communion. It was a history-making event, and the straggling soldiers, Indians, men, women and children of the village, soon crowded the quaint little church to its capacity.

Even Portolá and his secretary, José Tapis, had planned to be present on this memorable occasion, and the congregation, the largest ever assembled in the church, was awed and inspired by the unusual scene. The words of Father Serra made a deep and lasting impression on the congregation. He told those who were going out into the unknown regions of the north that they need have no fear; that the objects of these expeditions had been sanctioned by God and their king, and were planned for the peaceful conquest of Alta California. Long famed as a preacher, and moved by a subject close to his heart, Serra's full orotund voice thrilled and startled his hearers as he spoke to them of the service that each one could contribute to bring about the success of the expeditions.

In closing his sermon Father Serra said, "It is to be our glorious task, not to destroy by the sword, but to save by the cross, and carry the blessings of God and

civilization to the benighted savages of that vast domain. It is God's blessed work that we have been called to do, and now, before you leave on that long journey, let us all kneel down and humbly ask His Divine Majesty's blessing."

Following the close of the church service, Loreto became actively alive. About the plaza facing the quadrangle were seen a number of mounted and unmounted soldiers and Indians. Mingling with them were many of the Christian Indians from the nearby rancherias and the people of the village. Preparations were being hurried, as Captain Portolá was anxious to get away.

In a large room in the mission building, set aside for the use of the governor of the Californias, Portolá was dictating final instructions for the commissary and storekeeper, Sergeant-Major Juan Guitierrez, who was to act as governor and take charge of the presidio pending the arrival of Portolá's successor. Suddenly loud shouts were heard, and Portolá's servant, Bruno, hurriedly left the room to learn the cause of the disturbance. He soon returned and was standing at attention when Portolá looked up.

"Well, Bruno, what was all the noise about?" the governor inquired.

"Your Excellency, an Indian has just come in on horseback, and tied to the back of another horse was one of our soldiers. They are taking him into the storeroom."

Portolá, turning to his orderly, said, "José, find out what has happened and let me know at once."

"Yes, Your Excellency," José answered, and left the room.

As the governor sat down beside his secretary he laughingly remarked, "I am sure he is one of Rivera's couriers with additional despatches, telling of additional troubles and delays. Have you finished my letter to Galvez?"

"Yes, Your Excellency. Do you want me to read it?"

"I had better do that myself, as you still have many letters to write before we can leave." Portolá had barely finished reading the letter when his orderly returned, and the governor, anxious to hear what he had to report, called out, "Well, José, what did you find out?"

"The soldier was Antonio Gonzalez, Your Excellency, and he was sent here by Captain Rivera with despatches for you and Father Serra," José replied, as he handed a packet to the governor.

"And what happened to Gonzalez?"

"The information was rather indefinite, Your Excellency, but upon questioning the Indian who came with Gonzalez, he told me that he thought he had been poisoned by something he had eaten. Father Serra, who is looking after him, believes he will be all right again in a few days."

Portolá, hurriedly reading Rivera's despatches, was greatly wrought up by their contents. Turning to Sergeant Ortega, who had just entered the room, Portolá

called out to him, "Listen to this, sergeant: 'I have just reached the Santa Maria mission, and, as there is not enough forage and water for my animals, I am going to move to another camp-site selected by Don José Canizares, located about eighteen leagues northwest of Santa Maria.' As you have no doubt surmised," the Captain ironically remarked to Ortega, "that is the latest news from Rivera. He also complains of numerous delays caused by heavy rains and does not believe he will reach San Diego before the middle of May. Otherwise, he says, all is well."

Deeply perturbed, Portolá continued: "This is going to upset our plans considerably, Sergeant, and I believe the thing for me to do is to send a courier to San Diego, and, if not too late, halt both the *San Carlos* and the *San Antonio,* and have both ships remain there pending our arrival. As you probably know, the instructions Galvez gave to both Captains Vila and Perez were that they should wait at San Diego from fifteen to twenty days and then sail north to Monterey. With the likelihood of Rivera not reaching San Diego before the middle of May, I can see no reason for either one of the ships leaving San Diego before we get there. What do you think about it, Sergeant?"

After carefully considering the matter, Ortega replied, "I think Your Excellency is quite right in wanting to hold the ships at San Diego. It would be strange, indeed, if both the *San Carlos* and the *San Antonio* were to reach San Diego ahead of Captain Rivera, and stranger still if they were to go on to the port of

Monterey without waiting for the arrival of our overland expeditions."

"It certainly would, Sergeant, and, if not too late, I mean to hold both ships at San Diego." Turning to his valet, Portolá said, "Bruno, try and locate Corporal Rocha and tell him to report here at once."

Bruno saluted, "Yes, Your Excellency," and hurriedly departed in search of Corporal Rocha.

Ortega again addressed the governor. "Your Excellency, I merely wanted to let you know that we can leave within an hour, if you so desire."

Portolá looked at his watch, then turned to his secretary and asked, "Tapis, how long will it take you to finish my letters?"

"Fully an hour, Your Excellency."

Portolá turned to Ortega. "It is just nine o'clock, Sergeant. Make it ten-thirty and I'll be ready to go."

Ortega saluted. "Very well, Your Excellency."

Corporal Juan Estevan Rocha, the young soldier whom Captain Portolá thought of sending to San Diego with despatches for the captains of the *San Carlos* and *San Antonio,* was a younger son of a Spanish nobleman living in the province of Seville. The death of his mother, whom he dearly loved, had saddened his life, and made him so miserable that he decided, after his father's second marriage, to plan his own future, and enlisted for service in New Spain.

Upon Rocha's arrival in Vera Cruz he was ordered to report at Sonora on the west coast. Having the manners of a well-bred young man, a pleasing address and

the willingness to do any kind of work, he soon made friends with his fellow-soldiers and was well thought of by his superior officers. There was one exception to this among his comrades, however, but that did not cause young Rocha any uneasiness. It seemed that another soldier named Jorge Lopez, a member of the same company, for apparently no reason at all had taken a violent dislike to Rocha and in every possible way tried to annoy him. Being taller and much heavier than Rocha, he thought he could easily whip him in a hand-to-hand fight, and, judging both young men from a physical standpoint, anyone would have agreed with him. Only a few days before the company was to leave for Lower California, matters came to a climax, with the result that Rocha was appointed a corporal by Captain Portolá for having, so it was said, made it necessary to send a stretcher to carry what was left of Lopez to the hospital, where he remained *incommunicado* until after his company had departed.

Bruno found Corporal Rocha at the army corral and told him that Governor Portolá wanted to see him at once.

Rocha was rather startled at this request, and said to Bruno, "Have you any idea what the governor wants me for?"

"Yes, Corporal, I have, as I heard the governor say he was going to send a courier to San Diego. After he said that, he ordered me to hunt you up and have you report to him at once. You seem to stand pretty well with El Capitan."

"Do you really think so, Bruno?"

"I certainly do, Corporal."

"I hope you are right, my friend. Well, here goes," shouted Rocha, as he jumped on his horse and dashed off to Portolá's headquarters. On arriving there, and regardless of rules and regulations, he strode up to Portolá, where he stood at attention. He saluted and started to speak. "Pardon me, Your Excellency—"

"Ah, Rocha," the governor exclaimed, "you are the very man I need. I want you to get ready at once to leave for San Diego. I am preparing despatches that you are to take with you. I have also asked Father Serra to give you a letter to the mission fathers, in which he will request them to render you assistance, if necessary, and to furnish you with food, if needed; and you are to keep account of the same, so that it can be repaid."

"I understand, Your Excellency."

"I have selected you for this hazardous journey, Corporal, because I have faith in your ability to carry out my orders. I have just sent word to the storekeeper to furnish you with necessary supplies, and he will also give you some trinkets and strings of glass beads that you may find useful. You had better take two Indians with you and plenty of ammunition. You have probably heard, Corporal, of the arrival of Gonzalez with despatches from Captain Rivera, in which he states he has been delayed and is not likely to reach San Diego before the middle of May. That is why I am anxious to have you reach San Diego before Captains Vila and

Perez sail for Monterey. My messages will explain why I do not want them to leave. There will also be despatches for Captain Rivera and Don José Canizares, and both have been rèquested to aid and assist you in every way. Everything will be ready for you in half an hour. You may have serious conditions to face after you leave Santa Maria, and it will be up to you to meet and surmount them; but by all means try to reach San Diego before May 1. If you can do that, I'll be satisfied."

"I thank Your Excellency for your confidence in me, and, God willing, I shall carry out your orders." With that he saluted and left the room.

## CHAPTER IV

# A Secret Betrothal

CORPORAL ROCHA was very much in love with Camila, the young and beautiful sister of his superior officer, Sergeant José de Ortega. While most of the inhabitants of Loreto were still sleeping, Juan and Camila had an early morning rendezvous, where Juan, fearing he might not soon again be able to meet his sweetheart, told her of his love for her and asked her to marry him, and, as she loved Juan, she agreed to his proposal. Although happy in their love for each other, both realized that their future prospects were none too bright, so for the time being they agreed to keep their betrothal a secret. There were many reasons for this. Returning to Loreto they entered the mission church and kneeling before the altar they solemnly vowed to be true to each other. As they were leaving—unashamed of their tears—they met Father Serra at the doorway and kneeling before him asked his blessing. Then, after a few whispered words that seemed to gladden them, they bade each other good-bye.

Camila de Ortega, who had not yet reached her seventeenth birthday, was an orphan and the ward of her brother, Sergeant Ortega. He had been appointed her legal guardian and he still looked upon Camila as

a very young girl. He had strictly forbidden her to walk or ride with Juan, even threatening her with dire penalties if she did not obey him. Ortega had soundly thrashed two other would-be suitors and cautioned several others against paying his young sister any further attentions.

Unfortunately for Ortega, it was not always convenient for him to provide a duenna for Camila. To the best of her ability, Señora de Ortega, the sergeant's wife, tried to look after her sprightly young sister-in-law, but, due to her poor health, this was not always possible, and Camila, under certain restrictions, was permitted to go about more or less without a chaperon. All this was contrary to the old Spanish custom, but it could not be helped, though it proved a constant source of worry to the sergeant.

Realizing that something would soon have to be done to remedy this trying situation, Ortega had written to an aunt living in the City of Mexico, asking her if she could not temporarily join his family at Loreto and take charge of Camila; or if that were impossible, could she look after his sister if he sent her to Mexico City? Up to the time of Ortega's contemplated departure for San Diego, no word had been received from his relative.

Ortega had also thought of sending his sister back to the convent school she had previously attended; but being opposed to her taking the veil, he gave up that idea. He did leave word, however, that if Camila was to visit her aunt, Father Francisco Palou, who, it was

understood, was to make Loreto his headquarters after Father Serra's departure for the north, was to see to it that his sister be placed in charge of some trustworthy person who would look after her until she safely reached her aunt's home in Mexico City.

After receiving instructions from Captain Portolá that he was to leave for San Diego at once, a sudden suggestion came to Corporal Rocha. Why not ask Camila to go with him? It was a daring thought; and if carried out it would set many tongues wagging, and the consequences of such a rash act might prove disastrous. But Juan loved Camila and Camila loved Juan, and at the earliest possible moment these devoted lovers intended to get married. Why, only that morning Camila had whispered to Juan, "We will have Father Serra perform the marriage ceremony," and Juan had agreed to it. Happy thought. They would have Serra marry them as soon as he reached San Diego. But would Camila join him? Was it right to ask her to do this? Why not? Those were the questions that must be considered. Both were still very young and inexperienced; they loved each other, however, and the one thing they longed for was marriage and a happy home. But opposed to them was the guardian brother, who meant to keep them apart.

To think was to act, and Juan knew he must act quickly. In less than an hour he must be on his way to San Diego. Portolá had said, "Take two Indians with you." A short note to Camila, sent by the Indian neophyte, Ignacio, who was to go with him, merely said:

"Dear Camila—Am leaving at once in advance of the expedition. I want you to ride with me. Bring your heavy cloak. Come to our usual meeting-place. Important. Juan."

Juan knew that Camila would meet him, and he believed that he could persuade her to elope with him. Now for a hurried visit with the quartermaster, Juan Guitierrez, who had received instructions to furnish him necessary supplies; but in addition Juan wanted a complete outfit suitable for a young lad, and there were at least a dozen other articles that would be needed, if Camila agreed to go with him, and he quickly made up a list of his wants and handed them to the storekeeper. Juan also insisted on having an extra supply of chocolate, dried figs, dried olives, panoche (Mexican sugar) and a sack of pinole. Nor did he forget to ask for the glass beads and trinkets that Portolá advised him to take along; and he added thereto, and personally paid for, divers pieces of colored calico, a heavy army overcoat and a woolen blanket.

Guitierrez, a most likable fellow and a great friend of Rocha's, laughingly suggested to the corporal, "You had better take along another mule to carry all these extras, to which a lot of ammunition is to be added."

"You are right," Rocha admitted, "and I am going to follow your suggestion. You want to remember, Your Excellency, for that is what they will soon be calling you, that I am going out into an unknown country and I mean to be prepared for any and all emer-

gencies, as Captain Portolá expects me to carry out his orders."

"You are quite right, Corporal, and, with my compliments, I am going to add a pound of tobacco to your supplies."

"That is certainly very kind of you."

While Guitierrez was getting the tobacco, the Indian messenger, Ignacio, entered and in a low voice murmured to Juan, "The señorita, she come."

It was the word that Juan had been waiting for. "Good, Ignacio! Keep it quiet, and while I am gone I want you to help the sergeant-major with our packs. I'll bring around our horses and mules at once, as we must not lose any time."

"I make hurry up."

Just then Guitierrez returned with the package of tobacco, which he handed to Corporal Rocha. After thanking him for it, Juan said, "I have asked Ignacio to help you with our packs while I ride to the barracks for our horses and mules and stop in at headquarters for the governor's despatches."

Juan lost no time at the barracks. On reporting at headquarters, Portolá handed him the messages that his secretary had hurriedly prepared. He was also given some letters that Father Serra requested be delivered to some of the missionaries, and the open letter addressed to all of them, which read as follows: "Kindly render any aid or assistance possible to the bearer, Corporal Juan Estevan Rocha, who is on his

way to San Diego on business for His Excellency Governor Portolá.—Fr. Presidente, Junipero Serra."

Rocha and Ignacio, with three horses and two pack mules, tied together with a rope, soon passed beyond the confines of the presidio of Loreto, and, as Juan was anxious to meet Camila, he ordered Ignacio to follow as quickly as possible, while he hurried on ahead.

Camila de Ortega was a typical Spanish beauty. Her black hair, black eyes with long drooping eyelashes, an olive complexion, and a mouth that even Cupid might have envied, stirred every male heart in the town. But there was much more than beauty to Señorita Ortega. With a petite and graceful figure there was united a sprightly personality, and a quick perception that indicated a brilliant mind. After spending three years in a convent school at Guadalajara, Mexico, her brother advised her to join him and his family at Loreto, where Camila had been living for the past six months.

It was not surprising that the advent of the convent-bred young lady created somewhat of a sensation in the garrison town. A vision of loveliness and charm, no wonder she caused heartaches, and many envied Corporal Rocha for the preference shown him. Camila and Juan being secretly engaged, she was pleasantly surprised at the note from Juan, informing her that he had been ordered by Captain Portolá to leave in advance of the other men who were going with the expedition.

Naturally, Camila was curious to know why he was to go ahead of the expedition; nor could she see why

she should refuse Juan's request. Possibly he wanted her to ride with him as far as the small ranch owned by Pablo Zarate, whose wife had formerly been a valued servant in her father's home and was looked upon by Camila as a foster-mother. Of course, she would be glad to ride that far with Juan and spend the night with the Zarates, and wait there to meet her brother as he passed with Captain Portolá. Quickly gathering such toilet articles as she would need, and tying them up together with the heavy cloak that Juan had asked her to bring along, she was ready to start. A short note was left for Señora Ortega, telling her where she had gone and when she expected to return.

Juan did not have long to wait for Camila, and they were both very happy over this unexpected reunion, as only a few hours earlier they had bade each other a sad farewell. Juan quickly explained to Camila why he was leaving in advance of the expedition, and how he thought they could both take advantage of this opportunity by her going with him. Juan continued, "We can be married at any one of the missions, or, if you prefer to wait, we can have Father Serra perform the ceremony when he reaches San Diego. I merely mention this as you had expressed a wish this morning to have Father Serra unite us when the time came and we should be able to marry."

This situation was so unexpected, and the thought so startling, that Camila was dazed for a time, and hardly knew what to say or what answer to make. Then, as she

began to realize its possible outcome, she exclaimed, "What about my brother? You know he has threatened to kill you, and as he is my legal guardian, he must be considered, Juan."

"Camila, your brother is unjust. We love each other sincerely, and, by my faith in God and the sacred name of my beloved mother, I swear I shall always love and protect you. To me, dearest, you are more than life itself, and I'd kill the man that dared to question our right to an honorable happiness. After we are once married, Camila, should your brother continue to find fault with us, we can go back to Spain and live among my people. You know that I am to get the money my dear mother left me when I get married, and that, I know, will amply provide for our needs. Think of all that, dearest. See, I also brought along a complete outfit for you, so as to disguise you as an Indian. I hope the clothes will fit you."

"Must I wear them, Juan?"

"It is the only safe way for you to travel."

Camila still hesitated. "If I only knew what to do."

"Let us do the only feasible thing, Camila. Remember, dearest, our future happiness is at stake, and we must not sacrifice our hope of achieving that heavenly gift."

"You may be right, Juan," Camila tenderly replied, as she tried to check her tears, "and I want to agree with you, yet, somehow I feel that we are both doing wrong. But I love you, and life without you means

nothing to me, and, even though it may be wrong, I place it in your keeping."

Juan, deeply moved, held Camila in his arms. "Have no fear, dearest, it shall ever be my most precious possession, to guard and protect to the end of my days. But we must not tarry. While you are changing your clothes, Camila, I'll ride out to meet Ignacio. He is going with us, but you need not mind him. I shall tell him of our betrothal, and knowing that, he will do anything for you, even sacrifice his life, if it should be necessary, in your defence. I hear him coming. Have no fear, Camila, as I will be within hearing distance. Hello! Hello! Ignacio!"

"Hello! Corporal Juan, I make the good time," was Ignacio's greeting.

"You did, indeed, Ignacio, but you had better rest awhile now."

Juan had a short time before gained Ignacio's everlasting gratitude by saving him from drowning while swimming in the Gulf of California, and since then Ignacio had virtually become Juan's servant and shadow. As he was a very capable young man and could safely be relied upon, Juan had selected him for the San Diego journey. In as few words as would suffice, Juan told Ignacio that Camila, who was going with them, was to become his wife. "And you, my friend, must guard and protect her when I cannot be with her."

"To the death, Corporal! I be like that picture you draw me of a dog sitting by little baby. You name him

faithful watchdog. So I keep all bodies from your-to-be wife away."

"That's right, Ignacio, and from now on I know that Camila will always have two friends and two protectors."

As Camila emerged from the brush clad in male attire, Juan helped her to complete her disguise. Ignacio was then called upon for his opinion. He offered one or two suggestions, and personally contributed a gaudily colored sash, greatly favored by the young neophytes at Loreto, and this helped to make Camila look so like a typical Indian lad that both Juan and Ignacio were satisfied with the results.

A short stop was made at a small ranch, where Camila visited Señora Zarate, who had formerly lived with the Ortega family in Guanajuato, Mexico. The señora was pleased to welcome Camila, and greatly surprised at seeing her dressed as a young Indian neophyte, and to learn that she was going to San Diego. After kissing and embracing each other, Juan was called in to meet Señora Zarate.

When Juan learned that Señor Zarate had been hired as a vaquero to accompany Captain Rivera to San Diego, he suggested that they invite Señora Zarate to join them. This would have pleased Camila, but the señora had to decline because of a severe attack of rheumatism that was causing her considerable pain.

Knowing that Camila would like to have a few words in private with her former nurse, Juan excused

himself. Camila then told the señora that she was eloping with the corporal, and that they planned to have Father Serra marry them when he reached San Diego. She begged the señora not to mention this to her brother if he should stop in to see her while on his way north with Captain Portolá.

"You need have no fear, my dear Camilita. He will learn nothing from me. I only regret that I cannot go with you, but with this pain in my back I would only prove a burden to you and delay the corporal. If you will permit me, Camilita, I'll cut your hair a little shorter and rub your face and hands with some reddish-brown clay that we found in digging our well. Pablo used some of it to stain this beautiful wooden box that he carved for me. It will only take a few minutes." While Señora Zarate was busy with Camila, she continued, "Your Juan is a fine-looking soldier, Camilita, and I feel sure he will make you a good husband. What I can't get through my head is why José does not want you to marry him."

"He thinks I am still too young, Margarita."

"Bosh! Your own dear mother was married on her sixteenth birthday, and was only a little over seventeen when José was born."

"Why, Margarita, José even threatened to kill Juan on several occasions because he had been showing me some attention. Of course, I know he wouldn't go that far, but his threats have caused me a great deal of unhappiness."

"If you love each other, and, from what you have told me, I am sure you do, I should think he would be glad to see you married. I know that your brother loves you and wants you to be happy."

"Despite his harshness, I am sure he does. However, it is too late now for him to interfere. We have burnt our bridges behind us. I have placed my life in Juan's keeping and I know he can be trusted."

"I agree with you, Camilita, and I assure you that our Lord God will watch over and protect you. Before you go, Camilita, I have something that I want to give you that I know you will prize." Reaching into the beautiful box that her husband had made for her, Margarita brought out an exquisitely carved silver rosary which had been given to her by Camila's mother just before she passed away. As the former nurse told her its history, Camila burst into tears and for a time was unable to control herself. "I often thought of giving you this precious gift, my dear Camilita, as I am sure you will always cherish it, as I have these many years. I know, with your dear mother's rosary about your neck, no harm can come to you my dear, dear Camilita."

With tears unchecked, as these two friends embraced each other, Camila murmured in a low, broken voice, "I do not know how to thank you, my dear Margarita —you, who for so many years cared for and loved me, as I know my own darling mother would have loved and cared for me, if she had lived. And now you have

given me your most valued possession as a token of our lasting affection. You dear, sweet Margarita. May God bless you for your many kindnesses to me. I shall never part with this precious gift, and as I finger its beautifully carved beads I shall always remember you in my prayers to the Blessed Virgin. I must go now, dear Margarita. Pray for me, my dear, dear friend, as I shall always pray for you."

## CHAPTER V

# Captain Fernando de Rivera

ALTHOUGH the governor of Lower California, Captain Gaspar de Portolá, had been appointed commander-in-chief of the four expeditions that were organized by Don José de Galvez to take possession of Alta California, Captain Fernando de Rivera was placed in charge of the first overland expedition. Rivera's selection by Galvez for this hazardous undertaking was probably due to the fact that he was familiar with the roads leading to the various missions, was able to speak a number of the native languages and dialects, and had had many years of experience in dealing with the Indians. While all this would probably only serve him until he reached Santa Maria, the outermost mission, it was thought that his intimate knowledge of so many tongues would be of great value in dealing with the natives between the mission Santa Maria and San Diego. Captain Rivera had been in command of the military forces in the peninsula for over seventeen years, and up to the time of the expulsion of the Jesuit missionaries he was regarded as an exceptionally capable official.

Galvez's instructions to Rivera were that he was to proceed northward from Santa Ana, Lower California, to Santa Maria, and take from each of the missions

such livestock, provisions, and implements as could be spared. He was to keep an account of these requisitions, so that repayment could be made in kind or cash. While at Loreto he was to select as many soldiers as he required, besides what muleteers and workingmen he needed. Rivera was also authorized to recruit what Indian neophytes he could use from the various rancherias.

Rivera's expedition was to be a veritable migration —a passing from a known to an unknown region over a rough and unbroken country, where danger lurked at every turn. There were desert lands to be crossed, mountains to be climbed, and, after the winter rains, dangerous streams to be forded and roads to be built. He would also have to guard against possible attacks from skulking savages after passing beyond the outermost mission. There were two other sources of danger that were a constant menace to Rivera's expedition— the lack of potable water for man and beast and forage for his animals. Only those who are familiar with the desert and barren lands of Lower California can appreciate how serious his situation would be if these were to fail him.

Upon reaching Santa Maria Captain Rivera ran upon the first hitch in his plans. After a careful survey of the place the captain realized that its limited pasturage and water supply would not suffice to sustain his animals, amounting to over four hundred head, so he decided to look for a more fitting camp-site, where he might rest his men and fatten his cattle before continu-

ing his march to San Diego. Such a site was found, about fifty miles northwest of Santa Maria, by Don José de Canizares, who was acting as the guide and historian of the expedition.

Before reporting the new camp-site, however, which was called Velicata by the natives, Canizares made another careful survey of the site and surroundings. When fully assured that it would meet Rivera's approval, he promptly sent word of its location to Santa Maria, and asked the captain to send him all the men he could spare to help build a passable road to it. A week later the expedition was again moving toward its destination. It was after Rivera received the above information that he ordered one of his soldiers, Antonio Gonzalez, with the Indian neophyte, to return to Loreto with despatches for Captain Portolá, in which he fully explained why they had to locate a new camp-site, and the delay it would cause. He knew that Portolá would be disappointed, but it could not be helped.

On his arrival at the newly selected camp, Rivera promptly laid out a miniature town-site, and every able-bodied man belonging to the expedition was kept busy for some time in setting up easily constructed brush-wood huts and erecting substantial corrals to confine their horses, mules and cattle. The natives of the surrounding country were more than friendly, and many of them were daily visitors at the camp.

Father Firmin Lasuen, not knowing that Father Serra had arranged to have his friend Father Juan Crespi join Rivera as soon as the date for the captain's

departure from Velicata for San Diego had been decided upon, had started out from the San Borja mission for Rivera's headquarters to hold church service there during Holy Week. Naturally, Lasuen was greatly and agreeably surprised to meet and welcome Crespi on Wednesday of that week. They had a very pleasant visit, and both fathers agreed that Velicata was an ideal site for a mission, and they so stated in letters to Father Serra.

Under instructions from Portolá, about one-half of the cattle were left behind at Velicata as a reserve supply, in charge of two soldiers and two neophytes. Just before sunrise on Good Friday, Captain Rivera, accompanied by Father Crespi and the members of the expedition, started off on their long overland march to San Diego. Lasuen, with his raised cross, offered up a prayer and asked God's blessing for all the members of the expedition. The natives looked on and wondered.

## CHAPTER VI

# Portolá Leaves for the North

AT Loreto, Captain Portolá's soldiers and the Indian neophytes who expected to leave with the second overland expedition were all mounted and ready to go. The arrival of Captain Rivera's messenger, however, caused some delay. This was followed shortly afterward, by the hurried departure of Corporal Rocha. These two exciting episodes caused considerable comment and the waiting populace asked many questions, but no one seemed able to answer them. The soldiers didn't know and didn't care. What they were worried about was when and where they would get their noonday meal.

Finally, word was passed along that José Tapis had sealed the last of Portolá's letters; had hurriedly bundled them up and carried them over to the storekeeper, Juan Guitierrez, who was expecting, within the next half hour, to become the acting governor of Lower California. It was also reported that Guitierrez was to forward the letters to the mainland at the earliest possible moment.

In the meantime, the muleteers kept on fussing with their packs, while the mules continued to doze on the shady side of the mission building. Men, women and children were still patiently waiting. Natives from the

outlying rancherias were also in evidence, decked out in gaudy colors, alive with expectation. One of the soldiers, Martin Reyes, was seen to dismount, make his way to Señora Ortega, and, after a few minutes' conversation, bid her and her son and nephew good-bye. Reyes then stopped for a moment to exchange a few words with Father Serra, who was standing in the doorway of the mission church, also waiting for the departure of the expedition. Near him stood the aged sacristan, Alfonso Marcos, greatly interested in this unusual gathering. Then, in a flash, the swaying crowd rushed toward the entrance to Portolá's headquarters and broke out into loud huzzas as they saw Captain Portolá, Sergeant Ortega, José Tapis and Bruno coming through the doorway. At the sound of a bugle all quickly mounted their horses and, as they moved off, Father Serra raised his cross and invoked God's blessing upon the members of the expedition, which he himself expected to join shortly on his way to San Diego.

Portolá's overland journey proved a very uninteresting affair. All he had to do was to follow in the footsteps of Captain Rivera, who had not only blazed the trail but graded passable roads along the route used by him and laid out camp sites that the second overland expedition found very satisfactory on the way to Santa Maria.

Portolá, knowing that he would have to wait at the mission Santa Maria for the balance of his supplies that were to come up by boat from Loreto, advised Sergeant Ortega that they need not hurry, and to slow

down on their daily marches. The supplies had been shipped from Loreto on the small sailing ship *San Xavier,* for San Luis Gonzaga, a small harbor on the west coast of the Gulf of California, from which place the supplies were to be transferred overland to the Santa Maria mission.

After jogging along for ten days or more without any mishap it was found that some of the Indian neophytes had taken Spanish leave. Ortega started out with two of his soldiers to try and round up some of them, but failed to locate any. Many of the men who deserted were married, and when they learned that they probably would have to remain in Alta California for a year or more, they decided to sneak off at the first favorable opportunity. Before the expedition reached San Diego, of the forty-four Indian neophytes that left Loreto with Captain Portolá only twelve remained. While Portolá was peeved by these wholesale desertions, they eventually proved a blessing in disguise. Those that remained with him helped in the building of many of the California missions.

## CHAPTER VII

# Serra's Farewell Visit to the Missions

AGAIN the bells of the mission church of Loreto were calling the faithful to attend an early morning service. But on this occasion it was not a joyful gathering, as everyone felt that it would probably be the last time their beloved Father Serra would preach to them. There was also a high Mass to be sung. After a few parting words to the congregation, he would be on his way to the unknown north, and it was not likely that they should ever again be able to appeal to him in sickness and sorrow, or have him plead their cause and defend them, or clothe and nourish them in their hour of need.

To the natives, Father Serra was something more than a priest. They looked upon him as the representative of the Man of Galilee, a man that they could fearlessly approach at all times. They had learned to love him in the short time he had lived among them, as children loved their parents and friends; and now they had come to see him for the last time. Even the singing, which the Indians particularly delighted in, had a mournful sound, and as Father Serra, for the last time, asked God's blessing for his faithful hearers, even the most stoical among them was moved to tears. Follow-

ing his final benediction, the congregation hurriedly gathered about the church door, intent on witnessing his departure.

Father Serra's escort, consisting of two soldiers and his Indian servant, with their mules and pack animals, were waiting for the appearance of the father. The honor of helping him to mount his burro had fallen to the sacristan and the oldest of the Indian neophytes. After this was done the sacristan handed Father Serra a white cotton bag in which he had put a small loaf of bread, some cheese and a few dried figs. Unable to restrain his tears, this beloved keeper of the sacred mission property kissed Serra's hand, mumbled a few parting words and slowly stumbled through the church door. As Father Serra started to leave he called out to his parishioners, "Peace be with you my children and may Divine Providence guard and protect you."

Shortly after the noon hour, Father Serra, traveling in advance of his escort, managed to dismount alone and took rest beneath the shade of some sumac bushes. Opening up the bag the sacristan had given him, he took out its contents and with the food he found a small, neatly folded packet wrapped in brown paper. In it he found three pieces of silver, a few copper coins and a note which said, "Beloved Father Serra, it is all I have. May this paltry sum help you in the building of our mission church in San Diego. Pray for me, dear Father, and may God bless and comfort you. Your humble servant who kisses your hand.—A. Marcos."

Tears came to Serra's eyes as he kissed the sacristan's dole. While the father was taking his noonday siesta, ground squirrels were seen making merry over the crumbs he had scattered about for them. The Indian servant and the two soldiers came along in time to help the father mount his burro, and again they started on their way to San Javier mission, where Serra's dear friend and countryman, Father Francisco Palou, would give them all a hearty welcome.

[It is due to Father Palou, California's first historian, that we have learned to know so much about the California missions and the work of the Franciscan missionaries. Palou's "Life of Serra" and his "Noticias de la Nueva California" ("Information, or News, of New California")* has gained enduring fame for that distinguished author. In his "Life of Serra" he has given us an intensely interesting work about a most remarkable and justly famous man, whom the author had known since his boyhood days and had always greatly admired. This was the friend and brother missionary who awaited the coming of Father Serra to the San Javier mission.]

As soon as Father Palou learned that Father Serra was nearing the mission, he hurriedly prepared to meet him. Dressed in customary church robes, and attended by a large number of Christian Indians in gala attire, he started out to meet his distinguished guest and be-

*Palou's "Noticias de la Nueva California" has lately (1926) been translated into English and edited by Prof. Herbert E. Bolton of the University of California. It is in four volumes entitled, "Historical Memoirs of New California."

loved friend, the reverend father lector and presidente of the Baja California missions.

Although Father Serra was pretty well tired out and was suffering from pain in his sore leg, this unexpected greeting cheered him up. On arriving at the mission, Father Palou helped him to dismount, and he soon had his dear friend resting on a couch that he himself had prepared for him. Against the protests of Father Serra, Palou applied hot applications to the ulcerated foot and leg, and these soon lessened both the pain and inflammation. In the meantime an old Indian servant, Ricardo, had prepared some hot chocolate and fresh tortillas (Mexican pancakes), of which both partook.

On the arrival of the two soldiers and Serra's servant with their pack-mules, they were made comfortable in another part of the mission.

Serra rested three days with Palou at the San Javier mission. His sore leg was no better, and Father Palou had been urging Father Serra to abandon the long journey to San Diego and let him go in his place. Serra, however, was not to be moved from his purpose, and, turning to Father Palou, said, "Let us not speak of that, I have placed all of my confidence in God, through whose goodness I hope to be permitted to reach not only San Diego to plant and establish the standard of the holy cross at that port, but Monterey as well." His departure from San Javier mission is touchingly described by his biographer.

"I resigned myself," said Palou, "seeing that the fervent superior surpassed me, and not a little, in faith

and confidence in God for whose love he sacrificed his life, on the altar of his apostolic labors. The pain of parting increased when I saw that, in order to mount the ass upon which he made the journey, and to dismount, two men had to raise him into the saddle or out of it. His last farewell was, 'Adios, until Monterey, where I hope we shall be united to labor in the vineyard of the Lord.' I shall be very glad of that, but my last words were, 'Until eternity.'" ("He reproved me gently," Palou continues in his "Life of Serra," "for my little faith, and then he began the long tour through the missions, visiting the fathers, consoling all, and recommending himself to their prayers. I could not withhold my tears as I saw my beloved friend and master slowly moving northward.")

The two soldiers and Serra's Indian servant had gone on ahead. It was understood that after Serra's departure from Lower California, Father Palou was to be the acting father presidente of the missions and be stationed at Loreto.

Serra's pilgrimage to the various missions on his way to Santa Maria, where he was to join Captain Portolá, proved both tiresome and painful. His ulcerated leg might incapacitate him at any time and force him to abandon his journey. It was growing worse instead of better, and no one believed that he would be able to continue on as far as San Diego. Although his sore leg was a constant and irremediable reminder of the ills that flesh is heir to, he was brave with it all, and, as was

often shown, never allowed it to interfere with his missionary work.

While on his way to the mission Guadalupe, about a week after he bade Father Palou farewell, Serra had quite an unexpected meeting with some Christian Indians, and he has left the following interesting account of it:

"I traveled all day, except a little halt I made at midday to take a bite and some rest. When night came on I tarried on the ground. There I talked with some ten families of Indians, and when I asked them for the reason of their being there, they told me with much sorrow that they were of the mission Guadalupe; and that the father, for want of provisions, had found himself obliged to send them out to the mountains to seek their food; and as they were not accustomed to this, their hardship was great, particularly in seeing their babies suffer and hearing them cry. I felt sorry enough, and thought it somewhat unfortunate that the pack-train was behind and could not arrive that night. But they were not without alleviation, for with a portion of pinole (ground corn) which I carried, they made themselves a dish of good atole (corn meal mush), which was for the women and children. Afterward the process was repeated for the men. At this they were consoled, the more so when I told them that they should go to their mission; that already corn was on the way to the father by sea from Mulege by order of the most illustrious inspector Don José de Galvez. I took my rest and had them pray together. They concluded by singing

a very tender song of the love of God; and as those of that mission have justly the fame of singing with especial sweetness, I had a good deal of consolation in hearing them."

In the early morning, the children, knowing that Father Serra was fond of flowers, gathered some wild roses, which the grateful mothers formed into a cross and presented to their benefactor. Nothing could have pleased the father more. As the two soldiers and Serra's servant reached him while he was still with the starving Indians, he was able to furnish them with enough additional ground corn for their breakfast and noonday meal. Before leaving he gave them a short talk, and commending them to God, he bade them all farewell.

## CHAPTER VIII

# Rocha and Camila Continue Their Journey

AFTER Camila left the Zarate ranch and rejoined her lover, Juan noticed that she was greatly disturbed about something, and he could see that she had been crying. "What is it, dear, that troubles you?" he asked her.

"Things that I hardly like to talk about, Juan. Margarita and I had a real heart-to-heart talk, and just before leaving she presented me with this beautiful rosary that once belonged to my dear mother—the mother whom I can scarcely recall. I was only about four years old when she passed away, and Margarita had so many interesting things to tell me about her. Things that I do not believe that my brother even had ever heard about. She said my dear mother never recovered from the shock of my dear father's harrowing death. Of course it made me feel very sad, and I could not hold back my tears. Margarita's telling of these things has lifted a burden from my heart, and I can understand many things now that used to puzzle me. With these prayer beads about me I seem to feel much nearer to my mother, that dear mother that I so often longed for. From now on I shall have a different outlook on life."

"You must not let all this depress you, dear."

"I'll try not to, Juan."

"Before I help you up on your saddle, Camila, tell me, what have you done to your face and hands?"

"Margarita thought my hands and face did not look enough like those of our Indians, so she rubbed some dark clay on them and gave me a small packet to take with me. How do you think I look?"

"Wonderful! It is a great improvement, and you look like a typical young neophyte."

As they moved northward, Juan seemed to be worried about Camila and was wondering what she referred to when she said, "From now on I shall have a different outlook on life." Had she lost her trust in him, and did she want him to turn around and go back to Loreto? He could not very well do that after Captain Portolá had entrusted him with important dispatches for the ship captains. That would make him a deserter. Never. They must keep on going and he must not take things too seriously.

After jogging along for some time, Camila said, "How much farther will we have to ride before resting for the night?"

"Not more than a mile or two, and I am sure that by this time Ignacio has found a good camp-site and is now busy cooking a good supper for us. I know you feel tired, dear, but a cup of hot chocolate will soon refresh you."

Corporal Rocha made good headway after leaving

the Guadalupe mission, and planned to pay a short visit to the mission San Francisco de Borja as he had two letters for Father Lasuen, one from Serra and the other from Father Palou. These he delivered on his arrival, and also showed the eminent missionary the general letter he carried from Father Serra. Lasuen was pleased to meet Rocha and invited him and his Indians to spend the night at the mission, but Juan had to refuse, as he was anxious to keep going. At Juan's request, Lasuen furnished him with some additional supplies, but he could not let him have a mule, which Juan had also asked for.

"I would have liked to accommodate you, Corporal, but Captain Rivera not only took all the horses and mules that could be spared, but had his vaqueros pick out over two hundred of our best cattle, and most of them cows, and drive them off. I had to let him take them," Lasuen continued, "as he had orders from the inspector-general, Don José de Galvez, to requisition horses, mules and cattle, and even our soldier guard, but mine had started off to a distant ranch the morning Rivera arrived, so I was spared my guard, at least for the present. I learned afterward that Rivera had not only conscripted Father Basterra's guard, consisting of a single soldier, but even carried off his servant leaving the mission Santa Gertrudis without anyone to protect the missionary, which I regretted to hear."

"Yes, I also heard of that," Juan said.

"True, it is for a good cause, and we must not complain," Lasuen continued.

"Will you kindly excuse me, Father Lasuen, while I carry away the supplies? I know you will want to read your letters, but I'll be back again shortly, if it will not interfere with your work."

"Come back by all means, Corporal. There may be other things to talk about."

Juan found Camila and Ignacio resting in the shade of some scrub oaks. Camila had been complaining of severe headaches during the past few days, and not sleeping well. Juan was greatly worried about it. He told her about his meeting with Father Lasuen, and how kind he had been. "You would like him, Camila, I am sure. I don't think he is quite as tall as Father Serra, nor as strong physically, but his piercing black eyes bespeak an active mind that quickly forms an estimate of your character and intelligence. You feel at once that he has a kind heart, and you know he wants to be your friend."

"Do you like him better than Father Palou?"

"Yes, Camila, I must admit that I do. He is altogether different. Offhand, I'd say that he is more intelligent and magnanimous. I imagine he has come in contact with many people and read many books, and is more likely to make allowances for our shortcomings. I do not say this in disparagement of Father Palou, for whom, as you know, I have a very high regard. Both have many fine and lovable qualities, and both are held in high esteem by Father Serra. Has your headache eased up any, Camila?"

"Somewhat. The rest here seems to have relieved it."

"I am going back to the mission, and I'll ask Father Lasuen if he can suggest something that will relieve you. In the meantime, Camila, try and get some sleep."

"Perhaps I may."

Juan called to the neophyte, "I'll be back very soon, Ignacio, and before leaving we can have some chocolate and tortillas."

"I make all things ready, Corporal Juan."

On Juan's return to the mission he learned that Captain Rivera, due to insufficient pasturage and drinkable water, had definitely located a camp site about eighteen leagues to the northwest of the mission Santa Maria de Los Angeles, where he found an abundance of water and ample forage for his animals.

"The place is called Velicata by the Indians," said Father Lasuen, "and Father Serra, in his letter to me, says that he contemplates establishing a mission there if he finds the place suitable. I am sure that he will. I spent nearly a week there and found the natives in that vicinity quite friendly."

"Can you tell me, Father, whether I am likely to find Captain Rivera there?"

"I am sure you will not, Corporal, as I saw him leave on Good Friday. It was a wonderful spectacle to watch that winding cavalcade, headed by Captain Rivera and Father Juan Crespi, as it moved northward on its way to San Diego. The men were all mounted on horses or mules. Following the captain came a half dozen sol-

diers, some servants and laborers, then there was quite a long line of heavily loaded pack-mules in charge of two muleteers; following them, about two hundred head of cattle, guarded and guided by a number of vaqueros. Then came some more Indians in charge of additional pack-mules, followed by the rest of the soldiers. They made a brave start, and I fervently hope and pray that they will succeed in safely reaching their destination. You will soon catch up with the expedition and see all this for yourself, and I am sure the sight will thrill you. It is a great undertaking, and Galvez used good judgment in selecting Rivera for this arduous task."

"I quite agree with you and I hope to meet Captain Rivera in a few days. To change the subject, Father, can you suggest or give me something that will cure or relieve a severe headache? I want it for one of my companions."

"We have an herb that is supposed to be good for that. The Indians call it yerba santa; and they consider it a cure-all. They dry it and break it up, then boil it in water. After it has cooled off, they drink a small quantity of the liquid three or four times a day. It may help your man, and I am sure it will do him no harm, as I have frequently tried it myself. Wait here, Corporal, and I'll get you some."

"This," said Lasuen, on his return, "ought to last you a long time."

"Thank you, both for the yerba santa and your

great kindness to me. I am planning to leave shortly. May I ask your blessing for all of us?"

"Assuredly. Peace be with you, my son, and may God watch over you and your companions and safely guide you to your destination. Adios."

Rocha's object in asking Father Lasuen for another mule was to lighten the loads of his pack-animals and, in so doing, make faster time. His disappointment was great but he had to make the best of it. Captain Rivera would help him out, no doubt, and he hoped soon to overtake him.

By starting out earlier in the morning, then giving his animals a long midday rest, and resuming his journey again in the late afternoon, Juan almost doubled his daily mileage and reached the Santa Maria mission fully two days ahead of his itinerary. The sun was just sinking out of sight as they halted before an abandoned adobe cabin on the outskirts of the mission compound. Juan and Ignacio quickly made it habitable. A few minutes more and Camila was resting on an improvised cot, while a small fire in a partly broken-down fireplace made the room look homelike.

While Ignacio looked after the feeding of the animals, Juan prepared their evening meal. After partaking of this they sat about the fire, and at Camila's suggestion, Ignacio took out his guitar, and joined Juan in softly singing some old-time Spanish songs. Their voices soon brought sleep to Camila, and after the fire died down, Juan and Ignacio quietly stepped

outside, where they took turns in guarding the place.

Juan had been told by Lasuen that the missionary Father Beitia was no longer at the Santa Maria mission, but if he would look up the Indian caretaker, he could no doubt furnish him with some fresh milk and possibly some fresh vegetables. Juan and Ignacio were up before daylight. The former started out to find the mission caretaker, and the latter to see if he could bag a rabbit or two. Both were successful. Ignacio brought back two rabbits and Juan some fresh milk, radishes, green onions, etc., all of which assured a dainty breakfast.

On Juan's return to the cabin he found Camila up and about, and though she tried to be cheerful, neither Juan nor Ignacio were deceived. Both noticed that she was gradually growing weaker and more restless, and, fearful of the outcome, Juan was anxious to reach San Diego ahead of his schedule, as he believed that with the help of Doctor Prat, who left for the north on the *San Carlos,* and who was no doubt now in San Diego, Camila would soon recover.

In the meantime, Juan realized that he must endeavor to cheer up Camila, and make it possible for her to get plenty of sleep and rest. It was her recurrent headaches that worried Juan most. What caused them? On several occasions he heard Camila talk in her sleep, but there was no sense in what she said. It was a trying situation, but every day they were drawing nearer to their destination. As soon as breakfast was over, Juan suggested their early departure, and long

before the noon hour they were well on their way towards the newly laid out camp that Father Lasuen had praised so highly.

Juan and Camila were agreeably surprised on reaching Velicata. Toward the east they saw a long massive range of mountains soaring skyward, while at their feet lay a wide open valley extending westward for several miles, broken here and there by running streams, and the whole expanse looked like a beautiful green carpet bedecked by gorgeous wild flowers.

"Isn't it wonderful, Camila? We must rest here an extra day, and who knows but what the balmy air and bright sunshine may cure your headaches and bring you refreshing sleep."

"Let us hope, dear Juan, they will."

A well-covered and newly erected brushwood hut was promptly taken possession of by Corporal Rocha for Camila's use. Her cot and folding-chair were quickly set up, and at Juan's request Camila agreed to lie down to rest and sleep. Ignacio, in the meantime, unloaded his packs and turned his horses and mules into one of the corrals that had been used by Captain Rivera. Juan next looked up the soldiers and Indian neophytes that had been left in charge of the camp, who were surprised to see the corporal and had many questions to ask. The one thing they were anxious about was the coming of Captain Portolá, and they hoped that he would take them along with his expedition to San Diego and Monterey. They were very indignant at being left behind, and Juan felt sorry for

them. Corporal Rocha's next move would be to Rivera's camp, but just how far that was he had no way of knowing. It, therefore, behooved him to prepare for any emergency before leaving Velicata. There was a lot of work to do, and he and Ignacio lost no time in preparing for their long journey into the north, where many serious situations might cause delays, and even endanger their lives. Every possible contingency would have to be anticipated. The first thing they did was to rig up a swinging hammock for Camila's use, if necessary. They also gathered up a number of bags left at the camp, and got the other two Indians to look for some young trees that they were to cut down and bring to the mission for use as poles, and with them and the bags they would be able to set up an additional tent.

The two days' rest that had been planned for Camila at Velicata was utilized by Juan and Ignacio to arrange their packs, to which additional material had been added lately. In doing this, Juan believed he could save time and shorten his visit at Rivera's headquarters. The following day saw them well on their way toward that looked-for haven.

As they were moving along, Juan began to anticipate the time when he would pass into a strange and unknown country. It gave him something to think about. He believed that if not interfered with, he could reach his destination ahead of their scheduled time. The most serious thing that might delay them, however, was the condition of Camila's health. Although she seemed

brighter and more cheerful since leaving Velicata, Juan continued to be uneasy about her.

Having completed their preparations for an early morning departure, Juan and Ignacio were enjoying a well-earned rest. At Juan's urging, Camila joined them out of doors. A folding chair with a cushion and blanket were brought out for Camila's use. Juan was bent upon having her see what he assured her would be a glorious sunset.

"I have seen many beautiful sunsets in Spain, Camila, and some that I thought were even more beautiful in Mexico, but the sunset that I saw last night seemed to me to have eclipsed them all, and it was followed by another scene that, if it is repeated tonight, you will also enjoy. Are you comfortable in that chair, dear?"

"Yes, quite comfortable. Now tell me, Juan, about last night's sunset."

"To give you an adequate description is impossible, but what I saw made a deep and lasting impression upon me. What first attracted my attention, shortly after we arrived at yesterday's camp, were the light fleecy clouds that veiled the sky as far as I could see. There was little or no wind, and the clouds barely seemed to move. Along the western horizon the waters of the Pacific Ocean glowed like a mass of molten gold. To the east, the mountains in their majestic splendor seemed to loom higher, and were partly mantled over by deep shadows. To the south little was to be seen on

account of our elevation. Gradually the sun started dipping downward, preparing for its nightly plunge into the ocean deeps. Just as the sun was sinking out of sight the fleecy clouds seemed to be enmeshed in a network of brilliant opals, whose iridescent rays fairly dazzled my eyes. Slowly these colors merged into varied shades of reddish-tinted gold that inflamed the whole western sky, then, almost imperceptibly, they faded away.

"Looking down over the peaceful valley, which we passed through this morning, I was amazed by its beauty as the lights and shadows spread over it. Along the eastern horizon innumerable mountain peaks were sharply outlined against a purple-tinted sky. On the lower reaches, where the light still lingered, the jagged peaks took on a surly look, while some of the more massive rocks, still sharply outlined, towered skyward in their rugged grandeur. To me the whole range of mountains looked rarely beautiful, crowned, as I saw them, by vast seas of color, with which nature limned this sublime spectacle. And now, my dear, we will have the pleasure of witnessing today's sunset together."

"I hope it will be as beautiful as the one you have just described so vividly. Juan, why not ask Ignacio to join us?"

"I want him to, Camila. Oh, Ignacio, come and join us; but no words and no music."

"All right, Corporal Juan, I be like a clam, what say nothing."

While it may be true that nature has never yet fash-

ioned any two things alike, Juan was inclined to except the two sunsets, for to him they were very much alike. Turning to Camila after they had watched and enjoyed the sunset together, Juan said:

"In urging you to come out here, Camila, I wanted you to take particular notice of another interesting phenomenon that I witnessed last evening, which I hope, for your sake, will be repeated this evening. It was not a new experience to me, but, never having heard anyone speak of it, I thought it merely a fantastic flight of my sometimes too vivid imagination.

"It was during the summer months, while living here in Lower California, that I first noticed that the evening air had at times a soothing stillness about it that was almost uncanny. For a time I imagined that the world had come to a standstill, and nature, having grown tired of her activities, was about to seek repose. This feeling of quiescence would sometimes last only a few moments, or was lengthened out to several minutes. This was generally followed by a sharp reaction and the scene quickly changed. The day was done and night was coming on, as you see it now, Camila. Now note the quickly passing twilight; and listen to the mocking-bird's sweet singing, and then the softer notes of the poor will's song. Now look about you, and you will see swiftly darting bats, and now the hooting owls, aroused from their diurnal sleep, go flitting by, and with other birds and insects will join the medley of discordant noises, to be made more hideous by the distant howling of the coyote."

"Why, Juan, I never noticed anything like it before. Even now, after I heard and saw it all, I wonder if it is really true."

"Yes, it is quite true, dear, but it was only last night that I again seemed to enter into the spirit of it. Then I fell asleep, and when Ignacio aroused me, it being my turn to guard the camp, I imagined for some time that it was only a dream, but now, with you as a witness, I know better.

"We leave early in the morning, and it will be Rivera's camp next and then San Diego. Let me help you in, Camila. I do hope you will have a good night's rest."

"I think I will, Juan. See, Ignacio has fallen asleep."

"He has had a busy day, and I am afraid he was not interested. Good night, dear, and God bless you."

"I hope you will get some sleep, Juan. Good night."

"Hello, Ignacio, did you have a good nap?"

"Have I been asleep, Corporal Juan?"

"No, Ignacio, you were only one of the discordant noises."

"All right, what you say, I go sleep now. Gooda-night."

## CHAPTER IX

## Rivera's Headquarters at Last

FORTUNATELY, Corporal Rocha encountered no difficulties enroute to Captain Rivera's camp. While there were some pretty steep and rocky trails to climb, he was not molested by any of the native savages. In fact, those in the vicinity of Velicata were quite friendly and on several occasions a number of them would come quite near to them but ready to scamper if danger threatened. Ignacio would hail them in a friendly way and between their hoarse gutturals and pantomimic gestures they tried to manifest their good intentions. Invariably they brought along some useless presents, and in exchange Ignacio would hand them out some strings of colored glass beads and various trinkets of little value, but thenceforth looked upon by the natives as their most valuable possessions. Another day's march brought Juan within sight of Rivera's headquarters.

Finding a well-sheltered clearing within a short distance of the camp, Rocha decided to pitch their tents there for the night and report to Captain Rivera in the morning. Juan had several reasons for doing this, but it was principally on Camila's account. Her condition continued to trouble him and he wanted her to get a good night's sleep, which would not be possible

amid the noises of a military camp. Nor was it Juan's intention to remain any longer than he could help, as he was afraid suspicion might be aroused, or his actions too closely questioned. It would not take Juan long to deliver his letters to the captain, get what supplies he needed and be off on his way to San Diego.

After their work was done for the night and Camila had retired, Juan decided to make a close-up inspection of Rivera's camp. He was anxious to see what the place looked like. Before leaving, he cautioned Ignacio about guarding Camila's tent and if necessary to use his musket.

"I'll not be gone more than an hour or two," he explained to the neophyte.

"Have no fear, Corporal Juan."

A night scene on the waste lands of Lower California, with a cloudless sky embellished by countless isles of light and a full moon smiling down, leaves a lasting impression upon the lover of nature. To Juan it seemed a veritable glimpse of fairyland, and as his eyes swept over the vast empire that lay before him he wished that his dear Camila might have been with him to enjoy its manifold beauties.

A distant brush fire marked the way to Rivera's camp. Although after nightfall, it was still a busy place and a noisy one. In the corrals there were forty-six horses, one hundred and forty mules and two hundred head of cattle. Closer to the tents there were packs and packages that contained a large supply of food,

various kinds of seed, a great variety of tools and farming implements, clothing and numerous bolts of cloth, church vestments, jugs of wine and jugs of vinegar, brandy, olive oil, candles, bees-wax, many packages of glass beads, gewgaws, gaily colored cotton cloth and a hundred and one other things that would be needed by the settlers and converts in the new missions to be located in Alta California.

In another part of the camp Juan noticed that a tarpaulin had been spread over some packs. This he surmised was to protect the ammunition and other perishable goods. Although the rainy season was about over, Rivera could not afford to take any chances against an unexpected shower or heavy fog that might damage his powder and other valuable supplies. This part of the camp was guarded by a sentinel.

A large tent located on higher ground some distance away was no doubt used by the captain. Near the other tents Juan saw groups of soldiers and Indians playing various games, and singing songs to the accompaniment of mandolin and guitar, real army life, that helped to lighten the strain and monotony of their daily tasks. After Juan had made a circuit of the camp, he began to realize the magnitude of Rivera's undertaking, and if he succeeded in reaching San Diego without mishap he might well feel proud of what he had accomplished.

Believing that it was Rivera's intention to make an early morning start, Rocha was up betimes, and while he was busy preparing a simple breakfast of cornmeal

gruel and stewed rabbit, Ignacio hurriedly curried and watered the horses and mules, and then began loading their packs. Camila, who had had a fairly good night's rest, was anxious to help Juan prepare breakfast, but he begged her to sit down and reserve her strength for the day's ride, and he would soon have a cup of hot chocolate ready for her, hoping thus to tempt her capricious appetite.

Juan, aware that in another hour or two he would pass beyond the borders of civilization; and after he left Captain Rivera's headquarters, he must of necessity meet and overcome any and all emergencies, was giving careful thought to what troubles might harass him. With Ignacio he had checked up the contents of his packs and made a memorandum of some additional supplies he would like to have, and he intended asking Captain Rivera to furnish them, provided they could be spared. Personally, Juan was not worried, but Camila's life must be safeguarded, and it was mostly on her account that he did not care to take any chances. Finally Juan called out to Ignacio:

"Are you ready to go?

"All ready, Corporal Juan."

"Then let's move on."

Corporal Rocha could not have timed his arrival at Captain Rivera's camp at a more felicitous moment. Rivera had finished his breakfast, and was sitting on a camp-stool outside of his tent, watching his men preparing for their departure, as Juan approached and

saluted him. As Rivera arose to return the salutation, greatly astonished, he cried out:

"Well, how in the world did you get here Corporal?"

"I thought you would be surprised to see me, Captain. I was ordered to carry despatches to the ship captains, Vila and Perez, at San Diego, by Captain Portolá, and I have one for you as well."

"From where did you leave, and when?"

"I left Loreto on the ninth of March, and Captain Portolá and his expedition were preparing to leave the same day."

"That is all news to me, and you certainly made good time getting here. Did you meet my courier, Antonio Gonzales?"

"I did not see him personally, but he and one of your Indians reached Loreto shortly before I was ordered to leave for San Diego."

"If it is not a secret, may I ask why you are being sent?"

"I was told that Captain Portolá was anxious to have both the ship captains remain at San Diego until he arrives."

"I wonder why?"

"No doubt Captain Portolá's despatch will explain that fully. Your courier, Antonio Gonzales, was taken sick on his way south, and was unconscious when he reached Loreto. Father Serra was taking care of him. The Indian you ordered to go with him thought he had been poisoned by some food he had eaten." Just as

Juan handed his despatch to Rivera, a muleteer came rushing up to the captain with the startling news that their cattle had stampeded.

There are nearly as great a variety of cuss words in Spanish as there are in English, and when Rivera heard of the stampede he used the most forceful in his vocabulary, though they did not help the situation. Prompt action was necessary, and the suave and urbane cavalier of Lower California gave way to the typical cussing vaquero, and every man in the camp was ordered to bestir himself. Turning to Rocha, Rivera said, "I know Corporal, that you are in a hurry to get away, and so are my cattle, and I deeply regret that I will have to delay your departure for a short time."

"If this is the worst trouble I'll be exposed to between here and San Diego, I will not complain. If you have no objection, Captain, I'd like to join in the round up. It is a job that I am more or less familiar with, and all I need is a good lariat."

"I'll see that you get one," Rivera replied, and called his orderly. "Cota, bring me a new lariat for Corporal Rocha and have my horse saddled and brought here at once."

Cota saluted. "I'll have horse and lariat here in five minutes, Captain."

"I am going with you, Corporal. These despatches can wait."

"I feel confident you will soon be able to round up your cattle, Captain. In the meantime, will you kindly

excuse me for a few minutes? I want to let my Indians know that I'll not be able to leave right away."

"Certainly, Corporal. I'll wait here until you return."

Juan saluted the captain, then hurriedly rode to the rendezvous where Camila and Ignacio were to remain until he returned. Juan quickly explained to Camila what he was going to do and assured her there was no danger, and as soon as the cattle were brought under control he would ask Captain Rivera for the supplies he needed and then they would leave. "No one from Rivera's camp can see you where you now are, so I would advise that you wait here and get as much rest as you can. If you feel uneasy, Camila, have Ignacio ride back with you to last night's camping ground."

"I watch out, Corporal Juan, but I think we safe here."

"I think so, too, Ignacio, and I'll be back as soon as possible. Keep your eyes open while I am gone."

"We look for you."

Juan reached Rivera's headquarters just as Cota came along with the captain's horse and the lariat. A distant cloud of dust was seen toward the northeast, which pointed the way they were to go, and Rivera and Rocha were off for the round-up. Long before they reached the men who were trying to check the stampeding cattle Captain Rivera was strongly impressed by Rocha's wonderful horsemanship, and as they came alongside the other riders he asked the corporal to

act in his place. His head vaquero, Pablo Zarate, and his men were instructed to take orders from the corporal.

This pleased Juan, and in a few minutes he had the riders scatter out so as to gradually encircle the herd, thus forcing the cattle to bunch up and slacken their gait, and thus they finally succeeded in slowing them down to a walk.

While most of the cattle were now under control and were driven back to the corrals, a few of the wilder ones had yet to be brought in. Juan, calling for Zarate, two other vaqueros and three expert horsemen, promptly ordered them off in various directions, and it did not take them long to lasso the strays and drive them back to the camp. The work was exciting, but the men seemed to enjoy it, and on Juan's return to Rivera's headquarters he was heartily congratulated by the captain for the masterly manner in which he had averted a most trying mishap that might have delayed them for several days.

"We had a similar experience with our cattle," said Rivera, "just before reaching Velicata, and I decided then to follow Portolá's advice and leave some of our cattle at that place, as I could not take care of them all with my present force. I have been handicapped by the need of more soldiers and vaqueros ever since I left the San Javier mission. I requisitioned a few men from some of the missions, being authorized to do so by the inspector-general, Don José de Galvez, but there were not enough men available.

"I heard about the requisitions along the line, Captain."

"And no doubt some of the fathers resented my actions, for which I am sorry, but necessity knows no law."

"They knew your every act was authorized, Captain."

"Unquestionably. I have just finished reading Captain Portolá's despatch. He seems to be peeved at the slow headway I have been making. But what surprised him most in the communication I sent him by Gonzales was the statement I made as to the date I expected to reach San Diego. I told him I might be able to get there by May tenth, or possibly not until the fifteenth. In a copy of the instructions given to both of the ship captains by Galvez he states: 'If Rivera and the land force have not arrived, Vila is to wait fifteen to twenty days at most, obtaining wood and water, while Fages and Costanso explore the country, or after twenty days, or on Rivera's arrival, the *San Carlos* is to sail for Monterey, with the *San Antonio* if she be there.'

"This is the first time that I have been informed that the two sailing ships were to wait for my arrival. Both Galvez and Portolá knew that I would have to travel over one hundred leagues of virgin territory of which we had absolutely no knowledge whatever, where passable roads would have to be surveyed and built, and where, at any time, we might be attacked by savage hordes. Now I can understand, Corporal,

why you have been ordered to San Diego, and I want to do everything I can to help you."

"That is very kind of you, Captain."

"Not at all. Captain Portolá, in his despatch, asks that I extend you any aid or assistance. It will be a pleasure for me to do this, and I want you to help yourself to anything in the camp that you may need, merely giving the quartermaster a receipt for what supplies you select."

"What I really should have, Captain, is another horse, but a mule will answer if you cannot spare a horse. I should also like to have a fanega of pinole (about one hundred and ten pounds of roughly-ground cornmeal), some additional ammunition, an extra blanket and a length or so of rope, which will be returned to you when you reach San Diego."

"Cota," Rivera called to his orderly, "I want you to go with Corporal Rocha and tell Quartermaster Sotomayor that I want him to let the corporal have a good horse, a fanega of pinole, what ammunition he wants, a serviceable pair of blankets, a length of rope, as well as the lariat he now has, and also some tobacco—eh, Corporal? This, with my compliments."

"I shall certainly appreciate it, Captain, and sincerely thank you."

"Are you quite sure, Corporal, that with the addition of a fanega of pinole you will have enough food?"

"I think so, Captain."

"But supposing the ships are not at San Diego when you get there?"

"I have not given any thought to such a contingency."

"I think you should."

"I quite agree with you. Such a thing might happen, but I hope not."

"What would you do in case it did?"

"I'll take my chances until you reach San Diego according to your itinerary, Captain."

"That is very complimentary, Corporal, and I feel pretty sure that you may count on me. When do you leave?"

"Just as soon as I get my supplies."

"Well, you do mean to hurry. I don't know just how soon you will overtake Don José Canizares and his men, but you can hardly fail to find them somewhere along the road toward San Diego. I sent him on ahead to clear a road for us and locate our camps. From his last reports, I should say you will find some pretty rough riding, but more or less of that is to be expected. Where streams have to be crossed, Canizares has set up a post or rock-pile to show safe fords. If you avoid night travel, you can easily follow his trail and make use of the camp-sites he located. He also mentioned several dangerous canyons where he advises me to be careful. In his report, which I received yesterday, he says he was annoyed for a day or two by hostile natives, but a few musket shots scared them off. You want to be on lookout for them."

"I certainly shall, Captain."

"You can tell Don José, Corporal, that we are now

averaging nearly two leagues a day, but that I find it economical to rest a few days occasionally, and also on Sunday, when possible, so that the men can attend religious service, and our animals get some additional rest. This also pleases Father Crespi. If you are fortunate enough, Corporal, to meet either one or both the ship captains at San Diego, give them my compliments, and you can tell them all about our expedition, and when I expect to reach there."

"Your messages and greetings will be promptly delivered. As I am not likely to see you again, Captain, I want to say good-bye and thank you a thousand times for your kindness."

"It has been a pleasure to meet you again, Corporal. Good-bye and good luck to you. Until San Diego, where I shall be pleased to see you on my arrival."

"Until San Diego," Juan replied, as both the corporal and the captain saluted each other.

"When you have attended to Corporal Rocha's wants, Cota, find out how soon we shall be able to move and let me know."

Cota, with the customary salutation, answered, "Yes, sir."

It was noon of the fourth day after leaving Rivera's headquarters when Corporal Rocha caught the first glimpse of Canizares and his road-builders as they were slowly working their way toward their destination. Juan had never met Canizares, who was still quite a young man and known as a ship's officer *(pilo-*

*tin),* who had been detailed by Galvez to accompany the first of the land expeditions and to act in any capacity as an ex-officio member of Captain Rivera's staff, more particularly to take notes on the topography of the country, its people, their habits, climate, etc.

It was Canizares who had discovered and located the picturesque camp known as Velicata and named by the natives. Rivera, well pleased with Canizares' work and his rare executive ability, placed him in charge of the crew who were to select their camping grounds, lay out passable roads, locate fords where streams had to be crossed, and do any other necessary work that would hasten the advance of the overland expedition to San Diego.

Before riding on to Canizares' camp, Corporal Rocha selected a clearing adjoining some heavy brushwood, that afforded ample shade for a resting place. Juan then lifted Camila off her horse and had her lie down on the blankets that Ignacio unrolled. Assuring Camila and Ignacio that he would soon return, Juan rode on to pay his respects to Don José and deliver Captain Rivera's verbal message. There were no formalities. The corporal explained the reason for his visit and gave Canizares a short account of his journey since leaving Loreto, and why he had been ordered to carry Captain Portolá's despatches to the ship captains at San Diego.

Don José quickly grasped the significance of Juan's mission, and, knowing that Corporal Rocha would

want to get away as soon as possible, he suggested that they ride along to a distant hillside, from which place they would get an extensive view of the surrounding country and an outline of that part of the peninsula through which Rocha would have to pass on his way to San Diego. Don José pointed out the direction he planned to follow in opening up a road for the expeditions, and he suggested that the corporal follow it, provided he encountered no insurmountable difficulties.

"Keep on going in a northwesterly direction as long as you possibly can," said Canizares. "If you should reach an impasse, turn to the west and keep going toward the ocean, and when you get there, turn to the north. I feel pretty certain, though, that you will find an inland route that will carry you through to your destination. This is the best advice I can give you. The only thing you need guard against is a possible attack by savages. Did any of them annoy you after you left Velicata?"

"There were several bands that followed us during the past two days, and a number of them fired some of their arrows at us, but none of them came within striking distance. We would let them keep this up for awhile, and then scare them off with musket shots, but made no attempt to hit them. We took turns at night guarding our animals, but no night attacks were attempted."

"They were probably the same bands that annoyed us. Is there anything more that I can do for you, Corporal?"

"Nothing more, thank you. I appreciate your kindness and trust I may soon greet you in San Diego."

"Let us hope that may be within a few weeks. Until then, adios."

"Adios."

Juan rejoined Camila and Ignacio and soon they started off through an almost uninhabited region, hoping to find some way that would carry them safely to their destination.

## CHAPTER X

# The Sea Expeditions

WHAT of the ships that were to be halted at San Diego? Galvez's plan for the conquest of California called for two expeditions to go by sea. For this purpose he requisitioned two small packet-boats, the *Golden Fleece* and *El Principe,* which were renamed the *San Carlos* and the *San Antonio.* Both had been built for the transportation of troops and supplies to Sonora and other ports along the Mexican coast. These vessels Galvez ordered to San Blas with instructions to the commander of the navy yard to fit them out and send them to Lower California with the least possible delay. Like most of the ships built on the west coast, these had been hastily and imperfectly constructed and on arrival had to be unloaded, heaved over, repaired from stem to stern, and then reloaded before they sailed for San Diego. Most of the work on the *San Carlos* was done under the personal direction of Galvez, and he often boasted of having lent a helping hand in stowing away heavy and unwieldy packages, boxes, crates and barrels, and personally packing most of the church vestments that were to be used for the new missions in Alta California.

At last the work on the *San Carlos* had been

completed, and then came the welcome and longed-for cry, "All aboard." There was the usual last-minute rushing, bustling activity. There was a lot of running up and down the gangway. Hurried kissings and farewells. Smiles and tears. Lieutenant Pedro Fages with his company of twenty-five Catalonian volunteers was among the first to board the ship. Then came Surgeon Pedro Prat of the Royal Spanish army; Ensign Miguel Costanso, engineer, cosmographer and diarist; four cooks; two blacksmiths; twenty-three sailors and two boys. Next came Father Hernando Parron, who was to look after the spiritual welfare of all on board, and finally the captain comandante, Vicente Vila of the Royal Navy of Spain. Just before hoisting the anchor, Galvez delivered a parting address and Serra pronounced a blessing upon all on board. Galvez, deeply interested in this bold undertaking, followed the *San Carlos* in a smaller vessel from La Paz to Cape San Lucas, and watched and waited until the ship turned northward, facing cooler winds and making for the open sea.

Unfortunately, Galvez's instructions to Captain Vila and duplicated to Captain Perez were faulty, as they carried them as far north as the Santa Barbara channel, and caused them to sail hundreds of miles out of their way while looking for the bay of San Diego. The first ship to enter the harbor was the *San Antonio*. She anchored close to the shore. Perez was puzzled. He expected to see the *San Carlos* either waiting for him, or, if she had gone on to Monterey,

to have left some word for him as to when she had arrived and left; but all that he could make out of it was that so far she had not entered the harbor, nor had he any idea as to what had happened to her.

With the *San Carlos* leaving more than five weeks ahead of the *San Antonio,* she should have reached San Diego at least that much earlier than his own ship, and if Vila had followed Galvez's instructions, he should have reached Monterey before now. But what had become of the soldiers who were to be disembarked at San Diego? There was not a sign of man or beast, nor could he learn anything from the savages, as no one on board his ship could talk to them, nor could they make themselves understood.

There was nothing to do but wait the full twenty days, hoist anchor and sail for Monterey. Perez had also been told that he would no doubt find Captain Rivera and his soldiers at San Diego, but as yet there was no sign of their coming; all that he found was a fine harbor and a horde of naked Indians, and from whom he held aloof, waiting to see what was going to happen next. It was possible that Captain Vila, having missed the entrance to the harbor, might have gone right on to Monterey, or some terrible catastrophe might have overtaken them and ship and men lost at sea. Perez hoped not, but he realized that something had gone wrong, and it worried him.

## CHAPTER XI

# Serra Meets Lasuen

FATHER JUNIPERO SERRA'S farewell pilgrimage to all but one of the Lower California missions had been a source of great pleasure to him, even though he continued to suffer from his highly inflamed and ulcerated leg. Traveling over rough and rocky mountain trails, even though riding one of the laziest of burros, no doubt intensified the padre's suffering, but at no time would he let this interfere with his daily tasks. Fortunately, Serra had no need to hurry. He was to join Portolá at Santa Maria on a specified date, and he had arranged his itinerary accordingly.

On reaching the mission Santa Gertrudis, the Indians came forth to greet him with dancing and festive demonstrations. The missionary, Rev. Father Dionosio Basterra, vested in surplice, stole and cope, accompanied his acolytes. The reception pleased Serra greatly, but his joy was tinged with regret over the condition of Father Basterra. As he wrote subsequently:

"I had learned some time before that the father was in poor health and had fallen into profound sadness from being alone among so many isolated Indians. Both the soldier guard and his servant had been conscripted by Captain Rivera against his protest. Our

worthy brother had communicated his dejection to me by various letters and asked for relief; but I could do nothing for him. I knew it would relieve our brother to tell me of his troubles and I tried to console him. I advised him to fight off his despondency and try to regain his health by living out in the open air, and work in his garden as much as possible. This he promised to do. I tarried with him five days, and before leaving, I noticed he appeared more cheerful, but I could not withhold my tears as I bade him farewell. I left a letter with him that he was to forward to Father Palou, in which I urged him to arrange for Father Basterra's return to San Fernando (the mother college at Mexico City) as soon as convenient."

Father Serra still traveling with his escort of two soldiers and a servant, had just reached the mission San Francisco de Borja, where his dear friend and brother missionary, Father Lasuen, was waiting to greet him in a manner befitting the father president or superior of the Franciscan order. It was a joyful occasion, with the dancing and singing of the Indians as Father Serra was seen nearing the mission. Serra was soon made comfortable, and Lasuen, who had some knowledge of surgery, bathed his infected leg with warm applications. This quieted the pain, and shortly afterward Serra fell asleep.

These two eminent friars had many important matters to discuss, among them the impoverished condition of the soil and the poor crops of the previous season,

that caused such dire distress in most of the northern missions. Many of their converts had been forced to live on scanty fare of late, and quite a number of them had been sent out into the hills to forage for food. Serra was able to assure Father Lasuen that Galvez had taken necessary steps to ameliorate this condition. In addition to the corn that was to be forwarded from the royal warehouse at San Blas, he also ordered many bolts of cotton cloth to cover the nakedness of their converts.

"Evidently my letter to Galvez is bearing fruit," said Lasuen. "Some months ago the illustrious inspector-general sent me a letter in which, among other matters he called to my attention, he offered to send me a supply of smoking tobacco for my Indians. In answer to his letter, I simply told him it was not tobacco that they wanted but food and clothing, as they were sadly in need of both."

"Good, good, I remember, now, that you sent me a copy of the letter," Serra remarked.

Both the padres had long realized that without ample supplies of food and clothing their efforts to convert the savages to Christianity might come to naught.

While he did not want to burden his beloved guest with his personal troubles, Father Lasuen thought that possibly Serra might suggest some way to remedy a condition that had caused him many sleepless nights. It was rather a delicate subject, and Lasuen hesitated for some time before he decided to speak about it.

Finally after their evening meal was over, Lasuen, without any further delay, said, "Father, I have another matter that I would like to speak to you about."

"I suspected as much from your restlessness."

"I was afraid that you would. Some weeks ago I received a very sad letter from my dear sister Clara, now living at Vitoria, in the province of Alava. Her husband, a carpenter, was killed by a fall from a scaffold, and left her with three small children to care for. She asked me to help her, and God knows I would gladly do something for her, but, alas! that is impossible. Unfortunately her husband had been in poor health, and consequently was unable to get steady work, or save any money, and his tragic death left her in dire need. She was such a sweet girl and I always thought if any calamity should overtake her my younger brother, Roderigo, who passed away just before I left Spain, would be able to take care of her. The only help that I can offer her are my tears and my prayers. Poor Clara, in her helplessness, had forgotten that we followers of our Seraphic Father St. Francis are even poorer than she is in worldly wealth."

"You did well, dear friend, in telling me about this. We may find a way to help her through others."

"Alas! how is that possible?"

"Because I feel that it is not impossible. Let me have a sheet of paper and a style, and I'll write to our beloved Reverend Father President, Rafael Verger, and with my letter enclose a copy of your sister's letter, which you can prepare for me, and I will ask him to

take the matter up with the head of our fraternity at Madrid. He, I am sure, will interest some charitably disposed personage, and, thank God, there are many such, and she (I am quite certain it will be a woman) in turn, will find your sister and help her. And you, dear brother, will continue to have faith in God Almighty."

"Ah! dear brother Serra, you do not know what a relief your coming at this time has been to me."

"Nor do you know, dear brother Lasuen, the joy it has brought to my heart to spend these few days with you."

On the following day Father Serra, even though in poor physical condition, sang a high Mass and preached one of his impressive sermons to many hundreds of converted Indians, some coming from a great distance to hear the famed preacher.

Before leaving for Santa Maria mission, Serra conferred with Lasuen as to the advisability of establishing a mission at Velicata. Lasuen thought the place ideal and gave Serra a descriptive account of his visit there during Holy Week. "You will find," said Lasuen, "that there is good soil, and most of it is free from alkali, and there is an abundance of water. At least, I found it so when I was there, and I believe that some of the streams will run the year round."

"I am pleased to hear that," Serra replied; "and as I wrote you a short time ago, I favor establishing a mission there, temporarily at least, and if the Pious Fund members approve it, the mission would be made permanent."

Altogether Serra's visit was a happy and comforting episode in the life of those two notable missionaries, and it was with the deepest regret that Lasuen watched the vanishing form of his sorely tried friend and brother missionary as he started on the long journey to the Santa Maria mission. Many important events were to transpire before they should meet again.

## CHAPTER XII

# Rocha Reaches San Diego

TWO hours after leaving Don Canizares' road-builders, Corporal Rocha and his party were obliged to ford a running stream. Although the banks were steep, they made a safe landing and followed its westward course until they came to an open glade. Halting his outfit there, Juan after making a careful reconnoissance of the surrounding country and finding no signs of any savages that might molest them, decided to stay there overnight, and utilized the rest of the day in making additional preparations for safeguarding Camila. Their two tents were promptly set up in a thicket of heavy brushwood. Their packs unloaded and the horses and mules staked out in a field of lush grass close by.

In order to make the rest of the journey more comfortable for Camila, whose condition was steadily growing worse, Juan decided to fit up the litter for which they had assembled the necessary material at Velicata. Its use might delay them somewhat, but as Juan was still ahead of his schedule, it did not matter.

The following day, contrary to Canizares' advice, Juan decided to keep going westward toward the ocean. He did this to avoid climbing some very steep hills, which would make it inconvenient to use the litter for

Camila's transportation. Whereas if the country near the coast were fairly level, it might even save time.

Juan knew that traveling along the coast might subject him to numerous attacks by armed savages, but there they would have to fight him in the open, whereas if he were traveling inland they could harass him from many vantage points.

Fortunately for Juan, most of the small tribes they met along the coast were not unfriendly. Some would come quite close to them, and Ignacio would hand them strings of colored beads or strips of colored calico. Other tribes would hold aloof, wondering where these strange people came from. The hooded litter puzzled them. As they were nearing San Diego a few wandering tribes annoyed them occasionally, some even firing arrows at them. A single musket shot made them scamper.

Juan had counted on reaching San Diego by the twelfth of April, but it was not until the afternoon of the fifteenth that they sighted a ship anchored in the harbor. They had had a glimpse of the bay two days before, but in order to avoid coming in contact with numerous small bands of savages, they had turned back toward the foothills, where they decided they would camp for the night. Early the next morning, after cautioning Ignacio to carefully guard Camila during his absence, Juan rode off in a northwesterly direction. After riding along in a haphazard way for some time, he reached the summit of a high hill that was thickly covered with heavy brushwood. From there the cor-

poral obtained an extensive view of the Pacific Ocean and a large part of an immense land-locked harbor, but no ships were to be seen from where he stood. Evidently what he saw satisfied Juan, for he immediately turned about and rode back to the camp.

Ignacio had been anxiously awaiting the corporal's return, as during his absence Camila had been restless and ill at ease. From time to time she had been calling for Juan, and Ignacio tried to soothe her by telling her that Juan would soon return. Finally he got her to drink a cup of hot chocolate, which seemed to quiet her, somewhat. When Camila heard Juan's voice she quit mumbling, and soon fell asleep from sheer exhaustion.

"Ignacio, we must let Camila sleep as long as possible."

"Yes, I agree, Corporal Juan, but I make ready all things for next ride."

"I will help you with the packs, but we need not hurry, as the ride will be a short one. I located a quiet place where we will camp tonight, and tomorrow I hope we will see the ships."

"And maybe doctor for Señorita Camila, and he make her well, then we sing again the sweet lou-lou-byes."

"Let us hope and pray we may, dear friend."

As Corporal Rocha had said, their journey to the next camping-place would be a short one, but it was late when they reached it. It was on high ground that overlooked bay and ocean, but they were still unable to see

the ships that were supposed to be anchored in the harbor.

While Ignacio was looking for a watering place for his animals, he found a rather steep trail that led down to a flowing stream. It was the San Diego River. The next day Juan, Camila and Ignacio rode down this trail and along the river bed to their final destination. Facing the bay, they sighted a single ship, but it was too far away to make out whether it was the *San Carlos* or the *San Antonio.*

Now, that they were almost within hailing distance of the ship, which was anchored two hundred feet or more from the shore, Juan was debating what he would do next. Ignacio, who had been looking over the landscape, pointed out a broken hillside not far from where they had halted their horses, which was covered with some heavy brushwood, spacious on top and sloping off gradually into a canyon toward the east. This might prove an ideal location for permanent cabins or their tents, and would give them privacy as well. Juan agreed with Ignacio and they rode around to it and immediately busied themselves setting up a small brushwood hut, where Camila, but a shadow of her former self, could now be better cared for. After the hut was finished and fitted up for Camila's use, Juan and Ignacio roped off a small corral near the mouth of the canyon not far from a small stream of water that would supply their needs.

After they finished their work, Juan asked Ignacio

to saddle his horse for him while he stopped in to see how Camila was getting on.

"I have horse ready soon, Corporal Juan."

"Very well, Ignacio. I must call on Captain Vila and deliver my despatches, then see Dr. Prat, tell him of Camila's condition, and ask him to come with me and see what he can do to help her. Keep close watch of Camila while I am gone, and no matter what happens, you must not leave the place. If any Indians come around and annoy you, shoot at them but do not try to hit anyone. If this fails to scare them off, then shoot to kill. I'll hear the shots and will soon be on hand to help you."

Faithful Ignacio, proud of his trust, replied, "No be afraid, Corporal. Bad Indian, he come, I kill him."

"Thank you, Ignacio, thank you, I shall not forget your fidelity."

Mounting his horse, Juan hastened to reach the anchored ship, and as he neared the vessel he was surprised to see that it was the *San Antonio* and not the *San Carlos,* as he had hoped.

The sight of a soldier on horseback riding toward the ship soon attracted the attention of Captain Perez. It was a welcome sight, and the captain promptly ordered two of his sailors to man the long boat and row him and Vizcaino to the shore landing, which they reached by the time Corporal Rocha arrived there. After greetings had been exchanged, Juan handed Portolá's communications to Captain Perez. He also handed Vizcaino a letter from Serra.

After they had finished reading their letters, Juan told them in a few words what had taken place since the departure of the *San Antonio* from Lower California. He also briefly mentioned the cause of his coming ahead of the expeditions, and the near approach of Captain Rivera with the members of the first expedition. All this was cheering news, both to Perez and Vizcaino, and would greatly hearten all on board the *San Antonio*. After first apologizing to Captain Perez, Juan asked if he could have a few words in private with Father Vizcaino. Hesitatingly he then told the father of the predicament he was in. He told him of Camila's condition, of the fever she had had for days, and of her being delirious at times. "Can you, Father Vizcaino," Juan asked him, "suggest any relief, and would you be kind enough to come and see Camila?"

"Assuredly, my son," the father answered him, "it is my duty, and I will go with you now, if you so desire?"

"I should prefer to come for you early tomorrow morning."

"I'll watch for your coming, and in the meantime, I will think over what is best to do. I will also see what drugs there are aboard the ship that might afford relief, and try to provide such other necessities as are at hand. Meanwhile, let us hope that a quiet night's rest may help Camila, and we will both pray for her early recovery."

Vizcaino's cheering words were most encouraging. Thanking the father for his kindness, the corporal bade

both him and Captain Perez good-night and hurriedly returned to the new camp.

Father Vizcaino did not keep Juan waiting, even though he reached the landing-place before daylight. Vizcaino brought with him from the ship a pair of blankets, a feather pillow, some cooking utensils, medicines from the ship's stores, and some delicacies that might tempt an invalid's appetite. Juan had brought along a second horse, which he begged the father to mount, as it was some distance to the camp, and it would save time.

As Father Vizcaino sat and watched by Camila's bedside, he realized that she was seriously ill. Aroused from her stupor, she recognized the father, and tried to answer a question he had asked her, but her efforts caused a relapse and Camila again became delirious. Before leaving, Vizcaino gave Juan detailed instructions as to what should be done, and also showed him how to prepare a sedative medicine he had brought with him for Camila.

"Now that you have seen Camila, Father, do you think she will get well?"

"That is a question I can hardly answer just yet, my son, but from what I have seen, I think she has a favorable chance," the father replied.

"I have a request to make of you, Father, and I trust that you will grant it."

"If it be a just one, my son, and it is in my power to grant it, you may depend on me."

"If the time should come when you are convinced that Camila cannot live, will you consent to marry us and see that we are buried side by side?" Vizcaino started to speak, but Juan stopped him. "Have no fear, Father; but I know that if Camila should die, my own death will be merely a matter of days, for without her I cannot live. If we are married, then no one can deny my right to be buried beside my wife, and I know that my dear Camila will await my coming in the great beyond, and the happy life denied us here on earth will be doubly blessed in the realms above."

"You must not despair, my son. We are all in God's hands. Let us hope and pray that your dear Camila will recover. However, to quiet your mind, and if the worst should come, I promise to grant your request."

Juan, on his knees, kissed the father's hand and thanked him.

After carefully considering Señorita Ortega's illness, Father Vizcaino believed that she was suffering from brain fever, but he reserved his decision pending a few days' additional observation of her condition.

Knowing how anxious Rocha was about his betrothed, Vizcaino said, "While I have not come to any definite decision regarding Camila's illness, I firmly believe she will ultimately recover, but it may be many months before you can expect this. If you could get a nurse, even an Indian woman would do, it would not only relieve you but tend to make Camila more comfortable."

This information was a sad blow to Juan, as he had

looked for Camila's early recovery. Deep down in his heart, however, there was still some slight hope. It might prove elusive, yet the thought persisted that Vizcaino might be wrong in his diagnosis of his betrothed's illness, and that her trouble was caused by the strained nervous condition from which she had been suffering, and the fatigue of the long and tiresome journey.

Looking out over the waters of the bay of San Diego, as Juan had been doing for the past ten days, he voiced his feelings to Ignacio: "Oh! if only the *San Carlos* would come! She must come! She will come! And then Dr. Prat will come with me to see my dear Camila, and he will help her to get well."

"Maybe ship come soon, Corporal Juan, and maybe woman, she come soon."

"Let us hope so, Ignacio."

It was night in Camila's hut. A minute taper (mariposa) faintly lighted the interior and showed Camila asleep, while Juan was kneeling, with bowed head, before a small cross, praying for his loved one. He looked thin and wan, due to his constant care and attention to his sweetheart. He opened a small oval locket which he constantly wore around his neck. It contained a finely painted medallion portrait of his dead mother, whom he had dearly loved. Addressing the portrait, he prayed fervently, "Mother dear, help me and my beloved. Intercede for us. You, who taught me how to pray to

our Heavenly Father, join your prayers with mine, mother dear."

As Juan, worn out with nursing Camila, was about to collapse, he imagined he saw a vision of his mother, then toppled over and fell asleep.

Outside the hut, Ignacio, the faithful Indian, keenly alert, was guarding his loved ones.

While taking the animals to be watered, Ignacio had frequently met a young Indian woman who lived near them. To Ignacio she appeared unhappy, and she was so thin that he knew she was not getting enough to eat. At first it was difficult for Ignacio and the Indian woman, to whom he had given the name of Marta, to make themselves understood. However, he soon learned that she was a widow, but was not a member of any of the San Diego tribes. As it was a case of love at first sight between Ignacio and Marta, it quickened their tongues, and before many more days had passed, with presents of glass beads, gewgaws and panoche (Mexican sugar), came understanding.

Ignacio learned that Marta belonged to a distant rancheria, near a snow-covered mountain, where they spoke a different language from that used by the San Diego Indians. The next thing for Ignacio to do, was to let Juan know about his love affair. Before he did this, however, Ignacio asked Marta to be his woman and she gladly consented.

Juan was both surprised and pleased on hearing of

Ignacio's engagement, and, after congratulating him, he asked him, "When are you going to be married?"

"Tomorrow, but I like you see Fader Wiskeno for me, and make him know Ignacio and Marta want to be married. You go?"

"Indeed, I will, Ignacio, and I'll act as your best man at the wedding."

"I thank you much. My Marta, she not like angel picture, as is Señorita Ortega, but I sure she make good woman, and good nurse for look after la Señorita, eh, Corporal Juan?"

"Ignacio, I believe you heard Father Vizcaino say that it was necessary to have a nurse for Camila, and that even an Indian woman would do, and that was why you asked Marta to marry you at this time."

"Maybe so, maybe so, Corporal Juan," Ignacio replied with smiling eyes, "but I sure she love me, and she love your Camila, like we all. When Marta, I give her that name for remembrance my dear mother, she become Christian, I make her pray, like we all, for your Camila."

"God bless you, my dear friend, for that beautiful thought," replied Juan, who was deeply moved by Ignacio's constancy.

## CHAPTER XIII

# The *San Carlos* Arrives

"OH! Captain Perez, Captain Perez, I see a ship coming," shouted a sailor from the lookout of the *San Antonio*. His loud cries speedily brought every able-bodied man on deck, and although the vessel was still some miles away, she was promptly recognized as the long overdue *San Carlos*. The ship was creeping along so slowly that Captain Perez knew at once that there was something wrong. Calling to Antonio Estevan, one of his sailors, Perez ordered him to fire a salute. This was promptly done, but there was no return answer to it. The packet-boat, however, still kept on moving, and shortly afterward made a right hand turn when within a mile or so of the *San Antonio,* but came to a dead stop as her anchor was heaved overboard. After that there was no further sign of life on board the ship. Captain Perez did not know what to make of it, but he meant to find out, and at once.

"Gonzales, prepare the long-boat," Perez called out. Then turning to Father Vizcaino and Gomez, he invited them to go with him. "There is something seriously the matter with the *San Carlos,* and I want to know just what it is."

It did not take the sailors long to row alongside of

Vila's ship, and Perez, Vizcaino, Gomez and one of the sailors promptly clambered over the ship's side as best they could. Once aboard, they gazed with horror upon the scene. Scattered about the ship on cots or in hammocks were thirty or more soldiers and sailors, most of them suffering from that terrible scourge of the seven seas, scurvy. Some had died and had been buried at sea, many others were dying, and even those who had so far escaped the deadly malady looked like living skeletons, who moved about in jerky, slowly dragging steps of complete and utter exhaustion. It was a ghastly sight to see those shivering and helpless young men, as most of them were, some gasping for breath, others voicing their sufferings aloud, while those whose hours were nearing the end merely mumbled inaudible words—a message, perhaps, intended for a mother, a wife or a sweetheart—as they endeavored to raise their eyes to meet those of the beloved Father Parron, whose only thought was to serve with cheering words, or offer up a prayer for their eternal salvation, or touch the lips of those who lay unconscious with his cross as a blessed benediction.

Presently they met Dr. Prat, who was slowly recovering from an attack of dysentery. He gave little thought to his own illness, but like all those who were ill, he had grown so thin and haggard that both Vizcaino and Gomez for a time failed to recognize him. He had been going from patient to patient, followed by a servant bearing a large tray. He always greeted his patients with a few kind words, and after

counting their pulse beats he would, if they were suffering from scurvy, first wash the blood from their bleeding gums, then urge them to eat some easily masticated food that might strengthen them and mayhap lengthen their lives.

The doctor's medicines had long since given out, but what his patients really needed were fresh vegetables and some lemon juice to effect a cure. But even without them, he knew that some would recover.

After visiting some of the patients with the doctor, Vizcaino asked him, "When do you sleep, Doctor?"

"Sleep? I don't know. Sometimes, as I sit beside a patient, I fall asleep, and they may let me rest undisturbed for a few minutes, or even an hour or two, until I am needed elsewhere, when the touch of a hand awakens me and I keep on making my rounds. It has been like this for many weeks, but, thank God, we are now in San Diego, and in a few days I will be able to go out into the hills to find the herbs I need to replenish my medicine chest. Then I'll be able to get a full night's sleep."

"I sincerely hope you may, Doctor."

Captain Perez had no time to visit the sick. He wanted to know what had caused the delay of the *San Carlos,* and he promptly went in search of Captain Vila. He found him in the kitchen, where, after a strenuous day's work, he was eating his evening meal. Perez was invited to join him.

"Our delay," said Vila, "was caused by heavy storms that drove my ship more than two hundred

leagues out into the ocean. This circumstance, and leaky water casks, and mind you we had taken over thirty-eight hundred gallons of fresh water aboard before sailing from La Paz, forced me to make for Cedros Island to replenish my water supply. Unfortunately, the water we found there proved unwholesome, and it may have had something to do with bringing on the attack of scurvy. Dr. Prat, however, does not think so, but he believes it has caused some dysentery, and its weakening effects, no doubt, made our men easy victims of the more serious malady. Another protracted delay was due to Galvez's instructions to me. He ordered me to sail as far north as thirty-four degrees, then stand inshore and sail southward until we located the port of San Diego."

"I was ordered to do likewise," said Captain Perez, "and by my reckoning I found that the latitude of San Diego is about thirty-two degrees and forty minutes."

"I believe that is about right, Perez. Now you have full knowledge as to what caused our delay, but I might add that we could have made better time if we had had enough men to man the ship. At present I have just four sailors left whom I can safely count on, and if it had not been for the help and assistance of Señor Costanso and Lieutenant Fages and a few of his soldiers, I doubt if we would have been able to reach San Diego."

"You certainly have had a run of hard luck, Captain. Now, if it is agreeable to you, I'll send over some of my men and we will move the *San Carlos* nearer

to our landing, and in the morning we will help you transfer your helpless men ashore, which I presume you will want to do?"

"Yes, indeed, Perez, and it was very kind of you to make the suggestion, and on behalf of myself and my crippled crew I sincerely thank you. Before you go, Captain, tell me what you know about the land expeditions."

"I came near forgetting to tell you about them. Both are gradually nearing San Diego. Captain Portolá sent a courier from Loreto, Corporal Rocha, and in his despatches he has ordered us to remain in San Diego until he arrives. While Captain Rivera, who sends his greetings to both of us by the same courier, says he expects to reach San Diego by the middle of May."

"That is news, indeed, and it suits me."

The next day sails were stripped from the *San Carlos* and utilized for tents, and the doctor's patients transferred from ship to shore and made as comfortable as possible. It was a sad spectacle to see so many brave soldiers and sailors stretched out on these quickly improvised cots, fighting for breath, as the Grim Reaper hovered over them. Their high hopes of glory and renown crashed to a figment.

## CHAPTER XIV

# Serra Joins Portolá

AFTER leaving the mission San Borja, Serra decided to stop over at the old mission Calomofue, also known as Calagnujuet by the Jesuits. The location was picturesque, but the soil was very poor and the water unfit to drink. Therefore, it had to be abandoned.

In describing the place, Serra said: "All that was left of the deserted church was a ruinous shack, but in the surrounding country there were neophyte Indians, and, it being Sunday, I celebrated Mass for them and delivered a short sermon. On the following day I arrived at mission Santa Maria. Here I came up with Governor Portolá and Father Campa."

Serra was heartily welcomed by the governor and all the members of the expedition, as few had thought it possible that he would be able to make the long journey from Loreto. All noticed, however, that the father was still suffering from his ulcerated leg, and that only his indomitable will had kept him going.

After all the suffering he had endured, it would have been natural for one in his condition to seek as much rest as possible, but knowing that the abandonment of the Santa Maria mission was under consideration, which, if carried out, would cause much unhappiness

to the Indian neophytes belonging to the mission, Father Serra decided to make a thorough investigation of the conditions surrounding the place and see for himself if it was absolutely necessary to abandon this popular site. Early on the following morning, accompanied by his brother missionary, Father de la Campa, Governor Portolá and the soldier guard of the mission, Bernal Salgado, he made a most careful inspection of the arable lands, the water supply and other essential needs for a mission. Serra was so well pleased with what he saw that he was opposed to its abandonment, and by letters so informed His Excellency Don Joseph de Galvez, the inspector-general, and the newly appointed Father President of the Lower California missions, Father Francisco Palou.

On the morning of May eleventh, Captain Portolá, Fathers Serra and Campa, accompanied by a number of soldiers and a few of the neophytes, left Santa Maria de Los Angeles for Velicata, which place they reached on the thirteenth, and on the following day Serra dedicated the new mission San Fernando de Velicata. He was assisted in his work by Father Campa, Captain Portolá and many of the soldiers and Indian neophytes who had come up with the second overland expedition. Before completing the ceremonies Father de la Campa was fittingly installed by Father Serra, as its first missionary. This was the only mission established by the Franciscans in Lower California.

Captain Portolá, Father Serra, Sergeant Ortega

and the other members of the expedition left Velicata the next day, and on reaching a place known as San Juan de Dios they camped there for the night. At this time Serra's leg caused him such intense pain that Portolá proposed sending the father back to Velicata, but the latter refused to return, firmly believing that God would so strengthen him as to make it possible for him to go on.

Portolá could not but admire Father Serra's courage, and, to make his traveling less painful, he ordered a litter to be made on which Serra could easily be carried from camp to camp by the neophytes. This greatly disturbed Father Serra when he heard of it, and he asked his servant to call Juan Antonio Coronel, the head muleteer. When he came in, Father Serra said to him, "Juan, my son, could you prepare some remedy for my sore leg?"

"I am not a surgeon, Father, merely a muleteer and have cured the wounds of animals only."

"Well, my son, imagine that I am an animal and that it is one of their wounds that has caused this swelling, and prepare for it the same remedy you would apply to one of your animals."

"This I will do, Father, if you insist."

"Then do it, my son."

The muleteer soon returned, applied the mixture, skillfully bandaged Father Serra's leg, and advised him to keep off his feet until the next day.

As Coronel finished his work, Serra rested his hand on his head and said, "Arise Surgeon Juan Antonio

Coronel, and as such I greet you and sincerely thank you, my good friend."

Strangely enough, the treatment proved efficacious, and the next morning Serra was able to continue on his travels with the Portolá expedition, once more on the way to San Diego, and the litter was left behind. From that day Serra's condition seemed to improve, and his prayers that God would so strengthen him that he might reach Alta California had been answered.

## CHAPTER XV

# The Two Overland Expeditions Reach San Diego

CAPTAIN RIVERA, with his army of occupation, was slowly wending his way northward toward the goal that had been selected as a site for the first mission in Alta California. There were still many problems for Rivera to puzzle over before reaching his destination.

Lately his men had been cut down to half rations, and on several occasions there was a shortage of good drinking water, and a lack of fodder for his animals—petty trials that must be endured, but often likely to break down the morale of an army.

Although Rivera was nearing the end of his long overland journey, his troubles were not yet over. During the eight days or more preceding this time he had been harassed by numerous bands of savages following along the trail of the expedition. Natural curiosity no doubt impelled most of them to follow. They did not know what to make of this singular spectacle. Never before had they seen such a cavalcade of abnormal beings, nor had they ever seen such animals as horses, mules or herds of cattle. Where had these strange individuals come from and whither were they bound? From time to time some of the more daring savages would

fire arrows at them, but Captain Rivera ordered his men to pay no attention to them, as their arrows all fell short; but when his sergeant reported that a band of a hundred or more was trying to close in on them, he ordered a dozen of his soldiers to go after them. They did. It was a real battle, short and full of dash. It was all over in ten minutes. Two of the soldiers were slightly wounded. No one knew nor cared what happened to the savages. It was all a part of the day's work, and Rivera kept on going.

Finally on Sunday, May 14, 1769, Captain Rivera and the members of his expedition, after being seven and a half months on the way from Santa Ana, Lower California, reached San Diego, and were heartily welcomed by the soldiers and sailors of the two ships. Captain Rivera and Father Crespi were shocked when they learned of the great misfortune that had overtaken the *San Carlos* since leaving La Paz, and horrified when they learned how many of the sailors and soldiers had died, and how many more were still seriously ill. It was an overwhelming tragedy, and the end was not yet.

It seems that Galvez had handed Lieutenant Pedro Fages certain instructions before he left La Paz, on the 9th of January. These were to the effect that Fages was to be the military chief of the sea expedition, and was to exercise the same authority on land pending the arrival of Governor Portolá; that he was to be Captain Rivera's superior, etc. If Rivera had not arrived (in advance of Fages), Fages was authorized to

erect some buildings and thus prepare for the coming of Rivera. Due to the stricken condition of the soldiers and sailors that had come up on both the *San Carlos* and *San Antonio,* virtually nothing had been done, so it devolved on Rivera and his men to carry out Galvez's instructions as to the erection of the buildings.

To avoid any trouble, Lieutenant Fages called a conference of all the officials and many important matters were discussed. Among those who attended the meeting were Captains Rivera, Vila and Perez, Lieutenant Fages, Miguel Costanso, José Canizares, Dr. Prat, and Fathers Crespi, Vizcaino, Gomez and Parron. Captain Rivera, whose long military career made his advice valuable, declared that what was immediately needed were numerous corrals for all the animals, sheds for the cattle and necessary sleeping quarters for the soldiers. Also a plentiful supply of potable water for man and beast, and some grazing grounds. Dr. Prat made a request for additional quarters, either tents or brushwood huts, for his patients. These should be well built and well roofed over. Timber would be needed for the mission building, a storehouse and barracks to house the soldiers and laborers.

It was then agreed that Señores Costanso and Canizares, with a guard of six soldiers, should explore the surrounding country, with a view of locating reservoir sites where dams could be built for water storage that would be needed to supply the mission and outlying buildings. They were also to locate some timber lands as close in as possible. It was also agreed that the mis-

sion fathers should jointly select a suitable site for the San Diego Mission building and the ground cleared off, all to be subject to Serra's approval. In the meantime, a roadway was cleared off and leveled. Captain Rivera, with the necessary help, erected temporary cabins of brushwood or tules, to be replaced later with adobe structures. No time was lost in carrying out this program. The first thing considered was Dr. Prat's patients. They must be made comfortable, and the first building erected by Rivera was for their use.

A second courier arrived in San Diego on the twenty-fifth of June with despatches from Portolá for Rivera and Fages. In these communications Portolá stated, "We expect to reach San Diego with a part of our expedition on the twenty-ninth of June, and the balance, including the pack train, should reach San Diego not later than the first of July. We have been making splendid headway, due largely to the roads that were opened up by Rivera's expedition. We were annoyed somewhat, during the past ten days, by the natives. One of our soldiers and three or four savages were slightly wounded in a skirmish we had with them a few days ago. The savages got more than they bargained for, and, as far as I know, they are still on the run.

"Father Serra joined us at Santa Maria and traveled ahead with me to Velicata, where he dedicated a new mission. A messenger, sent on here by Father de la Campa, who was placed in charge of the new mission, informed Serra that thirty-two of the natives in that vicinity called on the father, since the mission's dedica-

tion, stating that they desired to become Christians. We were all pleased to get this information.

"Shortly after leaving Velicata, Father Serra's leg became so seriously inflamed that I suggested he return south to recuperate, but he refused to listen to me. For a time I believed his death imminent. Strange to say, a few days later his leg was virtually cured by a liniment applied to it by my head muleteer. Some of my men consider it a miracle, but Father Serra gives full credit to my muleteer, who is now called Doctor or Surgeon Coronel."

While the interesting news received from Captain Portolá was enlightening and cheerful, San Diego was not in the happiest of moods when the time came to celebrate the advent of their commander-in-chief. Every day the scurvy had taken its death toll, and how many more were to pass over into the great beyond before that terrible malady had run its course none dared to predict. The missionary fathers gave nearly all their time to caring for the sick and dying, while poor Dr. Prat was at his wits' end and knew not what to do or where to turn for the supplies he so sorely needed to aid the helpless victims.

However, for one day at least they were all striving to forget about the epidemic that had fastened its clutches on the brave young men who had come from far-away Spain to take possession of Alta California.

It was Lieutenant Fages who insisted that every man that was half-way able to mount a horse should join the cavalcade that was to ride out to meet and welcome

their beloved commander, Captain Portolá, and escort him to San Diego. Everyone was dressed in holiday attire, and as Portolá, accompanied by some of his soldiers and half a dozen Indian neophytes, was seen advancing toward them, they fired off their muskets and wildly cheered him. The padres, too, had come out to greet him, but they were disappointed when they saw that their dear Father President Junipero Serra was not with the company.

The coming of Captain Portolá was an epochal event, and he and his brave followers deserved the rousing welcome given them. Of course, there was a lot of hand-shaking and embracing, while the savages, from many vantage points, looked on and wondered what it was all about.

When, on the procession's final arrival in San Diego, this was followed by the additional firing of more musket and cannon shots, the natives hastily scattered and kept in hiding for some time.

Two days later Father Serra, Sergeant José Ortega with a dozen or more soldiers, the muleteers with their pack train, headed by Juan Antonio Coronel, followed by the neophyte Indians, laborers and servants, arrived in San Diego. While their welcome was not so noisy as that accorded Captain Portolá and his followers, it was fully as sincere. Everyone was happy to have Father Serra with them again, and to learn that he was none the worse for his long overland journey from Loreto.

It was a great shock to Serra, as it had been to Por-

tolá and Rivera, when he learned how many of the soldiers and sailors had died of scurvy and dysentery, and the large number still sick or convalescing. After he had met and been greeted by everyone, the first thing that Serra did was to visit the sick patients at the hospital with the other Franciscan padres. While he tried to cheer and comfort them, he knew that some among them were not likely to recover. Nevertheless, even the weakest among the patients were heartened by the presence of the father, and his comforting words and the gentle touch of his hand brought smiles and tears as well, to the bedridden sailors and soldiers. Just what effect the scurvy epidemic was to have on Galvez's plans for the spiritual and physical conquest of Alta California had not yet been considered. It was a serious problem.

That evening, after the five missionaries had finished their supper, they entertained each other by recounting their experiences since leaving Lower California. Of them all Father Parron had the saddest story to tell. Those of Fathers Vizcaino and Gomez were the least interesting, as good fortune had followed in the wake of the *San Antonio,* and barring the death of two sailors during her voyage to San Diego, there was really nothing worth while to talk about. Father Crespi's pilgrimage with Captain Rivera's expedition was interesting, and his description of the stampeding of the big herd of cattle was exceedingly dramatic.

"It is up to you now, Father Serra, and we are all anxious to hear your story," said Father Crespi.

"There is much of it you are already familiar with, if you have received and read the letters Corporal Rocha delivered to you, and what personal information he gave you up to the time of Portolá's departure from Loreto. Since then I forwarded two long letters to Brother Crespi, of the contents of which you have no doubt been informed. In my last letter, that Governor Portolá was to forward with some of his despatches about ten days ago, I gave you a succinct account of my journey after leaving Loreto up to the time of the dedication of our new mission at Velicata."

"Your letter was promptly delivered to me and we all enjoyed your many interesting remarks. In fact, I think every one of us read it over several times," said Father Crespi, "and there was a postscript added to your letter at San Juan de Dios, in which you stated that a muleteer named Juan Antonio Coronel cured your sore leg, which we all thought the most interesting item in the whole letter."

"I remember adding it to my letter, and I shall never forget how kind and helpful he was to me. The following six weeks I shall always count among the happiest of my life. I had prayed to our dear Lord God to give me strength to reach San Diego, and my prayer was answered. My feelings were indescribable. Some day I may be able to tell you more about this.

"On the twenty-eighth of May our troops had a bloody encounter with about forty aggressive savages. It did not last long. During the day very many Indians, all naked, followed us to the halting-place. Until then

we had seen no women among them, nor did I desire to see them, because I feared they went naked like the men, but in that I was mistaken, as two women came along presently, talking as efficaciously as this sex knows how. When I saw them they were so decently covered that we could take it in good part if greater nudities were never seen among the Christian women of the missions.

"The next day's journey was only three hours, but most painful, for all of it was through hills, ascents, descents, all slopes of earth, but steep and wearisome. At last we descended to the plain, and the hardships could be well endured because of the excellence of the stopping-place, equal to which we have seen none so far.

"Great crowds of Indians were occasionally encountered the nearer the expedition approached San Diego. I presume, Brother Crespi, you also noticed this on your way here with Captain Rivera."

"Yes, indeed, I did," Crespi replied, "and I believe Captain Rivera had a bloody fight with the same band of savages who attacked Portolá's soldiers. Corporal Rocha also mentioned he was followed one day by a very aggressive band of savages, just as it was getting dark, but he kept on going and they turned back."

"Just a few days ago," Serra continued, "I noticed that more and more pagan men, women and children gathered about us in such large numbers that I did not count them. They wanted us to give them everything they saw. They even asked me for my habit. The gov-

ernor they begged for his leather jacket, waistcoat, breeches, and all he had on. Oh, you may laugh, brothers. I, too, can see its funny side now. They even bothered me enough to give them my spectacles. I took them off for one whose actions seemed to signify that I should lend them to him to see what they were, but God knows what it cost me to recover them after they had been in the hands of women who hankered for them."

It was probably the droll way in which Serra told this story that caused the other brothers to burst out in loud guffaws, and, as their noisy laughter subsided somewhat, one of the friars could not refrain from remarking, "It must have been quite a spectacle."

"But not a laughing one to me, at the time," Father Serra good-naturedly responded.

## CHAPTER XVI

# An Important Conference

A SERIOUS situation confronted Captain Portolá, who, as commander-in-chief of both the land and sea expeditions, would have to decide upon what steps to take as to all future movements. As a wise precaution, however, he decided to invite not only the military and naval officers but the five missionaries as well, to a conference to be held at his headquarters. Among those present were Captain Rivera, Lieutenant Fages, Captains Vila and Perez, Sergeant Ortega, Miguel Costanso, José Canizares, Dr. Prat and Fathers Serra and Vizcaino. The three other missionaries were caring for the sick and could not attend.

Captain Portolá gave them a résumé of the objects of the expeditions, and recounted the many handicaps that were likely to retard them in their efforts to carry out Inspector-General Galvez's instructions.

"The question uppermost in my mind," said Portolá, "is whether we should return to Lower California or go on to Monterey?"

A motion for or against this question was unnecessary, as everyone at the meeting shouted, "We must go on to Monterey!"

"That is just what I thought you would say, and I feel that way about it myself; but here is what we will

have to contend against: We are short of supplies and short of men, and it is absolutely necessary to send one of the ships back to San Blas to bring up the supplies we need, and the sailors and soldiers required to replace those who have died. But Captain Vila tells me that there are not enough sailors left to man even one of the ships."

"I beg your pardon, Governor, I said to properly man one of our ships. I have talked this matter over with Captain Perez, and he thought that with three of the five sailors I have left on the *San Carlos,* and six that he can safely rely upon on his own ship, with his two mates and himself, he would undertake to make his way to San Blas."

"How about that, Captain Perez?" Portolá asked him.

"I believe that I can do it, Captain. I was short-handed when I started north from Cape San Lucas, and I managed to get along. In sailing south I am likely to be favored with strong northwest winds that will help to make up for the shortage."

"You are a brave seaman, Captain Perez, and I admire your courage and daring. When can you start south, Captain?"

"Hardly before the ninth, Governor; I want to give my ship a good overhauling before I leave, and two of my ablest seamen are still in the hospital, but Dr. Prat says they will be allowed to leave in three or four days."

"All right, Perez, we will make it July ninth. I will

have lists made up as to what supplies we need, and send word through you to Don José de Galvez and the quartermaster of the royal warehouses at San Blas."

"You can count on me, Governor."

"The next thing to be considered is our departure for Monterey. As some of you may have heard, Galvez's plan called for a third ship, the *San José,* to be fitted out from San Blas with additional supplies for us. He notified me that the *San José* would sail direct to the port of Monterey, and the ship may be there now awaiting our arrival. My own instructions were to continue on to the same port, so I have set July fourteenth as the day for our departure, unless anyone here can offer some good reason for an earlier or later date. There will be many things to talk over and a lot of work to do before we can leave for the north, and I know I can rely upon you to do your share of the work, so that Captain Perez can sail for San Blas next Sunday, and we may be able to start off the following Friday for Monterey. That is all for this morning, gentlemen."

No mention had been made about the dedication of the new mission, but Father Serra, not unmindful of his many duties, had been quietly completing arrangements for the planting and raising of the cross, which was to be followed by the founding of the San Diego mission de Alcala. This was to take place on the date he had set, Sunday, July 16, 1769. Serra was grievously disappointed that Captain Portolá and his men would not be able to wait over for the dedication, but under exist-

ing circumstances Portolá was justified in leaving two days before the time set for the long anticipated ceremony.

The site for the first California mission had been unanimously approved, and afforded an excellent view of the bay, ocean and surrounding country, but construction work on the permanent mission building was deferred and a brushwood structure temporarily devised.

In the meantime the father had plenty to do. For some reason or other the pagan Indians in the San Diego region held aloof and showed very little interest in what was going on. From time to time the missionaries urged them to come nearer, and tempted by the presents of colored glass beads, ribbons, gaudy trinkets, or pieces of cotton cloth, some did come closer, but they could not persuade any of them to accept the food that was offered, as the savages believed it was the food the white faces had been eating that caused the death of so many of the sailors and soldiers. It was not an inept assumption.

Following Captain Portolá's arrival in San Diego, changes had been made to provide better accommodations for the scurvy patients. A much larger tent had been erected for their use, and commodious tents or huts had been set up for the use of Dr. Prat and the Franciscan friars, all located within a short distance of the hospital.

Another large tent had been set up for Portolá's headquarters, where all business was transacted. It was

a busy place. At one table Sergeant Ortega was hurriedly preparing duplicated lists of "supplies wanted," which were to be forwarded to the officer in charge of the royal warehouses at San Blas. At another table José Tapis, a Catalonian soldier and private secretary to the governor, was transcribing the dispatches Captain Portolá had dictated to him that morning. As Captain Vila passed out of the tent, Fages and Rivera were seen to enter. They wanted to check over the lists Ortega had been working on. Fages, convalescing from an attack of scurvy, still looked somewhat emaciated, but was gradually regaining his health. He was anxious to get away, as he believed the journey to Monterey would benefit him. After the departure of Rivera and Fages, Portolá came in, and as he watched Tapis fold and seal a number of his letters and papers, he asked him, "José, have you finished my letters to Galvez and the Marquis de Croix?"

"Yes, Your Excellency, and if you care to look them over, here they are, all ready to be sealed." Tapis handed the letters over to Portolá, and kept on with his work.

After Portolá read the two letters, he handed them back to Tapis and said, "They read all right and you may seal them. When you have finished your work, I should like to have you go with me, José, to see Captain Perez." Portolá then walked over to where Sergeant Ortega was at work, and asked him, "How near are you ready with the requisitions, Sergeant?"

"In about two hours I'll be able to submit them to Your Excellency," Ortega replied.

"Very well, Sergeant, I'll stop in later and we can go over the lists together. Are you ready, Tapis?"

"Ready, Your Excellency," Tapis replied, and both left for a visit to Captain Perez of the *San Antonio*.

Almost immediately after the departure of Portolá and Tapis, Corporal Rocha entered the tent. Sergeant Ortega was surprised to see him, as he had heard that Juan had been temporarily relieved from duty on account of illness. They saluted each other, and Ortega, after having asked Juan to be seated, said: "What can I do for you, Corporal?"

Juan was both nervous and worried, but, as he was anxious to have an understanding with Ortega, he quickly came to the point and said, "Sergeant, you have known for some time that I have thought a great deal of your sister, Señorita Ortega, but you opposed my paying her any attention, going so far even as to threaten my life. I cared very little about that, but the fact that you have resented my paying her any attention has caused both of us a great deal of suffering and annoyance and brought about an intolerable situation." Ortega started to speak, but Juan, raising his hand, stopped him, and continued, "I beg of you, Sergeant, let me finish what I have to say. You may not have known or realized it, Sergeant, but Camila—" Ortega interrupted, "Señorita Ortega, if you please." "Be it so, Sergeant, but your sister, Señorita Ortega, and I love each other dearly, and realizing that my enforced

absence in Upper California might separate us for a long time, if not forever, your sister finally consented to elope with me." Juan broke down as he said this and buried his head in his hands.

Ortega, unable to grasp such a possibility, looked upon Juan with amazement. Then, stirred by the fear of its being true and of its terrible consequences, he jumped up from his seat and, grabbing Juan with both hands, pulled him up on his feet, swung him around and said, "My God, man, you don't mean to tell me that you got my sister, Camila, to elope with you? It can't be possible, man. You lie, you lie."

"No, Sergeant, it is the truth. I know I did wrong in urging your sister to join me. Unintentionally, I took advantage of her great love for me—don't misinterpret my meaning—and in doing so, we have both suffered untold agony."

"By what contemptible means did you manage to bring about this dastardly outrage?"

"While I cannot plead justification for my rash act, I did not mean to harm your sister. You may remember the day, Sergeant, when Captain Portolá ordered me to carry dispatches to Rivera and the ship captains at San Diego. Early that morning I met your sister and asked her to be my wife. She agreed, but knowing you would not give your consent, we decided to keep our betrothal a secret. Together we entered the Mission church and kneeling before the altar we vowed to be true to each other. As we were leaving Father Serra came in. Kneeling before him we asked his blessing. As

we were about to part, your sister whispered to me, 'We will have dear Father Serra perform the marriage ceremony.' I did not know when we would meet again."

"I certainly will not give my consent. She is not only too young, but I have other plans for her. However, all this does not explain by what trickery you accomplished this reprehensible act."

"That is the saddest part of all, and I would not blame you, Sergeant, if you were to kill me for having obtained your sister's consent to join me by a ruse." Breaking under the nervous strain, Juan cried out: "Why, why did I ever do it—bear with me for a moment. When I learned that I was to leave for San Diego ahead of the expedition I sent your sister a note asking her to meet me at our trysting place on the way to the Zarate ranch. She agreed.

"After hurriedly obtaining necessary supplies, detailed instructions and the dispatches, I started north with Ignacio, the Indian neophyte. After passing the confines of the presidio I rode on ahead. Your sister soon joined me. I told her my plans. There were objections, but I finally gained her consent to go with me, disguised as an Indian lad. I suggested immediate marriage, but she refused either from fear of you or lacking your sanction. I also suggested that Señora Zarate go with us, but that was impossible.

"From the day when your sister placed her life in my hands I have been a most unhappy man. Gradually, as we traveled northward, your sister became restless and ill at ease. At night the howling of wild beasts dis-

turbed her rest and the fear of an Indian attack preyed upon her mind. Loss of appetite sapped her strength, and there were fainting spells that frightened me."

Deeply distressed by Rocha's recital, Ortega, venting his feelings, said, "My dear Camilita, what a terrible time you must have had. How much better it would have been if I had kept you at the convent school. Poor Camilita."

"There is not much more to tell you, Sergeant. Fear urged me on. I was anxious to reach San Diego where I hoped to find Dr. Prat aboard the *San Carlos*. Instead I found the *San Antonio* anchored near the shore. I met Captain Perez and Father Vizcaino. I told the father of my distress and your sister's serious condition. A kinder man never lived. When he saw your sister, tears came to his eyes. Although your sister had been delirious for days, the soft tones of the father's voice soon quieted her. Both he and Dr. Prat, who is now attending her, say she has brain fever.

"In her delirium," Juan continued, "she frequently speaks of your kindness to her as a little girl and how you tried to be both father and mother to her, and then as she grows restless, tells of your threatening to kill me, to lock her up, or send her back to the convent school. Dr. Prat believes that her fear of you, and her thinking of those threats, our elopement and the hardships of the long journey caused her illness, and I—I—may God forgive me—have been to blame for it all. At night as I sit by her side, listening to her as she repeats over and over again the things that have

troubled her, her fear for my life, or a possible attack by the savages, or wild beasts, that so frequently disturbed her rest, strong as I am, I cannot keep back my tears. I cannot eat—I cannot sleep—and every hour in the day comes the fear that she might die. I try not to think of that, but if it should happen—"

Father Serra and Dr. Prat entered the tent just then and interrupted Juan's speech. It was Serra who had urged Juan to see Ortega and tell him of all that had happened. There were many important matters to consider regarding Camila's care during the absence of Sergeant Ortega and Corporal Rocha, as both were to go north with Captain Portolá.

It was to talk this matter over that Father Serra advised holding a joint meeting with Ortega and Rocha. Dr. Prat suggested that a cabin be built near those occupied by the missionaries and himself, and that it be large enough to house both Camila and Ignacio and Marta, his wife, who was to act as nurse. Sergeant Ortega was also to arrange matters so that Ignacio would be allowed to remain at San Diego instead of going with the Portolá expedition. Both Dr. Prat and Father Serra assured Ortega and Juan that they would do everything possible for Camila while they were gone, and, with Marta in attendance, they would not need to feel uneasy.

Ortega asked Dr. Prat's opinion as to the outcome of Camila's condition and he said, "I believe that Camila is going to get well, but it may be many months before she will be able to leave her bed. The equable

climate we have here, and her enforced rest, I feel certain, will help to effect a cure, provided, of course, that nothing else happens to impair her vitality."

"Would it be possible, Doctor, for me to see my sister before I leave for the north?"

"I should advise against it, Sergeant. She is very weak and any unusual excitement might prove fatal to your sister in her present condition."

The departure of the *San Antonio* for San Blas on July ninth was a sad blow to Captain Vila of the *San Carlos*. To relieve his depression, Captain Portolá suggested that he move from his ship into one of the newly constructed cabins, close to the bay shore. As the place would afford him a fine view of the bay and ocean, and he would be in closer touch with Dr. Prat, José Canizares and the missionaries, who were to remain in San Diego, he thought he would try it, but following the departure of Portolá, Vila would frequently return to his ship, where he felt more at home and could do as he pleased. On board the ship at that time were two sailors and two boys, convalescing.

The savages, aware that the *San Carlos* was virtually deserted, decided, out of idle curiosity, to row out to the ship in their tule canoes. As nobody was about they helped themselves to such articles as pleased their fancy.

When Portolá heard of this act of piracy, he detailed two soldiers to serve as guards on board the ship, these

to be changed from time to time while the *San Carlos* remained in the harbor.

What Captain Vila chafed and fretted about, at times, was how long he would have to remain in San Diego waiting for the coming of the sailors needed to man his ship, and who would enable him to leave for Monterey. He knew it was going to be a long and monotonous wait, and to make it less tiresome he mapped out a daily program for himself and his men to follow, which was to be strictly adhered to by everyone.

A few days more would see the departure of Captain Portolá and his men for their long overland march to Monterey. Then those who were to remain in San Diego would settle down to a more or less humdrum life.

## CHAPTER XVII

# California's First Mission

BEFORE a partially completed brushwood structure, which was to be dedicated on the following Sunday by Father Serra, as San Diego's first mission, a short service was held on Friday, July 14, 1769. A Mass was sung, in which Serra was assisted by Fathers Crespi, Vizcaino, Gomez and Parron. Among those present at the ceremony were Captains Portolá, Vila and Rivera, Lieutenant Fages, Sergeant Ortega, Miguel Costanso, José Canizares, Juan Estevan Rocha and virtually all of the soldiers and Indian neophytes who were well enough to attend. Father Serra, after a short talk to the men, asked them all to kneel as he prayed for those who were to leave for Monterey.

A high wind was blowing in from the ocean, which assured the members of the San Diego-Monterey expedition a cool and comfortable day as they started their northward march along the roadway that was subsequently designated as El Camino Real (the King's Highway). Riding at the head of the troops were Captain Portolá, Captain Rivera and Lieutenant Fages. Following the soldiers came Fathers Crespi and Gomez, then the Indian neophytes with a few straggling soldiers, back of them the pack train in charge of

the muleteers, and, bringing up the rear, were Sergeant Ortega, Corporal Rocha and two other soldiers.

The handful of soldiers, sailors, laborers and Indian neophytes left at San Diego to aid and assist in caring for the mission property, help in the building of some additional cabins, nurse the sick, and guard the lives of the mission fathers, deeply regretted seeing their friends and former companions leaving them. As they passed out of sight, a farewell salute was fired and those left behind returned to their duties.

The two months' old town site of San Diego, following the departure of Portolá and his men, was in a deplorable condition. There were still a number of bedridden sailors and soldiers suffering from scurvy, and Surgeon Prat and Fathers Serra, Vizcaino and Parron were kept busy day and night, in caring for the sick and dying.

The serious situation that existed in San Diego no doubt caused Captain Portolá to leave so hurriedly for the north. The many deaths weighed heavily upon everyone, and he was probably afraid that if he did not start at once, he might not be able to start at all.

Portolá knew Father Serra would be deeply hurt because of his leaving just two days prior to the dedication of the first of the California missions, but, as commander-in-chief, he believed it was his duty to go on. There was still another reason for his hurried departure. Portolá was anxious to reach Monterey as early as possible, so that he might complete the work he had been ordered to do, then turn over his troops and his

authority, in accordance with his instructions, to Lieutenant Fages. He would then be free to return to Mexico.

The total number of Christian inhabitants left in San Diego after Portolá started north amounted to less than fifty people, possibly less than forty, though the exact number has never been stated. Included among the inhabitants were Fathers Serra, Vizcaino and Parron; Dr. Pedro Prat; José Canizares; eight leather-jacket soldiers and the same number of neophytes from Baja California; one carpenter, one blacksmith and one servant. On the *San Carlos* there were two sailors, two boys and Captain Vila. In addition there were many helpless sick, including Camila Ortega. Before the end of the year there were many additional deaths.

The dedication of California's first mission was not as picturesque as it might have been if Portolá and the members of his expedition could have taken part in the ceremonies. However, this did not deter Father Serra from carrying out his program, and early on Sunday morning, July 16, 1769, he blessed the cross that had been planted in front of the chapel, after which he sang a high Mass and delivered a fervent address to the little company present. Its first missionaries were Fathers Junipero Serra and Fernando Parron. All that was now needed to complete Serra's happiness was the approach of the natives seeking conversion.

Camila, in a comfortable litter, was carried to the newly constructed brushwood cabin where she could be

1904.
Newport R.I.
I certify that this is a true copy of
my drawing of the Old Mission
of San Diego
in 1858
Charles C. Churchill, Maj. U.S.A. Retired

THE MISSION SAN DIEGO DE ALCALA AS IT APPEARED IN 1858
On July 16, 1930, Ground-Breaking Services Were Held for the Building of a New Mission

given better care, attention and protection. Dr. Prat had promptly diagnosed her trouble as brain fever, and while he was hopeful of her recovery, he knew it would take months to restore her to good health, and that much would depend on good nursing and cheerful surroundings. The cabin was quite a large one and had two separate compartments, which made it possible for Marta, the wife of Ignacio, to give Camila constant attention. With the help of her husband, who was permitted to remain in San Diego, and following the advice of Dr. Prat, Juan's betrothed would certainly be well looked after. In case of an emergency, Marta or Ignacio could call Dr. Prat or one of the Franciscan fathers to lend a helping hand, if necessary, as they were all within hailing distance.

## CHAPTER XVIII

# Portolá Fails to Find Monterey

AS Captain Portolá and the members of the Monterey expedition traveled northward, they were agreeably surprised to find that the savages they met from day to day were more congenial than those living in the San Diego Bay region. Whether this was due to climatic conditions or merely natural perversity has never been established. That there was a difference could not be gainsaid.

After leaving the San Fernando Valley the expedition gradually made its way to the coast, and it was in the Ventura-Santa Barbara region that Portolá and his men first came in contact with a new type of the California Indian. There they found most of the natives were industrious and one and all kindly disposed toward the white faces. Wherever the expedition camped for the night it was visited by a vast number of the natives, nor did they come empty-handed. The savages gave freely of all they had.

Captain Portolá, not wanting to be outdone by the generosity of the savages, and as they still had a goodly supply of knickknacks on hand, ordered that the visitors be given glass beads, ribbons and other trinkets. The Indians frequently entertained the newcomers with their singing and dancing, and in every

way tried to show that they were friendly to the travelers.

In this section of the territory the men were known as boat-builders, and with nothing more than a flint (they had no metals) they fashioned serviceable boats capable of carrying as many as ten persons. These they navigated with long, sweeping paddles, and their fishermen frequently ventured far out to sea. Their women excelled in the weaving of fine baskets and in the making of elaborate fur garments.

While it was true that the overland journey from San Diego to Monterey presented no insurmountable difficulties, there were many serious problems that the explorers had to overcome. Father Crespi, in referring to the roads, rivers, creeks, sand dunes and marshes that the Portolá expedition had to travel over, left this interesting description: "Continuing along the shore, the pioneers were every little while obliged to repair many bad places, which troublesome work caused much delay. . . . On September 20 we broke camp and immediately began to climb another high mountain, and on the top we appeared to have a view of the whole Sierra. This was a sad spectacle for poor wanderers, tired and exhausted from the hardships of such a march full of obstacles, which required filling up marshes, the opening up of roads through mountains and forests, sand dunes and swamps."

All this, naturally, delayed them and limited their travel to less than three leagues a day. In addition, quite a number of the soldiers were stricken with

scurvy, and, for a time, about twenty of them had to be transported on litters (a kind of wooden frame, called *tijeras* in Spanish) that were fitted on the backs of the mules and the invalid tied to it, to keep him from falling off. All this caused additional delay. Finally on October 1, 1769, after following down along the Salinas River, the expedition again came within sight of the ocean and an open bay, and near there they expected to find the port of Monterey.

Ever since Sebastian Vizcaino anchored in the Bay of Monterey on December 16, 1602, that port had been spoken of in connection with Spanish activities in New Spain and the Californias. Vizcaino's somewhat exaggerated report and description of the bay and the surrounding country had been widely commented upon. Naturally, Galvez was anxious that Spain should own and hold it against all comers, and to this end he ordered Portolá to take possession of the port and territory in the name of Carlos III.

Captain Portolá was quite willing to carry out the orders of Galvez, but on the morning of October 2, 1769, the question was where to look for and find this famous port of Monterey. Very wisely, he ordered Captain Rivera to take Corporal Rocha and half a dozen soldiers to scout southward along the Pacific coast and see if they could locate the bay of Monterey and the expected supply ship, the *San José*. Rivera and his men returned late in the evening of the second day and reported they had not been able to locate either the ship or the harbor.

The next day Portolá called a council of his officers. "When all were assembled," Father Crespi wrote in his diary, "he laid before them the lack of provisions, the many sick, the distance already traveled, all that the men, still able, suffered from the excessive burden of guarding the stock at night, having to perform sentinel duty, and continually making explorations and surveys. In view of what had been said, and that the port of Monterey had not been found, he wished each one to give his opinion freely, in order to determine what might be judged most expedient.

"All the officers unanimously voted that the journey should be continued as the only expedient that remained, in the hope, with the favor of God, of reaching the desired port of Monterey and to find in it the packet-boat *San José,* which would relieve all necessities; and that, should God permit that in search of Monterey all perished, we shall have complied with our duty to God and to men, while working together till death, for the success of the enterprise intrusted to us. With this all agreed, and all determined to continue the journey. We two religious (Fathers Crespi and Gomez) also attended the council, and we voted the same way."

Before continuing their journey, however, Captain Portolá ordered Sergeant Ortega with some of his men to examine the coast toward the north. They were gone two days, but failed to find either ship or harbor. The following day the expedition again started moving north and slightly westward and they kept on

going, in a more or less hopeless way, until the eleventh day of November, when Portolá again called a meeting of his officers and the two fathers, Crespi and Gomez, and they unanimously agreed that the only thing left for them to do was to turn around and go back to Point Pinos, as, according to the observations taken that day, both by Father Crespi and Don Miguel Costanso, they must long since have passed the port of Monterey.

However, their northward march was not altogether barren of results, as they discovered both the bay of San Francisco and the ocean inlet, afterward called the Golden Gate, but by that time their rations had been cut down to five sickly looking pancakes (tortillas) a day, and a trifling thing like the discovery of the bay of San Francisco didn't mean anything to those half-starved men.

Occasionally they would pass an Indian village, which afforded the men an opportunity to barter some of their souvenirs for some of the Indians' black seeds and ground acorn meal with which to appease their hunger. The seeds were all right and they enjoyed eating them, but the acorn meal made them wish that they could turn every Indian into an oak tree.

To break the monotony of their daily marches, hunting parties were frequently sent out, and on lucky days their scant larder was increased by the addition of a bear, some deer, antelope, ducks or wild geese. When a halt was made for a day's rest, some of the soldiers would try their luck at fishing or clamming,

and in this, as well as in other ways, actual starvation was staved off.

In the meantime, cold weather had set in and the winter rains would frequently drench the men to the skin and thus add to their discomfort. On November 26 they reached their old camp-site, Santa Delfina (so named by Father Crespi), near the mouth of the Salinas River, where they camped for the night. Early the next day they forded the river above tide water and selected their camp site for that night near a small inlet in full view of Point Pinos. Again they were facing the port of Monterey. Again they failed to recognize the long sought for harbor, nor did they find the anxiously looked for supply ship, *San José*.

On November 28, they crossed the heavily wooded hills to the south and camped near Carmelo Bay. Portolá then ordered Captain Rivera and some of his men to make a careful survey along the coast southward from Point Pinos.

In the meantime, the men in camp suffered exceedingly for want of food; for neither game, nor fish, nor even clams could be obtained. Hunger drove the men to kill sea gulls and pelicans.

Finally, a mule was slaughtered, but only the Catalonian volunteers and the Indian neophytes would eat the flesh. As cold weather set in, the situation became desperate. Captain Rivera returned on December fourth and again reported that they had failed to locate any harbor, but learned that they were at the foot of a mountain range (it was the Santa Lucia

Sierra) which completely estopped any further advance to the south.

A final council meeting was called on December seventh. Sergeant Ortega reported supplies on hand, as follows: "Fourteen small sacks of flour and no meat and no vegetables." Fortunately, all but four of the Lower California Indian neophytes had deserted, and that left only fifty-four men to feed. Some of the officers present at the meeting favored remaining at their present location until all the supplies had been consumed and depend on mule meat to supply their wants on the return journey, but the majority favored their immediate return to San Diego.

Before leaving for the south the Portolá expedition planted two large wooden crosses, one on a hillside near their camp at Carmelo Bay, and carved on this cross were the following words: "Dig at the base and thou wilt find a writing." The writing was placed in a bottle and buried at the foot of the cross. The second cross was erected in a conspicuous place north of Point Pinos on the shore of the very harbor which they could not find, and carved thereon were these words: "The expedition for want of provisions returns by land to San Diego to-day. December 9, 1769."

The bottled note gave a short account of the expedition's itinerary from the day it left San Diego (July 14, 1769) up to December 9, 1769. In closing the note the writer said: "At last, undeceived and despairing of finding it (Monterey Bay) after so many hardships, surveys and anxieties, with no more pro-

visions than fourteen sacks of flour, the expedition leaves this Ensenada (Carmelo Bay) for San Diego. Pray Almighty God to guide it; and thou, navigator, may Divine Providence will to bring thee to the port of safety." Ensenada de Pinos, December 9, 1769.

That told the sad story in a few words. They still hoped that the ship *San José* might come along, and they wanted her captain to know what had become of the Portolá expedition. On December tenth, Portolá and his men left the Carmelo Bay district, crossed the pine-covered peninsula, again forded the Salinas River and continued moving along their self-established highway back to San Diego.

That Portolá and his men failed to find the port of Monterey indubitably proved a blessing in disguise. If they had succeeded in locating the harbor on their return journey after having discovered the bay of San Francisco, they would in all likelihood have starved to death. Their fourteen small sacks of flour would not go far to feed fifty-four men. It is true they had a large number of mules and some horses that could be sacrificed to furnish them with food. They could also count on a limited amount of game, and, when traveling along the shore, a moderate supply of fish and even an occasional supply of clams, but in their weakened condition, due to the scurvy, the men could not have long survived on a strictly meat diet.

Had they located the port of Monterey, naturally they would have waited there for the arrival of the supply ship, *San José,* long overdue, with a load of

provisions that was to be forwarded from San Blas, Mexico, direct to that port. At that time no one knew or suspected that the *San José* had been lost at sea with all on board.

It was more than probable, too, that Portolá would have sent some word back to San Diego of his safe arrival at Monterey, and even have ordered some of his men to return to San Diego for additional supplies. Perhaps he would have returned with them, as his instructions were to turn over his command to Lieutenant Fages after reaching Monterey.

To have sent for and conveyed a load of supplies from San Diego would have taken not less than three and a half to four months, as the men would have had to contend against the winter rains, swollen streams, almost impassable marshes and many other obstacles that would have caused frequent delays and made it impossible to reach the men of the Portolá expedition before April first or fifteenth, too late to save them.

There was still another way in which help might have reached them before the impending catastrophe could have overwhelmed them. They could have counted on the return of the *San Antonio*. It was the ship that had been sent back to the royal warehouse at San Blas, Mexico, for additional supplies, and a request for additional soldiers and sailors to replace those that had died of scurvy. Five months had elapsed since her departure and she might return any day with the sadly needed soldiers, sailors and provisions. What happened to that ship is told elsewhere.

While the Monterey situation, as above set forth, has never been considered by our historians, it requires no great stretch of the imagination to see what would, more than likely, have happened to Commander-in-Chief Portolá and his men if they had succeeded in finding the famous port.

## CHAPTER XIX

# San Diego's Serious Condition

CONDITIONS at San Diego had not improved any since Portolá's departure. Additional soldiers and sailors had died of scurvy, and few, if any, had escaped from that dreaded disease. Taking advantage of existing conditions, the savages had grown insolent and daring, and did not hesitate to steal anything they could lay their hands on, even going so far as to rob the hospital beds of their sheets and blankets.

While two of the soldiers remaining at San Diego were taking their horses to be watered, they noticed groups of savages scattered about, all fully armed, a most unusual thing. This aroused their suspicion, and as quickly as possible they returned to the mission and reported these facts to Martin Reyes, who immediately ordered all the capable men under arms, had the invalids and sick removed to safer quarters and then prepared to defend the mission, if attacked.

They did not have long to wait. At a signal, the savages began firing arrows from all sides, but the soldiers, for the first time using their muskets against them, were ordered to aim carefully and shoot to kill.

This was more than the savages had bargained for, and after three of their number had been killed and

a dozen or more seriously wounded, they quickly withdrew, carrying off their dead and wounded.

Among the mission's defenders, one soldier, one Christian Indian and Father Vizcaino were slightly wounded, and a young man by the name of Vergerano, servant to Father Serra, was killed.

Previous to this unexpected outbreak the soldiers had always fired into the air with their muskets, but when the fire was aimed directly at the savages, and they saw how deadly it was, they fled precipitately, and there was no further molestation of the inmates of the mission and the outlying tents and cabins.

Martin Reyes, in charge of the mission guard, after consulting with Captain Vila of the *San Carlos,* José Canizares, Dr. Prat and the Franciscan fathers, immediately set all the men at work erecting a stockade around the main buildings, and at no time were any armed savages allowed to enter the inclosure. In making this change, the cabin built for Camila's use was moved nearer to the mission building.

At the suggestion of Dr. Prat, one of the Franciscan fathers would at different times accompany the doctor on his visits to Camila. She was gradually improving in health, but still required a great deal of care and attention. Marta and Ignacio, like so many others that remained at San Diego, were also stricken with an attack of scurvy, but fortunately both had a mild attack and made a rapid recovery.

Every thought of the two faithful Indians was for the care and comfort of their beloved charge. During

the long winter evenings Ignacio would touch his guitar, and together with Marta he crooned the lullabies and love songs that Juan had taught them. The sweet blending of their voices, coming to Camila from the adjoining apartment, would gradually quiet her nerves and she would drop off into a deep and restful sleep.

As the days, weeks and months went by, and no word came from Mexico, there was a general feeling of depression, especially among the soldiers and sailors who were still sick or convalescing at San Diego, and the same was true of nearly everyone connected with the expeditions.

More than six months had passed since the *San Antonio* had sailed for San Blas, Mexico, for additional men and supplies. The men, soldiers, sailors and neophytes, were sorely needed to replace those that had died, and, as no crops had yet been raised in Alta California, the supplies brought up by Captain Rivera and the two sailing ships would soon be exhausted.

Nothing had been heard of the *San Antonio*. It was possible, as Captain Vila pointed out, that the *San Antonio* might have been ordered to sail direct for the port of Monterey. Even so, some word should have come overland, apprising the San Diego mission of it. The saddest part of all was, that nothing had been accomplished during all those weary months of waiting. On the contrary, the mission records showed that since the departure of Captain Portolá for Monterey, there had been nineteen additional deaths, and not a single convert to gladden the hearts of the brave, self-

sacrificing Franciscan fathers. That dreaded disease, scurvy, and the many deaths it had caused so frightened the savages that they wanted none of the food or religion of the white faces.

It has been well said "that misfortunes never come singly." Another, and a far more serious, misfortune was about to overtake the dwindling colony at San Diego in the return to it, on January 24, 1770, of the entire Portolá expedition, that had started out so bravely toward the north on that delightfully cool summer day, July 14, 1769. Slowly and dejectedly, Captains Portolá and Rivera, Lieutenant Fages, the engineer Miguel Costanso, Sergeant Ortega, Corporal Rocha, Fathers Crespi and Gomez, and a straggling line of soldiers, muleteers and a few neophytes, all looking half-starved and completely worn out, came into the stockade. At intervals, a few shots were fired to apprise the mission of their coming, and all were made welcome, but the greetings were tinged with dismay and dread.

"What was the matter?" "What has happened?" "Why have you returned?" Were a few of the questions that were asked.

The sad story was soon told and its telling did not lighten the general depression. Then followed a period of wistful waiting. There were some rifts in the overhanging clouds. Father Crespi's report of the many Indian rancherias, and the almost universal kindness shown to the members of the expedition by the natives along the King's Highway, were encouraging and hope-

ful signs, and greatly pleased Father Serra, as it assured many converts to Christianity.

A small outline drawing, made by Crespi, of the coast line where the second cross had been planted convinced both Serra and Captain Vila of the *San Carlos* that both in going north and returning south the expedition had camped close to and even faced "the famous port of Monterey," as it had been called by Cabrera Bueno and Sebastian Vizcaino.

Another cheerful bit of news, told by Sergeant Ortega, was the finding of a big inland body of water and an arm of the sea which they could not cross without a boat.

"Unfortunately," said Ortega, "we did not have the time to make a more careful investigation, as His Excellency had ordered us to prepare to return to Point Pinos."

Among the most harrowing tales told around the camp-fire after the expedition's return to San Diego was of the slaughtering of the first mule, and serving it as a part of the daily rations to the hungry soldiers. They had just one choice, eat it or go hungry. Some went hungry. They told of the terrible hardships, made more trying as they advanced farther north, by incessant days of cold and penetrating rains; and of snowstorms in the higher altitudes, that made every foot of the weary way through that wild and unknown region seem like a mile.

They told of the many men taken sick (seventeen at one time), and how they had to be carried along in lit-

ters, and how the soldiers had to feed them like babies, and rub their arms and legs to help circulation. It was a pitiful sight, and, with all this, starvation staring them in the face.

"It was hard," exclaimed one of the soldiers; "but we did not find fault or complain, as we knew El Comandante (the soldiers had various titles for Portolá. Some spoke of him as El Capitan, others as El Comandante and others as El Gobernador) was suffering just as much as the rest of us, and the same was true of all our officers."

"But, say, boys," spoke up another soldier, "it certainly was a very happy hour when the order came for all to prepare to return to San Diego, even though our rations had been cut down to three pancakes a day."

On their return march, at several of the camp-sites near Santa Barbara, considerable food was supplied to the expedition by some of the natives in exchange for glass beads, colored calicoes and pieces of cheap jewelry, and it was this additional food, with what little the soldiers brought in from their hunting and fishing trips, that kept the men from actual starvation. But on reaching San Diego they all showed the effects of their very limited rations.

Naturally, Corporal Rocha was anxious to hear about Camila, and he thought it strange that Ignacio had not looked him up to tell him what had happened since he left San Diego. As soon as his duties permitted, Juan hastened to see Father Serra. He was

warmly welcomed. The father had already been told a great deal about the unsuccessful march to the north by Father Crespi, and he turned to Juan with, "Well, my son, you certainly did not gain much weight while looking for the port of Monterey?"

"Alas! no, nor did I lose any by indulging my appetite for mule stew and raw acorns."

"Evidently you believe it is better to lose in weight than in wit, my son?"

"I haven't any too much to spare of either, but knowing my disposition, I drew the line at mule stew."

"Why underestimate yourself?"

"Youth rarely does, and I am still young and hopeful."

"You will be even more hopeful, my son, after you hear what I have to say. Your Camila is doing very well, in fact even better than Dr. Prat expected. I call to see her quite often, in company with the doctor, and so do Fathers Vizcaino and Parron."

"That is certainly very kind of you, Father."

"It is my duty. In Marta, Camila has a very capable nurse and she is devotedly attached to her. Ignacio has also been a great help, poor boy. He is just getting over an attack of pneumonia."

"Ah, that is why I did not see him on my arrival."

"That was why. When he learns that you are here, it will cheer him up, I know. You might call on him and urge his going for walks with you."

"Indeed, I will, Father."

"I know, Corporal, that you are anxious to see

Camila, and it is only right that you should, but we must ask Dr. Prat as to the time. You want to remember, when you do see her, not to show any surprise at her appearance. She is still very weak, and you must be careful not to excite her."

Juan cried out, "Father you are not holding anything back? Is there any danger?"

"Only such as might come from a shock or some unusual excitement," replied Serra as Juan got up and turned away to hide his tears. In a voice breaking with sobs, Juan begged the father to forgive him.

Deeply moved by the corporal's emotion, Serra to show his sympathy for Juan, rested a hand upon his shoulder as he said, "Try to control your feelings, my son."

"God knows how hard I try to control them, dear Father, but the memory of my dear one's suffering has lived with me continuously ever since we left here. In the daytime I prayed for the night to come, so that, on bended knees, I might offer up my prayers for her recovery, and I regretted my sleeping hours, fearing that in them my thoughts might not be of my loved one. So day and night I suffered. The one hope I had was that God, in His Divine goodness, would save her, and earnestly I begged His forgiveness for the wrong I had done my dear Camila in urging her to elope with me."

"You have done well, my son, to ask God's help and forgiveness, and who knows but what your penitential prayers have been answered, and that both

you and Camila will live to enjoy many years of happiness. Keep on praying, and I will add my prayers to yours, and ask our Heavenly Father to bless and comfort both you and Camila. I will speak to Dr. Prat for you and ask his consent to your seeing Camila. So come and see me again about this time tomorrow and, if the doctor does not object, I will let you know when we can go to see your betrothed."

Serra and Dr. Prat were visiting with Camila. As they came into the cabin, Marta greeted them and then retired through a curtained opening into her own apartment.

Dr. Prat, after making a cursory examination of his patient, remarked: "I think Camila is doing quite well, Father, and I believe we will soon be justified in letting her sit up again."

"That is good news, indeed, Doctor," and as he turned to Camila, Serra continued, "Were you frightened by the noise of the shooting?"

"Just for a moment, Father, but I am curious to know what the shooting was about?"

"You see, even the daughter and sister of a soldier can be curious, Doctor. I presume, in order to satisfy her curiosity, I had better tell her; but, my daughter, you are not to get excited or upset over it, or the doctor will send me away and give you some of those nasty pills he carries about with him. Well, here goes, or shall I start with 'once upon a time'?"

"Doctor, Father Serra is trying to tease me, and I think you had better send him away."

"Señorita, your wishes shall be obeyed. Father, you must leave at once. Your doctor commands you!"

"Worthy sir, I regretfully take my departure. Adios."

As Serra started to go, Camila called out, "No, no, Father, I did not mean that. You must not let him go, Doctor, until he has told me all the latest news, and I'll promise not to get excited, and wear my sweetest smile."

"Now that is more like it, eh, Doctor? Well, the shots you heard, my daughter, were to announce the return from the north of Captain Portolá and the members of his expedition, and by this time tomorrow all will be back again in San Diego."

That was quite a shock to Camila, who was trying hard to control herself, and in a tense and halting voice whispered, "Then Juan is here, and I can see him, Father?"

"If the doctor gives his consent."

Both Serra and Camila were looking at the doctor, who finally answered, "Perhaps tomorrow, under certain restrictions. But first, Camila, you must promise me, if Juan comes to see you, not to get excited or give way to your feelings, and I should like to have Father Serra present at the meeting."

"I am willing to promise you anything, Doctor, but do, do, dear friend, let me see Juan?"

"I want you to see him, Camila, but his first visit

will have to be a short one, and remember, you are to control your emotions or Juan will be ordered to leave at once."

"I will try my best, Doctor, and I feel quite confident that you will have no cause to find fault with me."

"That is the way I like to hear you talk, and in the meantime I will see Juan and prepare him for his visit to you. No doubt you will also want to see your brother, José—"

"But he will scold me, Doctor," Camila cried out.

"No, no, never again," Serra assured her. "Your brother realizes that you are no longer a child, but as your guardian he has certain rights, which I trust can easily be settled between you."

"I admit José has such rights, Father, but for the past two years he has been so strict with me, and so hard toward Juan, that I have learned to fear him."

"I know that the sergeant is a strict disciplinarian. Even the doctor has commented on that, but he is also a just man, and I believe he has your best interests at heart. Furthermore, I am sure that in your present condition he will have the greatest possible sympathy for you."

"Then you don't think he will scold me?"

"Scold you! I'd like to see him try it! No, no, Camila, you need not fear José. On the contrary," Dr. Prat assured her, "he will take you up in his arms, just as he did, no doubt, when you were a three-year-old and begged him for some money to buy candy with."

"You are right," Serra added.

"Oh, Marta!"

"You call me, Doctor?"

"Yes, this patient of yours has been abusing us shamefully. I want you to see that she keeps quiet, and no cry, but make plenty smiles, and maybe sleep."

"I know, Doctor."

"All right. How is Ignacio?"

"All right. Him go walk now, first time."

"Good. Remember your promise, Camila. Ready Father?"

"All ready. Adios."

## CHAPTER XX

# Have They Deserted Us?

NEARLY a year had passed since the last of the four expeditions left Lower California, and in all that time nothing had been heard from Don Joseph de Galvez, the inspector-general, or the Marquis de Croix, the Mexican viceroy, or any of the Franciscan authorities. The situation puzzled everyone. Galvez knew that additional supplies would be needed, and knowing this, why had he failed to send them? The Marquis de Croix was also interested in the successful outcome of the San Diego-Monterey occupation. Had they been ordered to abandon the conquest of Alta California? If so, why had they failed to send word of it to Captain Portolá or Father Serra? Why had the sailing ship *San José* failed to bring the sorely needed supplies? What had become of the *San Antonio*, also long overdue? These and many other weighty questions were bandied about by the officers and men at San Diego, but no one could satisfactorily answer them. Even the neophytes knew that they were facing a serious situation and, like all the other members of the San Diego colony, they looked to their commander-in-chief to make the next move.

Captain Portolá called a meeting of all his officers and the Franciscan fathers. They were to talk things

over and it was understood that Portolá was to tell them of some of his experiences in the north, for the information and edification, if they could so consider it, of those who remained at San Diego.

"After we had failed to find the port of Monterey," Portolá told them, "we decided to keep on going north, where Sergeant Ortega and his men reported having found what looked like an inland sea to the east, and an ocean gateway to the north, but this could not be explored for the want of a boat to cross it. The inland sea, Father Crespi believes, was the bay of San Francisco.

"With ample provisions we could have carried these explorations on for a longer period, but a rapidly diminishing supply of flour and the lack of meat, vegetables and dried fruit made that impossible. Then our failure to find the *San José* or *San Antonio* within the next few days compelled us to turn about and come back.

"We were troubled, too, by the large number of our men on the sick list. Few escaped and many had to be carried along in litters from camp to camp. Weather conditions were also growing worse. Our days and nights were cold and damp, and thick heavy fogs that penetrated to the bone shut out the world and made traveling dangerous. It was not a very agreeable outlook, yet our men did not complain. Rations had to be cut to five pancakes a day, then to three, and finally, to add to our supplies, mules had to be sacrificed.

"At last, with starvation facing us, we turned south-

ward, but kept within sight of the sea wherever possible, still hoping we might find the port of Monterey or sight the *San José* or *San Antonio,* but it was not to be.

"No doubt, much of this you have already heard and will hear again. For those brave men who went with me in search of the port of Monterey, and, thank God, safely returned to San Diego, I feel that a word of praise is due. The trials, hardships and disappointments they underwent so cheerfully will never be forgotten by our officers, and I want to thank each and every member of the expedition, in behalf of our country and our king, for their unflagging devotion and loyalty.

"The one hopeful outlook that was left to us was the expectation of our finding at least one of the long overdue ships riding at anchor in the bay of San Diego, and not finding at least one of these ships here has been the greatest of our disappointments; as you all realize, it is also the most serious. Our food supplies are being rapidly consumed, and even though our rations have been reduced to a minimum, they will not last much longer. Now, gentlemen, knowing the seriousness of our situation, I should like to hear from each and every one of you, and what suggestions you have to offer."

Father Serra, the head of the Franciscan fraternity in the Californias, was the first to be called on.

"Personally," said the eminent padre, "I am not at all depressed by the existing conditions, as I feel confident that relief, in some form or other, will soon

reach us and make it possible for us to carry on this work that God has ordained we are to do. In speaking with Father Crespi, and our engineer, Señor Costanso, about what the place looked like where you had planted the second cross, I feel confident, even though you failed to recognize it, that you did find the port of Monterey, and both these gentlemen are now inclined to agree with me. Captain Vila is also of the same opinion, but it will take another visit to prove we are right."

Captain Rivera and Lieutenant Fages made no comment on Father Serra's statement, but both agreed that some drastic action must soon be taken should no additional men and provisions reach them.

Sergeant Ortega, recognized by everyone as a most capable officer, agreed with Rivera and Fages, but, in addition, he suggested that as many men as possible be sent out on hunting and fishing trips, not only to increase the supply of food, but likewise to keep the men busy, and if, at the expiration of another fortnight, no relief came from the south another conference be called.

Although Captain Portolá was inclined to return to Lower California immediately, he thought Sergeant Ortega's suggestion worthy of consideration, and ordered them to be carried out.

Corporal Rocha was again to meet with a great disappointment. Dr. Prat, who had set a definite time when he would be allowed to see Camila, had, for some reason or other, sent word to Juan by Ignacio, that he delay his visit for a day or two. So it was not until the

fifth day after his return to San Diego that Juan was permitted to see his betrothed, who had had a slight relapse, due, undoubtedly, to the noise and unusual excitement caused by the return of the Portolá expedition from the north.

The change from the prevailing quiet existing at the San Diego mission, where one rarely heard any noise at all, and where even the human voice in ordinary conversation failed to carry to Camila's apartment, was quite marked, and both Dr. Prat and Marta noticed its reaction on their patient, and how much it interfered with her rest and sleep. This resulted in Dr. Prat's ordering the postponement of Camila's meeting with Juan and her brother, José, until she regained some of her strength.

While waiting to see Camila, Juan had a visit with Ignacio and Marta, and from them he learned how very ill Camila had been. Ignacio, again able to be out, had gone on two fishing trips with Juan, and these outings were doing both of them a lot of good. While Ignacio was getting the benefit of the fresh air and sunshine, he also had the pleasure of again being with his beloved corporal. At the same time, Juan, with Camila as his sole subject, was plying his friend Ignacio with a hundred and one questions about his sweetheart. Occasionally, they would catch a few fish, but their day's fishing would not greatly increase the mission's food supply.

Dr. Prat, accompanied by Father Serra, was again

visiting Camila. With a smile and cheerful greeting, the doctor seated himself by Camila's bedside. After feeling her pulse, he turned to Serra and said, "Do you know, Father, I think our Camila has been praying to 'Our Lady of Loreto,' at least I should judge so from her looks." As Camila was about to speak, the doctor stopped her: "No, you are not to talk, I want you to reserve your strength and keep on smiling. Let me raise your pillow up a bit and give you a teaspoonful of honey. There. Now, Father Serra, I think it will be all right to have Camila see Corporal Rocha, so I'll step out and ask him to come in, and then look up the sergeant. Remember, Father, Juan is not to remain over five minutes."

"Did you hear that, my daughter?" Serra countered.

After going out the doctor again cautioned Juan to subdue his feelings, and not to remain with Camila more than a few minutes.

As Camila's room was darkened, Juan at first failed to notice how frail she was. Her appearance was a great shock to him. As he looked down upon the woman he so dearly loved, words failed him, nor could he check his tears as he dropped on his knees at his dear one's bedside, wholly unable to control himself.

And it was Camila who gently urged her dear Juan not to take it so hard. Almost reverently she laid her hand on his head, trying to soothe him as the deep sobs he tried so hard to control completely unnerved him.

Father Serra was so deeply moved by this heart-

breaking scene that he hastily withdrew, leaving Juan and Camila to compose their feelings. Serra knew that both had passed through countless days of intense suffering, and Juan's nervous collapse could easily be excused. Poor boy, having been half-starved and underfed for months, and distressed from day to day by the constant thought that his loved one might not live, his was an ordeal that few could have lived through.

Still soliloquizing, Serra remembered that Dr. Prat had told him he must not let Juan remain with Camila more than five minutes. Aloud he said, "Fortunately, I forgot to wind up my timepiece last night. I am sure a few minutes more will not harm either one of them."

Gradually, Camila succeeded in quieting Juan. Looking up, he met his sweetheart's eyes, and as she stretched out her arms, Juan clasped her to his breast. They were alone once more, with their hearts overflowing with happiness, and their dear friend Father Serra guarding them from intrusion.

Juan knew he had overstayed his time. Dr. Prat knew he would, and Serra's watch had stopped. Gently Juan laid his Camila down, and as he withdrew his arms he whispered to her, "Only God knows how I longed for this day and hour, dearest. To feel your arms around my neck as your heart beat in unison with mine should make us both feel deeply grateful to our Heavenly Father, and our dear friends Dr. Prat, Fathers Serra and Vizcaino, Marta and Ignacio. Listen, dear! That is Father Serra coughing. It means

that I must go." Juan called to him: "Come right in, Father."

As Serra entered the room he was surprised to see how happy and contented they both appeared. Turning to Camila, he asked, "Has the meeting with Juan tired you?"

"I don't believe that it has, Father."

"Then all is well. Now, Juan, when Dr. Prat knocks on the door, you can slip through Ignacio's quarters, and the doctor will be none the wiser."

"Thank you, Father, for your great kindness to me and my dear Camila. Good-bye, dearest, until we meet again."

"Your five minutes are up, my son. Hurry!"

As Juan left, Marta came into Camila's room and overheard her saying to Father Serra, "Did you notice, Father, how thin Juan is?"

"Yes, I did, and no wonder. I heard that for many weeks they did not have enough to eat, and food became so scarce that they had to kill some of the mules to keep from starving. I am inclined to believe that for sentimental reasons Juan did not care to eat any of the mule stew, or else it disagreed with him."

"You may be right, Father," Camila replied, then, as though communing with herself: "Poor, poor Juan, how he must have suffered!"

Dr. Prat's entrance broke up this train of thought, and walking up to Camila's bedside he said, "I see our charming patient has kept her promise, so, don't you

think, Father Serra, that she is entitled to an extra cup of chocolate for good behavior?"

"You remember, Doctor, that I told you I was sure Camila would obey your instructions, and I agree with you that she is entitled to the chocolate."

"How about it, Marta, is there still some chocolate left?"

"Oh, yes, Doctor, you say me not much use one time, so I mix with panoche (Mexican sugar) up, and she makes yet some drinks for dear friend what likes much sweetness. I go now for make hot water and bring cholclet quick."

Dr. Prat, stepping to the outer door: "You may come in now, Sergeant."

Like Juan, Sergeant José de Ortega had been duly cautioned to be careful and limit his stay. José came in very slowly, and, walking up to Camila's bedside, said, "My dear, dear little sister." José, stooping over, kissed Camila and rested his hand lightly on hers.

Wistfully looking up at José, who was having a hard time of it trying to check his tears, Camila, in a voice vibrant with deep affection and arms outstretched, cried out as her brother lifted her up and held her in his arms, "My dear, dear brother." Dr. Prat and Father Serra had quietly left the cabin as José entered it. In the adjoining apartment Marta and Ignacio were crooning a lullaby.

## CHAPTER XXI

# The Indian Chief Topanque

SOME days prior to the return of Captain Portolá a party of Indians had set up a few brushwood wigwams on the bay shore not far from where the *San Carlos* was anchored. They spent most of their time fishing, and many of the fish caught they hung up to dry. These Indians differed somewhat from those inhabiting the San Diego bay region. The men were mostly well built and appeared quite superior to the other natives, with whom they rarely mingled. There were fifteen men in the party, and with them was one middle-aged and one young woman and two boys, one about eleven and the other about twelve years old. It was learned that they were members of a large Indian rancheria (village) living in the back country, and, like many others, were lured to the coast by their liking for salt-water food.

Corporal Rocha and two other leather-jacket soldiers, Martin Reyes and Manuel Machado, had been detailed to act as guards for two days on the *San Carlos*. While Juan was looking over the bay, he saw two Indian boys paddling about on a raft built of tules. Apparently they intended to row out to the *San Carlos,* when suddenly one of the boys was seen to fall and slip

partly over the edge of the raft and, in so doing, caused it to capsize, and both the boys were thrown into the bay. Their loud cries for help soon attracted attention. Both Juan and Martin Reyes, quickly pulling off their heavy boots and leather jackets, jumped overboard, and as both were powerful swimmers they soon reached the drowning boys and swam to shore with them.

The boys belonged to the small band of savages that had located a camp near the bay shore. They were the sons of Topanque, chief of the tribe. The older boy afterward became known as Fernando and the younger one as Juanito. Their cries for help had been heard by all the members of Topanque's party, but they were too far away to reach them in time to save them. Every move of the swimmers was anxiously watched from the shore by the Indians, and several of them swam out to lend a helping hand if needed, and willing hands were outstretched to welcome the rescued and rescuers. In every way known to Topanque's Indians they tried to show their gratitude and appreciation to Juan and Martin for having saved the lives of the two boys. A word or two from Topanque and his braves quietly surrounded these strange white faces as the chief presented each one of them with a bow, some arrows and a finely tanned deerskin.

Although Juan and Martin could not converse with the Indians, they soon learned the names of all the members of Topanque's people. They were also introduced to the chief's daughter, Natooka, and his sister, Cojuati. In sign language, Topanque also tried to tell

Juan and Martin that every member of his band was ready to lay down his life for them or the members of the mission party. While this pantomime was going on, the third soldier, Manuel Machado, had rowed in from the *San Carlos* and was ready to carry his companions back to the ship.

Machado was a gray-haired Catalonian volunteer who had spent many years of his life in the service of his country. He was exceedingly bashful, a habit he had never outgrown, and even though some of the younger men made fun of him, they all admired him as a man and esteemed his soldierly qualities. Cojuati, the widowed sister of Topanque, who was fair, fat and slightly past forty, had noticed his arrival, and going up to Juan, she motioned to him and called his attention to Machado. Juan, quickly grasping what Cojuati wanted, called to Machado and asked him to join them. He came reluctantly, but Juan, being his superior officer, told him to step lively, and he was soon introduced to the others. Cojuati was greatly attracted to this doughty son of Mars. Martin on the other hand, found Natooka unusually attractive and he decided to become better acquainted with her. After some further interchange of good feeling, Juan, Martin and Machado, with a military salute, bade them all good-bye, and returned to their ship.

After completing their two days of guard duty on board the *San Carlos,* Juan, Reyes and Machado were paying another visit at Topanque's camp. There they

were soon joined by the Indian neophyte, Ignacio, who came to report Camila's condition to Corporal Rocha. The soldiers thought that possibly Ignacio might be able to understand Topanque's dialect and act as an interpreter for them. After greeting their newly made friends, they introduced Ignacio to Topanque. Ignacio tried to speak to the chief in his own tongue, and Topanque made a like attempt in several of the tribal tongues that he understood, but the two attempts were not at all successful. However, there were a few words that both seemed to understand and with their sign language and pantomine they got along fairly well.

There were a great many things they all wanted to talk about, but not being able to understand one another made it rather difficult. Finally, Ignacio made out that Topanque wanted to leave the older of his two boys at the mission, under the care of Martin Reyes, who had saved him from drowning. Ignacio explained to Juan that it was Topanque's idea to have his son learn to speak the language of the white faces, and in turn Juan, Reyes and some of the others, if they so desired, could learn to speak Topanque's tribal tongue. This suggestion appealed to Juan, and, as spokesman for their party, he asked Ignacio to explain to Topanque as well as he could that he thought well of the plan, but it would have to be submitted to Father Serra, and he might also want Captain Portolá to pass on it, and if they were satisfied, word would be sent to Topanque about it.

Before leaving Topanque's camp, Juan and his com-

panions showed the Indians a better way to preserve their fish. In order to facilitate this work, Juan presented Topanque with his pocket knife. Having virtually no tools for disemboweling their fish, or not caring to take the trouble to do so, the Indians would merely hang them up in the air to dry and eat them in any old way, without further ado. With his knife, Juan showed Topanque how to quickly remove the scales, then properly clean the fish for drying or smoking. In this way, he explained to the chief, fish can be kept for an indefinite period without danger of putrefaction and would certainly be more palatable, even though they had heretofore been accustomed to eat fish, and in fact nearly all other kinds of food, prepared or unprepared, without regard to hygienic laws.

While all this was going on, Natooka, Cojuati and many other members of the camping parties had been interested spectators. Reyes and Machado, however, were more interested in Natooka and Cojuati. To have an attractive looking woman smile upon him, and by her actions show that she was really interested in him, was a new and very delightful experience for the gray-haired soldier Machado, and while it pleased him in a way, he didn't know just what to make of it. With Martin Reyes it was just the other way about. While Natooka was very happy, indeed, to have such a fine-looking man treat her with such courtesy and consideration, she failed to sense its significance. She was still too young to realize what it might lead to. In that, Cojuati had the advantage of her more attractive niece.

## CHAPTER XXII

# Portolá's Action Causes Consternation

AFTER waiting nearly three weeks at San Diego, hoping every day that they might see either the *San José* or the *San Antonio* enter the harbor, Captain Portolá had another conference with Rivera, Fages and Ortega at the company headquarters. With Corporal Rocha's completed inventory before them, showing the total amount of food left on hand at the mission, they all agreed that something would have to be done at once. Various suggestions were made and discussed, and finally Captain Portolá decided to send Captain Rivera, with necessary soldiers and pack animals, back to Velicata to bring up the cattle, etc., left at that mission, and such other supplies as could be obtained from the other missions in Lower California.

Turning to Ortega, Portolá said, "Sergeant, you will see to it that twenty soldiers are properly outfitted to accompany Captain Rivera. Use all the available help so as to get the expedition started as soon as possible."

As Portolá was leaving with Rivera and Fages, he called out to Ortega, "Sergeant, Father Vizcaino may want to go south with Captain Rivera. If so, I wish you would see that he is furnished with an easy-riding horse." (Father Vizcaino was wounded by a poisoned

arrow during the skirmish the mission soldiers had with the San Diego savages, on August 15th, and the wound had not yet healed.)

Ortega saluted. "I will see to it, Your Excellency." He then ordered one of the soldiers to find Corporal Rocha and tell him to report at company headquarters at once.

After returning to the mission, Juan, Reyes and Machado called on Father Serra and told him of their meeting with the Indian chief, Topanque, and the members of his tribe. This deeply interested Serra, and he plied the three soldiers with questions about the savages. Turning to Juan, he said, "Tell me, my son, what is your personal opinion of the boy and his people?"

"To me, Father, Fernando, for that is the name we have given him, seems to be unusually bright and he should prove an apt pupil. I was very favorably impressed with Topanque, the chief or headman of his tribe, and most of his followers. In fact, to me they seemed to be far superior to the natives in this vicinity, both mentally and physically. They have some traits that I know you will find objectionable, but, I believe, once they are pointed out to them, they will be changed."

Turning to Reyes and Machado, Serra asked, "Are you both of the same opinion?"

"We are, indeed, Father," both answered.

"Did you learn, Juan, how much longer they will remain here?"

"Ignacio told me that they intend to leave within the next few days."

"Then we must lose no time in letting them know about the boy. I am sure that Captain Portolá will approve of our having the boy stay here, even though it will mean another mouth to feed, but I am willing to share part of my food with him, and I know the other fathers will gladly give up a portion of their food allowance to help supply the boy's needs."

Turning to Reyes, Serra continued, "Can you, my son, go with Father Parron and Ignacio to Topanque's camp and invite the chief and the members of his band to come and see us? I should like to have some kind of a talk with your Indian friends and I am sure that Governor Portolá would also like to meet them. You may also inform Chief Topanque that we will be pleased to have his son—I believe you christened him Fernando—come and live at the mission with us, and I will see to it that he is properly looked after when you are busy elsewhere."

"I'll be ready to go with Father Parron and Ignacio at any time, and I am sure, Father Serra, that Topanque's people will enjoy meeting you, and that you will find them interesting."

"Thank you, my son." Serra again addressing Juan: "Did you hear, Corporal, that one of Sergeant Ortega's men has been looking for you? He called here some time ago and said the sergeant wanted to see you at Portolá's headquarters."

"This is the first I have heard of it, Father. Thank

you for the information. I wonder what's in the wind?"

"I can answer that for you, Corporal," said Martin Reyes. "I'll bet my last month's pay that El Comandante wants to send you to Madrid as a courier to His Majesty, King Carlos."

"No such luck, Martin. It behooves me to report to the sergeant. Good luck to you, Martin."

"Oh, by the way, Machado, I think you had better go along with Reyes, you may meet Cojuati again," was Juan's parting shot as he hurried away.

Machado tried to answer Juan, but he was so greatly flustered that words refused to come, and he turned aside to hide his confusion.

Martin Reyes, sympathizing with his bashful friend, came to his rescue, and patting Machado on the shoulder said, "You must not mind what Juan says, Manuel. I think he is jealous of you."

"You really think so, Martin?"

"I am sure of it, Manuel."

It did not take Juan long to reach Portolá's headquarters. On entering, Juan saluted Ortega and said, "I just learned, Sergeant, that you wanted to see me."

"Yes, I do. I ordered one of my men to look for you and ask you to report to me."

"I am sorry if I have kept you waiting, Sergeant."

"No harm has been done, Corporal. Commander Portolá has ordered Captain Rivera with an escort of twenty soldiers, some muleteers and a few Indians to return to Velicata and bring up what cattle and supplies

were left there last year and such other provisions as he may obtain from the other missions. I want you, Corporal, to select twenty men, have them properly outfitted, and arrange to go along with them under Captain Rivera's command. Before doing this, you had better report to Captain Rivera and ask him to furnish you with necessary details and inquire of him how many days he thinks it will take to reach Velicata, so that necessary rations may be supplied for the men."

As Juan was about to leave, Ortega stopped him: "Just a moment, Corporal. I do not want you to think that I have selected you for this detail because of any feelings I have against you. Quite the contrary. It is because I know that you are the best man for the job."

Juan, with considerable doubt in his mind as to Ortega's unnecessary compliment, yet sore that under present conditions he was selected to accompany Captain Rivera, replied, "Sergeant, I am a soldier in the king's service, sworn to obey the orders of my superior officers."

Too late Ortega awakened to the fact that Rocha was an exceptional man, and he wondered if his sister, Camila, was not right in her appraisal of Juan's character and ability, and that he was wrong. Well, time would tell, and the sergeant's only comment on the corporal's reply was his curt dismissal: "That is all, Corporal."

While Ortega had not shown any open hostility toward Juan, he certainly was not prepossessed in his favor, and he meant to prevent his sister, Camila, from

marrying him, if he possibly could. That Ortega purposely selected Juan to go with Captain Rivera on the expedition to Lower California could not be denied. It was the opening wedge of a scheme he had in mind for weaning Camila away from Juan, and during the corporal's enforced absence bring about a marriage, or at least an engagement, between Camila and Lieutenant Fages.

From some remarks made by Lieutenant Fages before he left Lower California in charge of the soldiers that came north on the San Carlos, Ortega knew that Fages was deeply interested in Camila, and, given the opportunity, he believed the lieutenant would soon declare his intentions.

There was still another reason for Ortega's anxiety to bring about this marriage. While at work in Portolá's headquarters, shortly after the return of the expedition from the north, he could not avoid overhearing Captain Portolá telling Father Serra that his instructions from Don Joseph de Galvez were to turn over his command to Lieutenant Fages, as soon as they reached Monterey and that he was then to return to Mexico. Ortega realized that this was a state secret and he doubted if even Fages knew of the great honor that was to be conferred upon him.

However, it was still a question of their finding Monterey. If this could be done, it would make Lieutenant Fages commander-in-chief of all the Alta California forces and virtually a dictator. What a fine thing it would be to have his sister married to a man

of such prominence, instead of an unknown soldier! Who knows to what height a man of Fages' ability might not attain? To have Lieutenant Fages, in charge of all of Spain's activities in Alta California, as a brother-in-law might also serve to advance his own interests, but that, to Sergeant Ortega, was a secondary consideration. The next thing to do was to have another talk with Camila.

As Sergeant Ortega had not seen his sister for several days, he entered Ignacio's apartment and questioned Marta as to his sister's health. When he learned that she was very much better he asked Marta to find out if he could see Camila. As there was no longer any reason why Ortega could not see her, he was promptly admitted.

The constraint between brother and sister had not entirely worn off, but Camila, being anxious to placate her brother, tried her best to please him. Although still confined to her bed, Camila was able to move about more freely, showing that she was steadily improving. In fact, Dr. Prat had consented to let her sit up within the next few days, providing there were no further complications.

"Come in, my dear José," Camila called out to her brother. "I am glad that you have come to see me again. Have you had any word from Loreto?"

"No, we have not had any word from Loreto since we left there nearly a year ago," José answered, as he stooped over and kissed her, "and no one seems to be

able to account for it. Our present situation is causing much uneasiness, and, with the limited rations being doled out, it is causing general dissatisfaction."

"What does Captain Portolá think is the cause for this long silence and delay?"

"Neither Captain Portolá, Father Serra, nor Captain Vila can offer any satisfactory explanation. It is mysterious to say the least. Lieutenant Fages has offered two solutions, but neither one may be right, although they are reasonable enough. He believes that either one or both our ships have been lost at sea, or that an earthquake may have wiped out the west coast of Mexico."

"You think a great deal of Lieutenant Fages, don't you, José?"

"Yes, I do, Camila. He has a bright, active mind, is a capable soldier, and I am sure if he lives he will some day become one of Mexico's ablest officers. It may please you to know, Camila, that he inquires about you almost every day, and I told him that as soon as you are able to sit up I would bring him in to see you."

"That was very nice of you, José."

"He is the kind of a man that I'd like to have you marry."

"You forget, José, that I am engaged to another."

"You could give up Juan."

"Why should I? We love each other sincerely and I know he is worthy of any woman's love."

"Don't you think you could do much better?"

"In what way? You must admit, José, that his family

is as good as ours and some day he will be a rich man, but even if he were poor, I would marry him just the same. I know that Juan is a gentleman and a brave soldier, two qualities that have endeared him to his superior officers and his fellow soldiers, who, I have been told, greatly admire him. Don't you think, brother, that I ought to be happy with a man of such sterling qualities?"

"I have nothing against Rocha as a soldier and I am willing to admit that he is above the average, but to have him as a brother-in-law is another question. I had always hoped to see you married to a man of reputation and prominence, and I cannot deny that your elopement with him was a sad blow to me."

"It was wrong, I know, José, and we both regret it, but Juan believed it was the only thing left for us to do."

"At least promise me, Camila, that you will not marry anyone without my consent, and not until you are fully restored to health and are assured of a comfortable home."

"I do not want to make any rash promises, José, but you are my brother, as well as my legal guardian, and it is only right that you should be consulted in the matter of my marriage. I am willing to make this promise: until I reach my twenty-first birthday I will agree not to marry anyone without your consent, and not then, if I am not in good health; but in return, José, I want you to promise me that you will treat Juan with the consid-

eration due from one gentleman to another, regardless of your position as his superior officer."

"We both have our duties to perform, Camila, and I know Corporal Rocha will ask no favors of me."

"He is too proud for that, I know, but I do not want your resentment to turn to hatred, José."

"If it did, I'd still try to be just to him."

The entrance of Dr. Prat and Father Serra interrupted the conversation between Camila and Ortega, and while Dr. Prat visited with his patient, Father Serra took advantage of the opportunity to inquire of Ortega, "When do you think Captain Rivera will leave for Velicata?"

"Possibly the day after tomorrow. If you have any letters you want forwarded, have them ready by that time. If you will pardon me, Father Serra, I still have a number of things to look after, and must be going." Ortega walked over to Camila, kissed her, and, saluting Father Serra and Dr. Prat, he left the room.

"Well, Father, it begins to look as though I'll soon be out of a job."

"Is it as bad as that, Doctor?"

"Alas! yes, my dear friend. Even now our dear Camila is planning to banish me from her presence, and henceforth her welcoming smiles will be reserved for a younger and handsomer man."

"How can you be so unkind, Doctor? Do you think it will ever be possible for me to forget your kindness and sympathy for me during the many months while I

was lying at death's door, and how you and Fathers Serra and Vizcaino and our dear Marta watched over and prayed for me as I lay partly or wholly unconscious, often unseeing and unknowing, through those days of racking pain.

"I know, of course, dear Doctor, that you did not mean what you just said, and merely intended it as a bit of banter, but to me the memory of your kindness and that of Father Serra and so many others who did so much to comfort me will never be forgotten, and in my prayers I always ask God to bless and reward you for what you have done for me."

"It was our bounden duty, Camila, but we, and I am now speaking not only for myself but for Fathers Serra, Vizcaino, Marta and Ignacio, all know you fully appreciate what we have done for you, and, in return, I feel that we owe you our sincere thanks for your having, unknowingly, been a source of inspiration to all of us."

"Indeed, she has," said Father Serra, interrupting Dr. Prat, "and we do not want you, my daughter, to feel that you owe us anything; but, on the contrary, we feel that we are indebted to you for the many lessons you have taught us, by your rare patience, resignation and steadfast faith in God, and as the years go on I trust and pray that His blessing will abide with you and yours."

The "Amen" of Dr. Prat adequately expressed his feelings.

"To change the subject," said Father Serra, "did

your brother tell you that Captain Rivera has been ordered to start for Velicata at once?"

"No, he did not mention it."

"I also heard," said Dr. Prat, "that José had ordered Juan and twenty soldiers to go with him."

"We must not let Juan go! Father, you must see Captain Portolá at once and have him countermand José's order."

"Juan would not want me to do that, Camila. He may only be gone for a few weeks at the most, as I understand they are only going to Velicata. Our food supply is decreasing rapidly and the governor believes that if the cattle that were left at mission Velicata and such additional supplies as the other missions can spare are brought here, they may serve to tide us over until the *San José* or *San Antonio* arrives, and thus make it possible to successfully carry on our work here, in which I know, my daughter, you are just as deeply interested as we are."

"You are right, Father, but why cannot my brother go with Captain Rivera instead of Juan?"

"Portolá may have greater need for your brother here. He also knows that Juan is a capable officer, and that in any emergency he will be able to give a good account of himself."

"That is true, Father, and I suppose I must be resigned to whatever may come."

"Bravely said, Camila . . . Ah! here comes Juan."

As Juan enters, Dr. Prat, asking to be excused, said, "I must go, dear friends, I'll see you later. Adios."

"Am I intruding?"

"Quite to the contrary, Juan. Your coming is quite apropos. We had been discussing Portolá's latest order with Camila."

"Then she has heard that I have been ordered to go to Velicata with Captain Rivera?"

"Dr. Prat thought it was best that I should tell Camila, and we are proud of her. If Camila will excuse us for a few minutes I'll tell you something, Juan, that I think you ought to know."

"You are excused."

"Thank you." Speaking in a low voice, Father Serra continued, "I may be able to enlighten you, Juan, regarding the possibility of the Lower California missions supplying us with such provisions as they can spare. Governor Portolá has asked me to write to Father Palou about this, with a request that he take this matter up with the various missions that he thinks can help us, and I know, Father Palou will see to it that this is promptly done. However, this will cause considerable delay, and I am afraid, unless the *San José* or *San Antonio* soon puts in an appearance, there will be no need for your returning to San Diego, as it would be useless, because, long before you will be ready to start northward from Velicata, Governor Portolá and his expedition will be well on their way toward Loreto."

"Why, of course. I might have figured that out myself, Father. I made up an inventory of our food supplies and know exactly how much food we have on hand. I also know that it took Captain Rivera fifty-two

days to march from Velicata to San Diego. In my talk with him a while ago about our journey back to Velicata, he ordered me to prepare rations for twenty-five men for twenty-one days. It will probably take us from fifteen to eighteen days to reach Velicata. It will take from twenty-five to fifty days, at least, to send word to all the missions and gather up the supplies they can spare us, and it will take at least forty-five days to bring up the cattle and supplies from Velicata to San Diego. Conservatively estimated, it would take us one hundred and ten days, which means that we would reach San Diego about June fifteenth, if not needlessly delayed. I am beginning to realize how serious the situation is."

"Serious, yes, but far from hopeless, Juan. I am so confident that help will come, that, regardless of what action Captain Portolá may take, I mean to stay here and live like the natives, if I have to."

"Then it is really true, Juan, that you must go?" Camila cried out.

"Yes, I am sorry to say it is," Juan replied, as he walked over to Camila's bedside. After asking Father Serra to excuse them for a few minutes, Juan and Camila had a whispered conversation. Coming to some decision, Juan turned about and said, "Father, we have a favor to ask of you."

"That you want me to marry you?"

"Yes, we do, Father, but not just yet. Instead, Camila and I want to know if you cannot obligate us in some way, so that we will remain true to our betrothal, no matter what may happen to us here or hereafter."

To this Camila added, "We want to feel that although we are not able to marry at present, that we belong to each other."

"Have you any fear that someone desires to have you break your engagement, or is there something else that you do not care to disclose that might cause you to break your betrothal vows?"

Camila looked to Juan to answer Father Serra's questions, and, after hesitating for a moment, Juan cautiously explained, "No, not exactly. You see, Camila made certain promises to her brother, and, unless she gains his consent, he being her legal guardian, our marriage may be delayed for some years. I believe, eventually, the sergeant will approve our marriage, but in the meantime it would make us both happier, Father, if we knew that, living or dead, no one could come between us and our love; and, knowing that we cannot be married perhaps for years to come, such an obligation would make our temporary separation more endurable. So, until we are married, Camila would know that somewhere I am waiting for the coming of that happy hour when I may honestly and honorably lead her to the altar, and I would likewise know, although thousands of miles might separate us, that somewhere my dear Camila is waiting for me."

Father Serra, after first carefully thinking the matter over, said, "This is a rather unusual request, yet I see no reason why I cannot grant the favor you ask. Come, join your hands, my children, and carefully weigh my words: 'Do you, Juan Estevan Rocha, and

you, Camila Maria de Ortega, promise by your faith in God and the hope of a hereafter, to remain faithful and true to your pledged word to join each other in the bonds of holy wedlock, when it shall please Divine Providence to make that possible?"

Both answered, "We do, and we hope, dear Father Serra, to have you perform the ceremony."

"Nothing, my dear children, could afford me greater pleasure. Until then, may God keep you in His holy love and grace."

## CHAPTER XXIII

# Topanque Visits Serra

THE cordial invitation of Father Parron's that Topanque and the members of his band should visit Father Serra and the San Diego mission before they returned to their home in the back country was greatly appreciated by the Indian friends of Juan, Reyes and Machado.

Topanque, with words, and aided by gestures, told Ignacio of his plans, and Ignacio in turn informed Father Parron: "Chief he say, maybe two-three days he have so many fish can use. Then he say all come see Fader Serra. I say him, you make dance and sing? He say, not got plenty men for dance, but he make sing, like Indians, if Fader Serra, he like."

"You may tell him, Ignacio," said Father Parron, "that we would like to hear them sing, and that we would be very happy to have him leave his son, Fernando, with us, so that he may learn to speak Spanish and to sing our songs."

"I have make two talk, Fader, with chief, and he say, all happy that Fernando, he stay like bruder for Señor Reyes, and he learn speak like white faces. I say him, maybe Fader Serra he let all Indians see holy pictures. He say, we much like see everything."

In this friendly meeting with the Indians Father

Parron also saw the possibility of converting Topanque and his people to Christianity, and he inquired of Martin Reyes if this subject had been spoken of to any of Topanque's Indians.

"Yes, Father, it has, with the help of Ignacio, but I do not believe that Topanque fully understood what Ignacio tried to tell him. I feel confident, however, that when his son, Fernando, has learned to speak Spanish and becomes a convert to our faith, his own people will soon embrace a like opportunity."

Early in the morning of the third day after Father Parron visited with Topanque, the fathers of the mission were surprised to learn that this much talked of Indian chief and his followers, accompanied by Reyes, Machado and Ignacio acting as their escort, were waiting outside of Father Serra's cabin. As soon as the fathers learned of this they hurried out to meet them. After the Indians were introduced to the fathers, there was an interchange of questions and some were funny enough to cause considerable merriment. The gathering of so large a body of Indians from the back country aroused unusual interest and soon brought nearly every member of San Diego's seven-months-old colony to join the crowd. Even Captain Portolá and his staff officers were anxious to know what was going on, and as soon as they appeared upon the scene they were introduced to Father Serra's guests.

As Reyes had learned a number of words in the tongue spoken by Topanque, he was able to do some

of the honors on this occasion and personally presented Natooka and Cojuati to Captain Portolá, Lieutenant Fages, Sergeant Ortega and the other members of Portolá's staff, Captain Vila and the Franciscan fathers.

The unique visit of Topanque and his Indians was greatly appreciated, and before their departure they were presented with strings of glass beads, pieces of gaily colored calicoes and other knickknacks by the mission fathers. Not to be outdone by their hosts, Topanque, in behalf of his tribe presented the fathers with some fine deer skins and also gave them a day's supply of fresh fish.

Fernando, the son of Topanque, who was to remain at the mission under the care of Martin Reyes and the mission fathers, also came into the limelight, and was cordially welcomed to his future home by Father Serra. At Ignacio's suggestion, the Indians were also shown the room in which church services were held, and Topanque and his followers saw the holy pictures that decorated the interior. This was followed by the Indians singing some of their native songs, which greatly pleased the crowd.

As the Indians had a long journey ahead of them, they did not overstay their welcome, and once more shouldering their heavy packs, they passed out of the stockade on their slow but steady march towards the distant foothills.

Captain Rivera, with Corporal Rocha and nineteen

soldiers, Father Vizcaino, two muleteers and two Indian neophytes, left San Diego, February 11, 1770, with a string of eighty pack-mules and ten horses. There was nothing to delay their march to Velicata, and as they carried merely enough supplies to see them through to their destination they made rapid headway and reached that newly established mission on February twenty-fifth, making the three hundred and some odd mile journey in fifteen days. They had several insignificant skirmishes with some small bands of savages while nearing Velicata and reported having killed two of the Indians and wounding several others. The letters, giving a full account of Captain Portolá's troubles, that they carried for Don José de Galvez, the Marquis de Croix, Fathers Palou, Lasuen and some of the other missionaries were promptly forwarded to San Borja and Loreto, via the Lower California mission route.

## CHAPTER XXIV

# Ominous Days

AT the San Diego mission a carpenter, assisted by some of the Indian neophytes, was busy hewing and sawing some heavy timber that was to be used in the construction of the new presidio building. Captain Portolá, seeing these men at work, ordered them to quit, as he thought it was a waste of time and they might be better employed at something else.

When Father Serra heard of this, he began to realize that Portolá had made up his mind to leave San Diego for Loreto, as he (Portolá) was more than ever convinced, as the dreary and tiresome days went by, that the long expected supplies would not reach San Diego in time.

Soon after halting all construction work at the San Diego mission, Captain Portolá called for another conference, at which all the officers and the Franciscan fathers were asked to be present. After further discussion of the serious outlook now confronting them, Portolá finally decided to act, and he told all those present at the meeting that if relief did not reach them by the twentieth of March everyone was to be ready on the morning of that day to start back to Loreto.

Serra was greatly perturbed at Portolá's decision and repeatedly tried to have him reconsider the question upon which so much depended. He pointed out to Portolá that the abandonment of Alta California at so critical a time might mean the loss of the entire province to Spain and the collapse of Galvez's plans for the establishment of the various new missions for the conversion of the natives to Christianity. He also called Portolá's attention to the fact that within the next ten days there would be quite a large supply of fresh vegetables and that these would be gradually augmented by others, as a great amount of seed had been planted and everything was growing nicely. With a continuous supply of fresh vegetables and with the fresh fish, wild game and temporarily reduced rations, the present food supply could be made to last many weeks longer, and God would surely come to their assistance.

Portolá, however, being more practical, and with the responsibility of his post as commander-in-chief of the expeditions to be considered, was not to be moved, and even though he should have liked to please Father Serra, he refused to make any change in his plans and promptly ordered Sergeant Ortega to see to it that all preparations were made, so that they could leave San Diego on the day set for their departure.

That night a secret conference was held in Serra's cabin. There were present Fathers Serra, Crespi, Par-

ron and Gomez, Captain Vila of the *San Carlos* and Miguel Costanso, the engineer. Avoiding all preliminaries, Serra told them, in as few words as possible, the object of the meeting.

"If Captain Portolá persists in leaving for Loreto," said Father Serra, "I shall remain here with Father Crespi or alone, if necessary, and hold out to the end. I am more confident than ever that God has not forsaken us, nor do I intend to forsake Him. I tried to persuade the governor to reconsider his action, but he refused. Possibly, each one of you, if you were in his position, would have done likewise, therefore, we must not find fault with Governor Portolá for ordering the return of the expeditions to Loreto on March twentieth. He is responsible to His Majesty King Carlos, and he would undoubtedly be censured were he to act otherwise under the circumstances. But we followers of our seraphic father St. Francis are responsible only to His Divine Majesty, and He will not censure us if we do not turn back on account of any shortage of food."

Captain Vila and Señor Costanso at once assured Father Serra that they would remain with him.

"We can also count on Sergeant Ortega, Martin Reyes, Manuel Machado and several other soldiers, as well as Ignacio and a few other neophytes remaining, if Captain Portolá does not object," said Father Crespi.

Father Serra was greatly pleased to learn that so many of his friends were willing to remain and take chances with him for better or for worse.

"In the meantime," Father Serra kept on, as though uninterrupted, "let us continue to offer up our prayers to God and on bended knees ask Him to help us. I shall also ask Governor Portolá to order some of his men to keep fires burning throughout the night from now on, near the entrance to the harbor, so that if the *San José* or the *San Antonio* should come along after dark, our fires might light them on their way to us. I cannot tell you, my dear friends, how deeply I appreciate your sincere loyalty to this blessed cause. Although I am unable to reason it out, I feel confident that help will come before many days have passed, and I want you all to feel as I do about this. Do not become disheartened or discouraged. There is no reason why we should be, now that we have decided on what we are going to do. God bless you all and hold you in His keeping. Good night."

At San Diego bonfires were kept burning at night, near the entrance to the harbor. Every dawn brought renewed hope to that faithful band of peaceful conquistadores (conquerors), as they watched and waited for the ships that failed to come. Even though the nights found the men disappointed, they were not discouraged.

The winter rains, the green grass-covered hills and the beautiful wild flowers were all harbingers of a fruitful year and brought cheer and comfort to the lovers of nature, while the maturing crops of fresh vegetables aided in curing the last of the scurvy vic-

tims and helped to increase their daily rations. But the fateful day was drawing nearer and nearer and still no signs of relief. The soldiers and Indians were kept busy. Some were sent out daily on hunting and fishing trips, while others cut up and prepared to dry or smoke the fish and wild game that the men brought into camp.

Night after night, while the other inmates of the mission were sleeping, Father Serra, forgetful of the hour, was silently praying to God, and, as he knelt at his prie-dieu, the dim night light showed his fervid countenance inspired with holy thoughts.

In the midst of all these troubles that were trying men's souls at San Diego, Camila was not forgotten. Knowing that she would not see Juan again for a long time, she accepted the situation cheerfully. This was largely due to the obligation assumed by the lovers to eventually assure their marriage, which proved a living and sustaining joy, both to Camila and Juan, as day and night, though widely separated, they constantly thought of each other, both satisfied to leave their future in God's hands. Their obligation also served to broaden their views of life. Both began to take a deeper interest in the lives of those with whom they came into daily contact, and it helped them to cheer and comfort others less fortunate than they.

As Camila became stronger, it was a pleasure to see her teaching Marta the rudiments of simple living. With such a limited variety of foods, naturally, there

were restrictions, yet she accomplished wonders. Marta was shown at least a dozen ways of preparing tempting dishes with pinole (cereal meal). The different ways of cooking and serving the various kinds of meat and fish were shown her. She also taught Marta how to ply the needle and fashion garments for women and children and how to care for them properly. Then, to Marta's great enjoyment, she taught her how to read and write, thus opening up an unknown world to one of God's own children who had heretofore been living in total ignorance of life and its manifold beauties and obligations. All this, however, was done merely as a return to Marta for the loving care she had taken of Camila during her serious illness, but in doing it she not only made Marta happy but was herself made happier by serving.

One day, while Camila was painstakingly showing Marta how to write some simple Spanish words, her brother came in with Lieutenant Fages for a short visit. Marta at once excused herself and retired. Both José and the lieutenant were surprised to see Camila take such pains to teach an ordinary Indian woman how to write, and José did not hesitate to remark: "I think you are wasting your time, Camila."

"Then you can say the same of Father Serra."

"But that is different, and he is paid for doing it."

"Fie on you, Brother. How can you speak so disparagingly of dear Father Serra. Furthermore, you know very well that no Franciscan is ever allowed to

receive or accept any money, and about all that any of them get is the simplest kind of food and barely enough clothing to cover the body."

"You are right, Camila, and I'll retract my statement."

"Oh, I know, José, that you did not mean to cast any reflections on Father Serra, whom I know you love and respect, and I know that he has the highest regard for you."

"That is the kind of a sister any brother can be proud of, Lieutenant."

"You are right, Sergeant, and I admire your sister because she not only stands up for you, when she knows you are right, but does not hesitate to find fault with you when she knows you are wrong."

"That is very kind of you, Lieutenant Fages, but we all make mistakes, and no one should be ashamed to acknowledge them."

"I quite agree with you, Señorita Ortega, and I think anyone who is conceited enough to believe himself or herself mistake proof, should be socially ostracised."

"It was my guardian brother, José, who first taught me never to be ashamed to admit a mistake, and I have always found that he practices every precept he has ever taught me."

"I am afraid, Camila, that Lieutenant Fages will demand that I be court-martialed for acting under false pretenses. After your able defense of me, he will

claim that I am not a soldier but a professor of moral philosophy and demand my dishonorable discharge from the king's service."

"Do you know, sergeant, without flattery to you, I have often thought you were fitted for something better than a soldier."

"Talking about soldiers," said Camila, in order to change the subject, "can either of you tell me when we are going to start back to Loreto?"

"I think Lieutenant Fages can answer that question for you, Camila."

"As far as I know, the commander has definitely set March twentieth as the day for our departure and he is not likely to change it, unless our long expected supplies should arrive."

"I don't know how you gentlemen feel about it, but I know that I shall feel very sorry for Father Serra if we have to return. I know he will never turn back, and if I were a man, I'd stay here with him and starve to death, if I had to, and feel that I had died for a worthy cause. However, I feel just as confident as Father Serra does about it that relief will come, in some form or other, before it is too late, and Spain's peaceful conquest of California can then be carried out."

"I sincerely hope that both you and Father Serra are right. Well, José, I think we had better go back to work, so if you are ready, we will say adios."

"I am with you, Lieutenant. Adios, Camila."

. . . . . .

With Portolá's consent Father Serra ordered a novena, or nine days of public prayer. This was done in honor of St. Joseph, San Diego's patron saint.

As the time set for Portolá's departure was drawing near, Serra asked for a single day's postponement. As twenty-four hours would make but little difference one way or another, Captain Portolá, to please Father Serra, granted his request.

Undaunted and undismayed, and as hopeful as ever that God would not forsake them, the morning of March 19, 1770, found the devout Father Serra arrayed in full canonicals and assisted by Fathers Crespi, Parron and Gomez, holding a special church service for those who were about to leave for Lower California. A holy Mass had been sung, a short sermon delivered, and as a fitting close for the ninth day of public prayers all joined in singing that thrilling anthem, "Te Deum Laudamus." That same evening, just before the sun sank out of sight on the western horizon, loud cries were heard from all parts of the mission compound, and every member of the expedition was astonished at seeing a huge sailing ship—at least so it appeared in the distance—passing by the entrance to the harbor, sailing northward.

Four days later this self-same ship (she was the *San Antonio* bound for Monterey, but due to an accident was obliged to turn back to San Diego for repairs) for the second time came sailing into the bay

of San Diego, and the good Father Serra's prayers were answered.

There was great rejoicing, and the preparations that had been made for their return trip to Lower California served instead for their second march to Monterey.

## CHAPTER XXV

# Serra's Prayers Answered

A MAGICAL change was wrought at San Diego by the return of the *San Antonio*. Despair gave way to hope, and discouragement to newly awakened enthusiasm. Letters brought in by the *San Antonio,* dating back from one to two years, gave their recipients interesting information about Lower California, Mexico, Spain and her numerous dependencies, England, France, Germany and even far-away Russia, where, Don Joseph de Galvez mentioned, Count Lacy, the newly appointed Spanish ambassador to the court of Catherine the Great, had replaced the Marquis de Herreria.

The letters Captain Portolá received from Galvez and the Mexican viceroy, the Marquis de Croix, gave him a different view of the California situation, and he was now quite anxious to start on his return march to Monterey, and even more anxious to quit this desolate country and his tiresome and uninteresting job and return to Mexico and civilization, where he hoped, before returning to Spain, to spend many happy days with old-time friends and enjoy such pleasures as life still had in store for him. Portolá knew, however, that this could not be done until Monterey was occupied. After the occupation of that port and the territory of Alta

California taken possession of in the name of King Carlos, of Spain, he could then turn over his command to Lieutenant Fages, according to Don José de Galvez's instructions, and he would be free to go.

In one of the letters from Father Palou to Father Serra, a lengthy account was given to the deplorable conditions of affairs in Lower California. Palou also stated that Galvez was opposed to giving up the Loreto mission, which had been under contemplation, as that was the first of all the missions established by the Jesuits in Lower California. "He insisted," wrote Father Palou, "that I not only act as the Father President of the Lower California missions, but likewise take personal charge of the Loreto mission. Naturally, I consented to accept his suggestions. However, due to the extraordinary and arbitrary changes that were ordered to be put into effect by Galvez, the Lower California missions are rapidly disintegrating, and unless these conditions are promptly remedied, all our missions will have to be abandoned."

In a second letter from Palou to Serra, received at the same time, Palou wrote, "It may surprise you to learn that the newly appointed governor for the Californias, Don Matias de Armona, arrived in Loreto on June 12, 1769, and after studying the present conditions of the various missions, which I fully explained to him, and realizing that it would be impossible for him to carry out his instructions regarding them, he disgustedly threw up his job and returned to San Blas on June 24, on the same ship *(Galeto)* that brought him to

Loreto. So the sergeant-major, Don Juan Guitierrez, who had been acting governor since Captain Portolá's departure, March 9, 1769, was again placed in charge."

The return of the *San Antonio* was of far greater importance to Serra than to all the others who lined the shore of that beautiful land-locked harbor, watching the welcome relief-ship, that all had so anxiously been waiting for, come sailing into the bay. To Serra the coming of the *San Antonio* was a living answer to his prayers, a vindication of his faith in God. Although never despairing, the ship came as a messenger of hope.

On the night of that great day, while alone in his simply furnished cabin, Father Serra, kneeling in humble piety before the blessed symbol of his beloved Saviour, reconsecrated himself, body and soul as a simple follower in the footsteps of his seraphic father St. Francis, to faithfully serve God to the end of his days. It was the greatest moment of his life, this midnight communion with the Spirit of the Man of Galilee, whom on bended knees he so earnestly begged to serve.

Whereas the return of the *San Antonio* made possible the early completion of Captain Portolá's service in California, to Father Serra it marked the beginning of the service he would now be able to undertake for the spiritual uplift of the native Indians, which had been halted by so many untoward circumstances.

## CHAPTER XXVI

# The California Indians

BEFORE the Portolá expedition started on its overland journey in search of the port of Monterey, on July 14, 1769, Serra had asked both Sergeant José de Ortega and Don Miguel Costanso, the engineer, to make as close a study as possible of the natives along their route. As both of these capable and observing officers were members of the Diarist's Club, they willingly consented to do this for the father's benefit as well as their own.

Up to the day of the timely arrival of the *San Antonio* with the greatly needed supplies, neither Costanso nor Ortega had made any report of their studies of the natives to Father Serra, and it was not until they learned that their friend was to sail in a few days on the *San Antonio* for Monterey that they informed him they were ready to give him a brief account of their observations of the Alta California savages.

Sergeant Ortega was the first to make his report. "I found," he said, as he opened up his diary, "that there was no marked difference between the pagans of the north and those of the San Diego bay region or, in fact, of those in Lower California. Nor is there much difference among any of them physically, mentally or morally. They all live in a wretched way. Most of them

are extremely stupid, brutish, filthy, and too lazy to work. I only noted a single exception in our travels. As we reached the Santa Barbara channel region, we found some Indians in that section, both men and women, who were more industrious, and with the crudest of implements, they fashion many useful articles. Their manner of living, however, does not vary perceptibly from that of the other tribes to the north and south of them.

"I noticed that some of the southern savages have a darker complexion, due possibly to climatic conditions. As we advanced northward, we found the natives more kindly disposed toward us. In fact, they were too friendly, if anything. All seemed to be fond of singing, dancing and gambling, especially gambling. Most of them live, or at least sleep, in brushwood huts. There is no privacy, except that I noticed at most of the *rancherias* they have sweathouses, which are barred to the women, and used by the men for various purposes. These huts or wigwams are larger than any of the others, and are daubed over with mud. There is an opening at the top to let out the smoke, and a hole at the ground level to permit the men to crawl in. There is a pit in the center where a fire is kept burning during the winter months. This is merely an outline of some features of the Indian's mode of living that attracted my attention and could be greatly elaborated."

"It is certainly interesting, Sergeant, and I thank you for your kind attention to my request. I am sure that Señor Costanso will also be able to give us some

enlightening information in his study of the natives."

"It would, I know, Father Serra," said Costanso, "take up too much of your time to give you a detailed report of my study and observation of the numerous bands of savages I came in contact with since leaving Lower California. I have devoted many pages of my diary to this work. I agree, however, with what Sergeant Ortega has said about them.

"Fortunately, in most of my contacts with these savages, I was accompanied by the mulatto arriero (muleteer), Pablo Rosario, who, as you know, is quite a linguist, and speaks a number of dialects used by the Indians, and in many instances I was able, with his assistance, to obtain information at first hand. One thing that astonished me was the large number of dialects used by the natives of Alta California. I kept track of them up to twelve and then gave it up. The fact that Rosario could speak various Indian languages gained him many friends among the savages, and no doubt the attention paid to him turned his head, and he finally deserted. By this time he has probably fenced off his own Garden of Eden or been elected chief of one of the numerous rancherias.

"I tried to get some information as to where their ancestors came from, but they didn't know. Now and then one would point to the north and the others toward the south. At times, I have come to the conclusion that they were the descendants of a prehistoric people, but I could find no facts on which to base this theory. While their characteristics show little variation, I am

convinced that they are not descendants of a single tribe. If they were, there would be fewer dialects spoken by them.

"Although we reached a latitude about thirty-eight degrees north, we found the men going about without clothes. In very cold weather they would cover their bodies with mud or resort to the sweathouses. Their squaws would make temporary use of furs to protect themselves against cold weather or heavy rains. Their weapons consist of bows and arrows, spears, pointed wooden swords and knotted clubs.

"Nowhere did we find that any of the natives had ever cultivated the soil. They eat everything animate or inanimate, from a coyote to a flea, a worm to a snake, a whale to a sardine, a wildcat to a lion or a humming-bird to a buzzard, the one exception being the rattlesnake, which many refuse to eat. They eat their food raw or cooked, depending altogether on their degree of hunger. To this elaborate bill of fare, they add acorns, certain kinds of roots, all kinds of seeds, fruits, berries and nuts. To gather their food and prepare it they use different kinds of baskets.

"I found no trace of religion or worship of any kind or description. They know neither God nor devil. They have, however, sorcerers or medicine men among them. To call these sorcerers devils might be more appropriate, as they are up to all kinds of deviltry. Their word is law among the members of the rancherias and they rule them wholly through fear."

"Marriage is a matter of selection, minus the cere-

mony. If a man sees a woman he wants and she is satisfied to live with him, it constitutes marriage. A divorce is just as easily arranged, the children, if any, going with the mother. There is a certain amount of affection shown by the parents for their offspring, but hardly any more than is shown by wild beasts. Little attention is paid to the sick, and the dead are quickly forgotten.

"Every rancheria (Indian hamlet) has a headman or chief. It is always safe to accept any statement they make with many grains of salt. Very few of the natives can be trusted and all are inclined to be treacherous. The Indian believes in the common ownership of property, but he wants to be the owner.

"I found most of the California Indians notoriously timid and cowardly, and quite unlike the savages I met in Sonora and other parts of New Spain. Indeed, most of them can only be compared to the untamed beasts that roam the forests—going about from place to place in search of food. Their virtues, Father Serra, I am afraid, are not numerous, and I leave them for you and your fellow missionaries to discover."

"I am sure, my dear Costanso, we shall find them even though they lie deeply buried in the hidden recesses of their unawakened minds. I thank you, most sincerely, for your fine report."

"I have given you merely a bare outline, dear Father, of these degraded beings who have lived through the centuries, waiting for the hand of one of God's anointed, who, with magic touch, will bring sight to

their unseeing eyes and eternal salvation to the lowliest of these ignorant savages."

"Beautifully expressed, Señor Costanso, and it is to be our great blessing to mold, out of this mean clay, God-revering men and women. From the meanest and lowest of these degraded and ignorant savages, with the help of His Divine Majesty, we hope to gain a potential follower of Jesus Christ—the head of a Christian family, a husbandman, a carpenter, a blacksmith, a weaver, a tailor, a shoemaker, a hewer of wood, a drawer of water, a mason, a bricklayer, a maker of adobes, a laborer, a builder of homes, and all that is needed to bring about this transformation will be their spiritual and mental awakening, and behold, out of the coarsest and poorest of these clays there will come forth upstanding men and women, reborn in the image of their Creator. No longer beasts, but human beings who are to be taught how to work and pray and bow their heads in adoration of a living God."

## CHAPTER XXVII

# Bound for Monterey

ALTHOUGH the *San Antonio* reached San Diego on the twenty-third day of March, 1770, she was not able to leave before the sixteenth day of April, due to the loss of her anchor at sea, which was replaced by a new one made by the San Diego mechanic, José Lorenzo Esperza. Sailing on this vessel, under the command of Captain Juan Perez, with Don Miguel del Pino as his first officer, were Father Serra, Miguel Costanso, Dr. Pedro Prat, and presumptively Camila de Ortega, Ignacio and his wife, Marta, two mechanics, three muleteers, six Indian neophytes and five servants. Owing to contrary winds, the *San Antonio* did not reach Monterey until the thirty-first day of May.

Captain Portolá left San Diego on his second journey northward in search of the famous port of Monterey on April seventeenth and reached his destination on May 24, 1770, making this long and tiresome journey in thirty-eight days, about one-half the time it took him to reach the mouth of the Salinas River on his first march northward.

Among those leaving with Portolá were Lieutenant Fages, Father Juan Crespi, twelve Catalonian volunteer soldiers, seven leather-jacket soldiers and five neo-

phyte Indians from Lower California. They followed the same route previously traveled, and as they were not burdened with a long sick list and had but a comparatively small amount of supplies to transport, no marshes to fill, no roads to build, and fine weather, they made rapid headway. This time they had no trouble in locating the port of Monterey, the outlines of which had not changed a particle since it was visited by Cabrera Bueno and Sebastian Vizcaino. These early navigators told them that it resembled the half of the letter "O," and, sure enough, there it was staring them in the face. Just a week later the *San Antonio* dropped anchor in this beautiful harbor.

There were left at San Diego, Captain Vila, with his first mate and five sailors of the *San Carlos,* Sergeant José de Ortega with eight leather-jacket soldiers, ten neophyte Indians, and Fathers Parron and Gomez, the two missionaries in charge of the mission. The San Diego force, however, was augmented in July of the same year (1770) by the arrival of Captain Rivera, Corporal Rocha and nineteen additional leather-jacket soldiers, two muleteers and a few Indian neophytes, in charge of a string of eighty mules laden with supplies, a herd of one hundred and sixty-four cattle, some sheep and a few goats.

## CHAPTER XXVIII

# Two Great Events

JUNE 3, 1770, was a great day for the kingdom of Spain. It also happened to be Pentecost Sunday, and became known to historians as the day on which Captain Gaspar de Portolá took formal possession of that vast territory henceforth to be known as Alta California. It was also to become known as the day on which Father Serra dedicated the mission of San Carlos Borromeo de Monterey, the second mission to be established in California. Later on, when the mission was moved over to Carmelo Bay, the name was changed to San Carlos del Carmelo, and now called the Carmel mission.

Every preparation for the founding of the new mission had been made in advance. These preparations were simple enough, but what they lacked in many essentials was made up by the picturesque location for this new place of worship. A bower made up of innumerable branches, interwoven with wild flowers, had been erected, and its altar bedecked with costly church decorations. Bells were hung on a nearby tree, a cross had been built and was ready to be set up. Holy water, in a good-sized vessel, that had been blessed by the fathers, was close at hand. Cannons were mounted and properly primed for firing. Soldiers, fully armed and

ready for the tasks assigned to them, were stationed at vantage points. To complete the picture, they had the ocean and bay before them, a cloudless sky above, and, with the whispering west winds to temper the sun's rays, it made an ideal California day.

From a nearby cabin came Fathers Serra and Crespi, garbed in their ceremonial vestments, leading the way to the place selected for the new mission. They were followed by two Indian neophytes (all from Lower California) clothed in choir gowns, and these were followed by Captain Portolá, Lieutenant Fages and the soldiers. Then came Captain Juan Perez, Don Miguel del Pino and the sailors of the *San Antonio,* and bringing up the rear were Miguel Costanso, José Canizares, Dr. Prat and other members of the expeditions.

After lustily ringing the bells for some minutes, those attending the ceremony formed a half-circle about the fathers, and the dedicatory services began. Following the chanting of the "Veni Creator Spiritus" came the planting and the blessing of the cross, then the sprinkling of the land surrounding the mission with holy water and the singing of a high Mass. There was a short sermon by Father Serra, and after that the soul-stirring words of the "Te Deum Laudemus," which all joined in singing, and, as a fitting finale, the startling salvos of cannon shots, the discharge of the muskets, the ringing of the bells and the loud huzzas of the men.

The second ceremony, in which Spain had even a greater and more important interest, followed shortly

after the church service came to an end. The most important personage in this historic event was Don Gaspar de Portolá, captain of dragoons of the regiment of Spain, former Governor of Lower California and now commander-in-chief of the expeditions organized by the inspector-general, Don Joseph de Galvez, for the peaceful conquest of Alta California and the protection of this domain from foreign aggression, and, likewise, on this gala occasion, acting as the personal representative of His Majesty King Carlos III of Spain, in whose name he had been ordered to take formal possession of this vast territory.

Again there was a vigorous ringing of the church bells. Again the men formed in line and marched toward the bay shore, where they halted before a newly erected flagpole. Here they formed a half circle facing the bay, while certain religious and civil formalities were duly complied with. Next followed the signing by His Excellency Don Gaspar de Portolá, of an elaborately worded scroll, which signature was attested by Captain Juan Perez and Don Miguel del Pino of the *San Antonio*. This was followed by the throwing of some upturned earth and stones to all points of the compass, and the hoisting and unfurling of the Spanish flag by Don Gaspar himself. Once more came the salvos of cannon shots, the discharge of muskets, the ringing of bells and the shouts and noisy huzzas of the soldiers, sailors and neophytes.

With the hoisting of Spain's flag on the soil at Mon-

terey, Portolá's work in California virtually came to an end.

The third and most interesting event of the day to most of the officers and men of the expeditions who took part in the founding of the new mission and the occupation of California was the serving of California's first banquet. Undoubtedly a most delectable affair that must have been hugely enjoyed by all of King Carlos's guests. There were tables, that had been brought from the *San Antonio,* spread for the officers, who sat somewhat apart from the soldiers, sailors and the Indians. With the fresh supplies brought from San Blas by the *San Antonio,* there was an abundance of food, which did not include any mule steaks or mule stews.

It would have been interesting to our modern dieticians if a copy of the bill of fare had been preserved, and with so many diarists present (Serra, Crespi, Fages, Portolá, Perez and Costanso, all of whose diaries have been published) it was surprising that not one of them thought of including in his journal a list of the viands and vinos that were served on that momentous occasion.

It would also have been interesting and informative if we could have had verbatim copies of the after-dinner speeches of Portolá, Serra, Crespi, Fages, Perez and del Pino; all well educated and capable men, who, no doubt, regaled those present with many humorous and tragic accounts of their personal experiences. We know it was an eventful day, and it was probably at the

banquet table that Captain Portolá turned over his command to Lieutenant Fages.

On that picturesque Sunday when Spain took physical possession of Alta California her army of occupation consisted of less than forty-five soldiers. Including the mission fathers, mechanics, laborers, muleteers, servants and Christianized Indians, Spain's total force in California at that time amounted to less than seventy-five men. This number was increased to about one hundred men in July, 1770, by the return of Captain Rivera's expedition from Lower California. These figures did not include any of the sailors or the ship's officers. The fact that Spain effected her physical conquest of California with little effort or expense and virtually no bloodshed, was greatly to her credit.

The next and equally important step was to achieve California's spiritual conquest, and for this work it is doubtful whether Spain, if she had searched the world over, could have found a better man than that valiant defender of his faith, Father Junipero Serra, known in his youth for his brilliant attainments as a scholar, and esteemed for his ability as a preacher. He gave up a most promising career that assured him a leading position in Catholic Spain, and eventually the red hat of a cardinal, to devote himself to the life of a missionary in the wilds of New Spain and the Californias, willingly forsaking his friends, his family ties, his physical comforts and peaceful days and nights, for a cape, a cowl and a pair of sandals, with a fare often so meager that

even a poorhouse inmate would have turned from it in disgust.

And it was to this zealous soul-saving apostle of the seraphic father St. Francis, Father Junipero Serra, and his valiant band of missionaries that Spain had intrusted this great work—the spiritual conquest of the natives of her new empire, Alta California.

# PART II

*Courtesy Rev. St. John O'Sullivan*

FRAY JUNIPERO SERRA
The Above Photograph Is a Copy of the Original Painting
in the Santa Cruz Convent at Queratarо, Mexico

## CHAPTER I

# Beginning the Spiritual Conquest

HOW fortunate it was for the California Indians that so great a man as Father Serra was willing to sacrifice every comfort, and even his life, if necessary, to bring these poor wretches to a more human understanding of life. Ignorant as these pagans were even of the simplest rudiments of savage life, their regeneration was not to prove an easy task. In this praiseworthy work Father Serra was to have the aid and assistance of other equally capable, sincere, self-sacrificing and devout members of the Franciscan order, all of them anxious and eager to devote their lives to bring about the conversion of these benighted savages to Christianity.

There are no brighter or more illuminating pages in California's history than those appertaining to the lives and labors of the Franciscan Fathers, Junipero Serra, Firmin Francisco Lasuen, Francisco Palou, her first historian, Luis Jaime, her first martyr, Juan Crespi, Vincente Fuster and a host of others who came from France, Germany, Italy, Spain and other European countries, armed with nothing but the symbol of their Saviour, all bearing His Message of eternal life even to these lowly outcasts of a thousand generations of a primitive people who contested their rights

with the wild beasts of the forests for the most loathsome of foods necessary to sustain life. It was for these ignorant savages that Father Serra and his brave band of missionaries were ready and eager to give their lives in order that they might be taught a cleaner and better and happier way to live.

The spiritual conquest of Alta California was to be of slow growth. This was due, largely, to lack of soldiers to guard and protect the missions and missionaries; the need of funds for new buildings; additional missionaries, laborers, mechanics and artisans. And last, but not least, supplies of all kinds. However, five very important events in the history of California's missions had been chronicled since Fray Junipero Serra arrived in Alta California: the founding of the mission San Diego de Alcala on July 16, 1769; the mission San Carlos Boromeo on June 3, 1770; the mission San Antonio de Padua on July 14, 1771; the mission San Gabriel Arcangel on September 8, 1771; and the mission San Luis Obispo de Toloso on September 1, 1772.

Then came a startling piece of news that was to have an important bearing in the advancement of the spiritual conquest of the California Indians. Letters were received containing information about an agreement that had been entered into between the Dominican Vicar, Reverend Father Fray Juan Pedro de Iriarte and Father Raphael Verger, Guardian of the

College of San Fernando, a Franciscan Institution in Mexico City. Briefly, in said agreement the Franciscan fathers agreed to retire from and turn over all the Lower California missions to the Dominicans.

This agreement served to release all the Franciscan padres located in the Peninsula, thus relieving the shortage of sorely needed missionaries in Alta California, and permitting the replacement of such fathers as were incapacitated by illness, and those who were anxious to return to their mother college. This release also brought about the transfer to Alta California of two eminent Franciscans, Fathers Palou and Lasuen, who were to attain great prominence by their labor in behalf of the spiritual uplift of the California Indians. Both were men of unusual ability who, together with Father Serra, well deserved the encomiums historians have honored them with. The time and labor these three worthy disciples of the seraphic father St. Francis devoted to this herculean task, covered a period of thirty-four years; beginning with the advent of Father Serra in 1769 and ending with the death of Father Lasuen in 1803.

There was, however, still another man—California's unknown hero—who played a major part in the conquest of this vast territory. Not a single deed in all of Spain's glorious history—and she had many to be deeply proud of—can be compared to this unknown hero's act. Yet the land that gave him birth does not

even know his name, and he lies buried in an unmarked and unknown grave. Unwept, unhonored and unsung.

At the San Diego mission a slow, but steady advance had been made. A number of Indians had been converted, and, largely out of curiosity, others were beginning to come into the mission compound. They had heard surprising tales from the neophytes about a wonderful man who healed the sick, caused the blind to see, and raised the dead to life. They called him the Son of God. Never having had any knowledge of religion or religious worship, all these things were difficult for the Indian to understand. The melodious singing appealed to them. Music stirred something indefinable within them. They remained spellbound as they listened to the chanting of the "Veni Creator Spiritus." Their first view of the holy pictures thrilled and startled them. The finely embroidered church vestments awakened a desire to possess them. While the friendly greetings of the fathers and their numerous gifts of clothing, food, and drink, as well as the care given to their sick and dying made a strong impression upon their slowly awakening minds, and gradually they came in ones or twos, many from distant rancherias, anxious to join with other neophytes.

Martin Reyes, one of the soldier guards at the San Diego mission, and Fernando, the Indian lad, whom he had saved from drowning, had become great friends. Fernando, who, at that time, had been left in care of the mission fathers, by the Indian Chief

Topanque, soon manifested an unusual aptitude for study and quickly mastered the intricacies of the Spanish language, and became quite proficient in other studies. In addition to all this he was a likeable lad and popular with the mission fathers, the soldiers and the neophytes.

Reyes, naturally, was deeply interested in Fernando and, aside from his studies, he taught him all kinds of outdoor exercises, so that he soon became an expert marksman, horseman, boxer and artisan. Fernando was not ungrateful and in many ways he tried to show his appreciation. In return he taught Reyes, Machado and Father Amurrio, his native tongue, or at least he tried to. Reyes mastered it fairly well, but Machado balked at the gutturals and Father Amurrio's work interfered with his lessons.

Topanque was not unmindful of his son. He came to see him at least once a year and was well pleased with his progress. There were no letters. They had other ways of communicating. Word came of unrest. Topanque's message asked for his son's return, and a request that Señor Reyes, Father Amurrio and Manuel Machado come with his son for a long visit.

Fernando looked to Reyes for the answer to his father's message. "Tell Abascal that we will be pleased to go with you, but we must first get leave of absence and as soon as this can be done we will send word to your father."

"I understand, Señor Reyes," Fernando replied.

"Father Serra will no doubt sanction Father Amur-

rio's visit, and I feel confident that Corporal Rocha will get a permit from Fages or Ortega for myself and Machado, so that we can go with Father Amurrio as his guards."

"That will be fine, Señor Reyes. I know that my people will be pleased to have you come."

"You had better see to it, Fernando, that Abascal is supplied with what food he will need for his return journey and give him this silver coin with my compliments. And be sure to have him tell your people that we send them our friendly greetings. He is also to tell your dear sister, Natooka, that I hope to see her soon."

"I'll see that he does, Señor Reyes."

"Tell him, he must not forget, Señora Cojuati," Machado chimed in.

Reyes, Machado and Fernando were visiting Fathers Jaime and Fuster, who had replaced Fathers Parron and Gomez at the San Diego mission. They came to tell the fathers of Topanque's invitation to visit his rancheria. This was pleasing news and Father Jaime told them that he would write Father Serra at once and ask his consent to allow Father Amurrio to go with Fernando, as he believed it would bring about the conversion of many of Topanque's tribe. While they were still discussing this matter, Corporal Rocha entered the room. He had just returned from a visit to the San Gabriel mission and brought back some very interesting news from the north. As Juan was temporarily in charge of the San Diego presidio he

assured both fathers that there would be no objection to Reyes and Machado going to Topanque's rancheria, as guards for Father Amurrio.

"In the meantime," Juan stated, "I shall write to Captain Fages and inform him of my action which I know he will approve. I shall also ask him to let me supervise the mission guard during Reyes's absence."

Reyes thanked Juan, and bidding the fathers good night, all but Juan returned to the barracks.

Naturally, both Jaime and Fuster wanted to hear the latest news about the San Gabriel mission, but no sooner had the corporal started to speak than Pepe and Juanito, son and nephew of Sergeant Ortega, came in to recite their lessons to Father Jaime. So Juan was obliged to wait until after the boys got through.

However, all this fitted in very nicely with Juan's plans, and he was in no hurry to leave. In fact, he hoped that one of the fathers would suggest they play a game of chess, of which Juan was inordinately fond. There was still another reason why Juan did not want to leave. Both Fathers Jaime and Fuster knew of Juan's secret betrothal to Camila Ortega, and quite often they were able to please Juan with information contained in letters received from Father Serra. Not having had any news about Camila for several weeks he was anxious to learn if the fathers had had any word from Father Serra lately.

No sooner had the Ortega boys finished their lessons than Father Jaime suggested Juan join him in

a game of chess, but before they started the game, Juan told them many interesting bits of news about the San Gabriel mission, and then surprised them with the information given him by Father Lasuen, that Serra, in a recent letter stated that the necessary funds would be forthcoming for the building of a new mission, to be erected midway between San Gabriel and San Diego. This greatly pleased both Jaime and Fuster and would greatly hearten Father Amurrio, when he heard of it, as it was understood that he was to be one of the missionaries to have charge of the mission.

Shortly after the game started, and a few moves had been made, Juan noticed that Father Jaime was thinking of something far more important than a game of chess. Juan believed he knew what Father Jaime was thinking about and offered him the proverbial penny for his thoughts.

"Your price is too low, my son."

"Granted. You have been wondering why the Indian chief, Topanque, has invited Father Amurrio to pay him a visit. Am I right?"

"It was not a bad guess, Juan. What made you think about it?"

"You may remember Father Jaime, when Topanque and a dozen or more members of his tribe were here about a year ago on their customary fishing trip that nearly all of them were anxious to become Christians. But at that time Father Amurrio was busy proselyting at some distant rancheria, and there was no one else you could send along to teach them the necessary

rudiments of our faith, and it was impossible for you to care for them at the mission."

"Yes, yes—now that you speak of it, Juan, I do recall it, and how at that time I greatly regretted our inability to accede to their request. I also remember how favorably I was impressed with the type of Indians belonging to Topanque's tribe, and I felt confident that they would become faithful followers of our Lord."

"I am sure you are right, Father Jaime. It would surprise you to see how they have improved in their personal habits—in the cultivation of their lands—in the more attractive construction of their huts—since we first met Fernando's people. Much of this has been done on their own initiative, which, in itself, is indicative of future progress."

"That is interesting, indeed," Father Jaime admitted. "If you don't object, Juan, I'll let Father Fuster take my place, while I write a few lines to our dear Father Serra."

"Not at all, and if you don't object, Father Jaime, I should like to have you inclose a letter of mine, with yours."

"No objections at all, Juan, provided, of course, it is not too bulky and you agree to pay the carriage charges," was the father's humorous response.

"Willingly, Father; but as I am going to carry it as far as San Gabriel, I may be able to get a discount."

"That's fair enough," agreed Father Jaime. "When do you intend to leave?"

"Not for several days."

"You want to be sure, Juan," Father Fuster jokingly remarked, "to see that Father Jaime seals his letter properly."

"Pay no attention to what Father Fuster says, Juan," Father Jaime fired back at him, "he is judging others by himself. Particularly, when he is figuring out some new chess move."

"You mean he indulges in reveries?" Juan answered.

Halting the game once more, Father Fuster whispered to Juan, "Jesting aside—I have a confession to make. I once opened one of your letters to your betrothed, in order to properly fit it in with my own to Father Serra, and, unthinkingly, I read the first line wherein you addressed your sweetheart. I admit it was a terrible thing for me to do, and I trust you will forgive me, as I can assure you its contents were held sacred and inviolate."

"With all my heart, Father, but I want both you and Father Jaime, to know that you are welcome to read any of my letters to my dear Camila; in fact I would like to have you read them, as I know she would not object. We are both deeply indebted to you, and to dear Father Serra, for your many kind acts. You have helped to brighten the dark days that lay before us, and have shown us how to look upon this long delay, not only as a test of our love and affection, but as a means of broadening our outlook on life and its responsibilities as well. We are no longer downcast and doubtful as to the outcome, but feel sat-

isfied and contented to leave our future in God's hands."

"That is the right view to take, Juan," said Father Jaime, as he laid down his quill, "you will find that life's greatest lessons are taught us through our disappointments. You are quite a young man yet, and the best years of your life still lie before you. And as the years go by, my son, always remember that he who has faith in God will never be forsaken by Him. We both sincerely sympathize with you and your betrothed, and we believe that a happy future will yet be yours. We also want to assure you, Juan, that Father Fuster and I both appreciate and thank you for your filial regard for us."

"To all of which I will say amen, and may God bless you, my dear Juan," Father Fuster added.

"Whose move is it?" Juan inquired after thanking both the fathers.

"It is my move," Father Amurrio called out, as he entered the room and greeted the fathers and Corporal Rocha. Then turning to Brother Jaime, "What is this I have heard about my going to Topanque's rancheria with his son, Fernando?"

"Would you like to go?"

"Indeed, I would."

"I was so sure you would, Brother Amurrio, that in my letter to Father Serra, I have asked that he consent to your going."

"That was very kind of you, and if it is not imposing upon you, would you mind asking him if he has

had any further word about the founding of the San Juan Capistrano mission?"

"No reason why I shouldn't even though we have just been told by Corporal Rocha that only a few days ago, Father Lasuen, received a letter from Father Serra, in which he stated that funds for the building would soon be forthcoming. So, my inquiry may bring us additional information."

"I sincerely hope it will. I have been looking forward to the time when I shall see its stout walls rise heavenward, and its deep-toned bells calling the lowly savage to its chancel rail, where I, as one of its missionaries, may kneel with them and humbly ask God's mercy and forgiveness."

## CHAPTER II

# Camila at Monterey

IN the San Carlos mission compound at Carmelo, a double cabin had been erected near the mission church which Camila had been sharing with Ignacio and Marta, ever since the mission was moved from Monterey to its present location. Camila, greatly improved in health, and now a very beautiful young woman, was doing some sewing. Dr. Prat and Fathers Serra and Crespi, who had just come in, were seated at the table opposite Camila. Serra had a package in his hand which, upon being undone, revealed a number of letters. At a glance he picked up Father Jaime's, and, on opening it, he found a missive enclosed addressed to Señorita Ortega, which he handed to her, with a cheerful smile. They all knew that it was a letter from Juan, but no comment was made as Camila, blushing slightly, found a hiding place for it.

The receipt of letters or communications of any kind in Spain's outermost colonies were rare events and everyone connected with mission or presidio was anxious to hear from relatives or friends of their home towns, or pick up some tidings of world news that might set their tongues wagging.

Knowing how deeply interested everyone was about news from the outside world, Father Serra was always

willing to share his letters with his friends, providing they were not marked "confidential," or the contents were not of such a nature as to prohibit their being divulged. As Serra pulled out a neatly folded handkerchief from an inside pocket he said, "Now if you will be patient while I clean my eyeglasses, I'll read you Father Jaime's letter, knowing that you are all interested as to what is going on at the San Diego mission."

"Why not let Camila clean your spectacles," Dr. Prat suggested.

"Yes, let me clean them, Father."

"No, no, my daughter. Dr. Prat is—well, what shall I say—hurrying me—or trying to tease me—but I have become immune. Just a moment more—there is one more grease spot that I must rub off—now they are all right. (Spreads out letter.) As usual no date is given—

" 'Beloved Father President Junipero Serra,

" 'Greetings and best wishes:

" 'It may please you to learn that a mighty ambassador, Prince Abascal, arrived this day from the court of the great Indian chief, Topanque, bringing word from that doughty chieftain to his son, our beloved neophyte, Fernando, requesting him to return home. At the same time, Topanque, not forgetful of his debt of gratitude, nor of his love and great regard for our faithful son, Martin Reyes, nor his esteem for our beloved Brother Amurrio, who has just returned from the San Luis Obispo mission, included in his message a request (in-

vitation might be a more fitting word) to have both of them pay a visit to his court, assuring them a most gracious welcome. Nor has he forgotten our faithful and beloved son, Manuel Machado, who is expected to go with Reyes and Father Amurrio. Corporal Rocha, who has just returned from San Gabriel, approves of Reyes and Machado's going with Fernando, and he will arrange leave of absence for them, both soldiers going as guards for Brother Amurrio. As we all feel that Amurrio's visit may serve to gain us a number of converts, I trust that you will sanction our request and allow him to accompany Fernando to Topanque's rancheria.

" 'During the absence of Reyes and Machado, Corporal Rocha has kindly consented to personally supervise the mission guards. This, we know, will meet with your approval. Señorita Ortega may be pleased to learn that her two nephews, Pepe and Juanito, are now with us and are doing very well, both in their studies and in their fealty to our tenets. They show many lovable traits and are a constant joy to their teachers. The good Father Amurrio does not have time to dream of castles in Spain, as you well know; but in his mind's eye he frequently visions a glorious mission building that is to be named San Juan Capistrano, and he has asked if you will foretell the day this dream child of his is to have its glorious birth? Have you had any news of our beloved brother, Father Vizcaino? Corporal Rocha and, I am sure, many others who are deeply indebted to this worthy follower of our seraphic father St. Francis,

would be pleased to hear of his recovery from his very painful wound.

" 'We all love you, dear Father Serra, and trust His Divine Majesty will guard and protect you, and hold you in His keeping.

" 'To our good brother, Father Crespi, and the kind-hearted Dr. Prat, we beg to be kindly remembered. Also to Señorita Ortega, whom I was not able to meet while at Monterey.

" 'Believe me, your most humble and faithful servant who kisses your hand and asks your prayers and blessing in the name of our beloved Saviour.

" 'Ever yours, in our holy faith,

" 'Father Luis Jaime.' "

"What a beautiful letter, Father Serra," said Camila. "I should like to meet Father Jaime, and hope to have that pleasure some day."

"I am sure that you would like him, Señorita," said Dr. Prat. "He is loved by everyone who knows him, and the Indian neophytes at the San Diego mission fairly worship him."

"That is true, Doctor. Endowed, as he is, with every God-like quality, I have never known a man more worthy to serve Him who died to save us. His words to the sick and suffering are like the miraculous manna that sustained the starving Israelites in their hour of need. Meek and lowly, seeing only that which is best in man's nature, he finds something praiseworthy in the meanest and lowest of mankind, and strives to serve

them. His is a nature that the world's greatest kings might envy. Of him it may truly be said, He is one of the Lord's anointed."

"Sorry to disturb this friendly meeting—"

"Why, José! Where in the world did you come from?" Camila called out to her brother, as he entered the cabin.

After kissing his sister and shaking hands with Fathers Serra, Crespi, and Dr. Prat, José informed them, "I returned to Monterey last night from San Luis Obispo and a two days' visit at the mission San Antonio. The fathers all asked to be remembered to you. Everyone seemed to be enjoying good health, and at both missions they reported many additional converts, as you have probably heard, Father Serra."

"Their letters to me have been very encouraging," Serra admitted, "and I am very happy indeed with the progress we are now making. I know, my dear Ortega, that you will want to visit with your sister, so I am sure you will excuse us. If convenient, Sergeant, I'd like to have a talk with you before you return to Monterey."

"I'll be only too happy, Father, to talk things over with you." Then turning to Camila, as Serra, Crespi and the doctor left the room, José again kissed and embraced his sister, and, as he noted her improvement, remarked, "Do you know, Camila, you are looking very well, and growing more beautiful every day."

"Do you really think so, José?"—sparkling gladness dancing in her eyes.

"I certainly do. It seems to me you have also gained in weight since I have been away. I brought you two fine Indian baskets which I thought would please you."

"That was very kind of you, José, and I thank you, both for the baskets and your kind remembrance."

"What was Father Serra talking about, as I came in, Camila?"

"Mostly about Father Jaime, from whom he had received a charming letter, in which he stated that the Indian Chief Topanque had invited Father Amurrio and Martin Reyes to pay him a visit. He also spoke very kindly of Pepe and Juanito. Both fathers seem to think very well of them."

"Their letters to me are most encouraging," said José; "and I know both Jaime and Fuster will take good care of our boys."

Ortega believed that Camila had entirely forgotten Corporal Rocha, whom he, with the assistance of Captain Fages, had managed to keep away from Monterey and Rio Carmelo. In this, however, he was mistaken. In an idle talk José had with his sister, he mentioned a very interesting conversation he had had with Captain Fages about California conditions generally, and how the commander finally switched the subject around to her.

"He told me," said José, "that he called on you a number of times and that he had fallen deeply in love with you, and is anxious to marry you, if I, your guardian, would give my consent. I told him, quite candidly, Camila, that I would gladly give my consent and would

consider it an honor to have him as a brother-in-law, but that I had better talk the matter over with you first and find out what you thought about it. This is a great opportunity for you, Camila, and I should like to have you accept the captain."

"José, that is impossible!" mildly protested Camila. "It is true that Captain Fages did call on me, far oftener, in fact, than I cared to have him, and—without wanting to be impolite—I tried in many ways to discourage his coming. I know he is a man of ability and, no doubt, destined to attain a much more prominent position than he now holds; but he does not appeal to me, nor could I ever learn to love him.

"I know, José, that is going to be a great disappointment to you, which I deeply regret, but you will eventually get over it and forgive your Camilita."

José fully realized that no argument he could advance would cause his sister to change her mind, once it was made up. He had found that out years ago, but he was not quite ready to give up trying to have it his way; and without showing much concern, he suggested, "Why not take a few days' time to think it over and let me tell the commander that you were so greatly surprised that you cannot decide this at once?"

"It would not be fair to Captain Fages."

"Then what am I to tell him?"

"Why not tell him the truth?"

"What—that you still love Juan, whom I thought you had long since forgotten?"

"Yes, José, tell him that I still love Juan. Nor has he

ever been forgotten; but in consideration of your feelings, I have never mentioned him to you. But Juan knows that I love him, and I know that he loves me, and some day we mean to be married."

"You certainly deceived me. To think of your wanting to marry an ordinary soldier, when you could have the pick of a dozen or more of the most eminent men in New Spain. Well you are not yet of age, and you may change your mind."

"No, I don't intend to change my mind, José."

"It is not going to be a very agreeable task for me to return to Monterey and tell Commander Fages that—'I am sorry, dear sir, but my sister refuses to accept the great honor you would confer upon her, because she is in love with Corporal Rocha.' "

"I would change that somewhat, proud brother of mine, and say, 'I regret to inform you, dear sir, that my sister sincerely appreciates the great honor you would bestow upon her, but as her heart is engaged elsewhere, she cannot accept you.' "

"It is no joking matter with him, and I must manage, somehow, to sweeten the bitter pill."

## CHAPTER III

# What the Fathers Had to Fight Against

LATE in the afternoon at a rancheria, about halfway between Monterey and Carmelo, a number of Indians were quietly attending to their own affairs, wholly unaware of any danger, when, suddenly, one of the savages came rushing into their midst, crying out in alarm, *"Soldados! soldados!"* (Soldiers! soldiers!) while close upon his heels a half dozen mounted soldiers were riding rapidly toward the rancheria; and as they came nearer, they fired their muskets, intending thus to frighten the natives and drive them off toward a distant hillside. The single word *"Soldados!"* was so weighted with fear as to cause the savages to scurry in all directions, seeking various hiding places, and all but one managed to escape. A young and attractive squaw, the wife of the chief of the rancheria, who had been at work in her wigwam was not so fortunate. She was caught by one of the soldiers who rode her down as she tried to get away. Leaping from his horse, he quickly tied her hands behind her, lifted her up on his horse and carried her off to his cabin near the Monterey presidio. Upon reaching there, he tied up his victim so that she could not possibly escape, and threw her on his cot, leaving

her there—a prisoner, to be maltreated at his convenience.

There was consternation at the rancheria. The women and children were wailing the tribal death chant. Some of the Indians had seen the chief's squaw carried off and believed she had been murdered. The husband and some of his followers had been off for a day's fishing. On their return at sunset, they soon learned what had happened, and, gnashing their teeth in rage, they swore to be avenged.

The soldier and his captive was soon trailed to their destination, when the chief ordered his followers to retire. After waiting a short time, he saw a soldier approaching—enter the cabin, and light a tallow dip, which pointed the way for the husband. Through an opening in the wall he watched the soldier, who, totally indifferent as to what might happen, untied his victim and roughly ordered her to get up. He then tried to caress her, which she resented. Picking up a club he started to beat her, when the maddened husband fired an arrow at him through a chink in the wall and hit him, causing a painful, but not a dangerous, wound. This aroused the killing instinct in the thwarted soldier, who, quickly grabbing his loaded musket, rushed out through the door, sighted the fleeing Indian, and killed him.

A supernumerary connected with the San Carlos mission happened to be in the neighborhood, and heard the whole story of the attempted outrage and the kill-

ing of the Indian chief. Accompanied by Ignacio, and one of the soldier guards of the mission, he visited the rancheria and showing his sympathy for the savages, whom he had visited several times, asked that the widow of the dead chief be allowed to go with him to the mission where she would have the best of care. As the Indians agreed to this, they hurried back to Rio Carmelo.

Father Serra was quickly informed of the infamous outrage that had taken place; also of the subsequent arrest of the perpetrator who was to come up for trial the next day at the presidio before the commander-in-chief, Captain Fages.

"We have brought the poor woman with us," said the supernumerary to Father Serra, "and Ignacio, who was with me, has taken her to his cabin where his wife, Marta, and the Señorita Ortega are taking care of her."

That Father Serra was deeply moved by this brutal deed of the soldier, Pedro Melos, hardly expressed his feelings. This villainous act was but one of the many handicaps with which the Franciscan fathers had to contend in their efforts to convert the savages to Christianity.

Owing to her necessities, Spain was always in need of soldiers to guard and protect her numerous dependencies, and to replenish her standing army. In order to supply this steady demand, she was frequently forced to conscript men from convict camps and the city slums of Spain. However, these formed only a fraction of her

vast army which included many thousands of soldiers recruited from the cream of Spanish youth. The majority of them fine, stalwart men, brave fighters, ready and willing to face any danger, and all manner of hardships, and to sacrifice their lives, if need be, for their king, their country, or their flag, as was well shown by these very soldiers who marched from Loreto to San Diego and thence to Monterey.

Dr. Prat had also heard of the lamentable outrage, and when he learned that the Indian woman had been taken to Marta's cabin, he called there to see if he could be of any assistance to Camila or Marta. He found that the grief-stricken widow was being well cared for, and left an opiate which he suggested be given to quiet the patient's nerves and induce sleep and forgetfulness.

Knowing that Serra was greatly wrought up about this affair, the doctor called on him and Father Crespi and told them of his visit to the broken-hearted widow, and of Marta and Camila's sisterly care of her. All were wondering what punishment would be meted out to the soldier who so brazenly defied the laws of God and man.

When Captain Portolá turned his authority over to Lieutenant (now Captain) Fages, after taking possession of California in the name of King Carlos, he also turned over to him certain other rights and privileges, which virtually made Captain Fages a dictator. He had full authority over all the inhabitants, excepting the

Franciscan fathers, but even these valiant defenders of their faith were, to a certain extent, subject to his authority, although it may have been an usurped authority—but it was frequently evident.

The trial of Pedro Melos for the killing of the Indian chief, showed Commander-in-Chief Fages in a new light—a light that added no luster to his name or fame. In a room in the presidio building at Monterey, Judge Fages was seated at the head of a long table, awaiting the arrival of Corporal Cordero, who had gone to bring in the prisoner. While waiting, the clerk of the court was busy preparing the necessary documents, as a complete record had to be kept of the trial, which was to be a judicial, and not a court-martial, trial. Scattered about the room were a number of soldiers, some Indian neophytes, several savages from the raided rancheria and the supernumerary with the neophyte, Ignacio. As Corporal Cordero entered with his prisoner, all conversation ended and the trial began.

Judge Fages to the prisoner: "What is your name?"

"Pedro Melos," the prisoner answered.

After the accused had been duly sworn, Judge Fages asked, "Pedro Melos, are you guilty or not guilty of having shot and killed the Indian chief?"

"Guilty, Your Honor. But it was in self-defense." The onlookers were startled. "If you will permit me, Your Honor," the prisoner went on, starting to roll back his sleeve (Fages nods consent as Melos bares his arm), "I'll show you that the Indian first shot at me—

and he would have killed me if I had not made a quick turn at the time."

Judge Fages: "Don't you know, Melos, that all of our soldiers have strict orders not to kill any of the savages, except when ordered to do so in a fight?"

Pedro Melos: "Yes, Your Honor, but I did not mean to kill him—it was dark and I shot at random."

Judge Fages: "As it is shown and admitted by you, Pedro Melos, that you killed an Indian, I must pronounce you guilty; but since it was done without premeditation, you are sentenced to ten days confinement in the guard-house." After a short pause, "Corporal Cordero, you will remove the prisoner." As the amazed spectators were leaving, "Is there any other matter to come before the court? If not, the court stands adjourned."

## CHAPTER IV

# Disquieting News From Mexico

THE dawn of another day brought disquieting news from Mexico City. There was a strong undercurrent of excitement that almost came to a boiling point, when the full report of the trial and the ridiculous sentence of Pedro Melos, which was now temporarily forgotten, reached Father Serra, while the fathers read and re-read the startling news from the Father Guardian, Rafael Verger, of the Franciscan College at Mexico City. The contents of Verger's communication might have such far-reaching results as to cause the abandonment of all the California missions, and compel the missionaries to give up their work and return to their mother college. Viewed from every angle, the situation was a serious one, and, as if to add to its complexities, Captain Fages was seen approaching.

Fages's visit was certainly untimely, but nothing could be done about it. After the usual greetings, he was asked to be seated. To Father Serra, the presence of Captain Fages brought up the subject of Pedro Melos's trial, and his farcical sentence.

Although Serra tried hard to control his feelings he could not help but question Fages: "Is it true, your Honor, that you let Pedro Melos off with a ten days'

sentence in the guard-house for the killing of the Indian chief?"

"Yes, it is true. You have frequently complained, Father, that I am too severe with my men, and now, I presume, you want to find fault with my being too lenient with them. I'll admit it was probably a lighter sentence than Melos deserved, but the evidence showed the killing was not premeditated."

Father Serra, interrupting: "And that is your idea of justice?"

"You must remember that the Indian fired first at Melos and aimed to kill him."

"Yes, that is true, but don't you think that, under the circumstances, the Indian was justified?"

"I cannot argue that point with you, as our views are radically different, and the case is closed. To change the subject, I was told, Father Serra, that you had also received some letters from Mexico City. It is about one of mine that I came to see you. I presume you have also learned that the king has appointed a new viceroy in place of the Marquis de Croix?"

"Yes—Don Frey Antonio Maria Bucareli."

"Then you probably have also been informed that he means to abandon the port of San Blas and send our supplies overland?"

"Yes, but he will soon find that to be impracticable and if carried out it will ultimately cause the abandonment of our missions, and the nullification of our work in California."

While all that Serra said might be true, it did not

mean anything to Captain Fages, since he was not personally interested in the missions or the work of the missionaries. Shrugging his shoulders, he said, indifferently, "You may be right, Father Serra. Sorry, but I must be going. I bid you good-day, gentlemen."

Father Crespi, who had been an interested spectator during the conversation between Serra and Fages, marveled at his friend's patience while speaking of the trial of Pedro Melos with Fages. Troubles seemed to be coming thick and fast to the missionaries, and they were not of their own seeking.

After an interval of brooding silence Father Crespi asked, "How can we expect to win converts to our faith if such an outrageous treatment is to be so flagrantly condoned?"

"We cannot, Brother Crespi. It would be asking too much," Serra replied, as he kept on walking about the room, still deeply stirred by Captain Fages's indifference. "God knows I do not want to think ill of anyone, but when men in high places make a travesty of justice, it is our bounden duty, if we would follow in the footsteps of our Lord, to protest against such inhuman acts. It is the least we can do for these poor unfortunate ones who look to us to protect them. Like you, my dear friend, I realize this state of affairs cannot go on. Something must be done!"

"You are right, dear Father, and you are the man to do it. You know that from time to time, in many of your letters from the various missions, the fathers have suggested that one of our fraternity ought to be sent to

Mexico City to straighten out some of our troubles, and now, with a new viceroy who is unfamiliar with our work, we will be worse off than ever before."

"I have also thought of that, Brother Crespi, and if the new viceroy carries out his intention to abandon the port of San Blas, I do not see how we can continue our work here."

"It would be impossible. But I believe if this matter were properly explained to the viceroy, he would change his mind about abandoning the harbor of San Blas."

"I think you are right, but who is there we can send to explain our situation to His Excellency?"

"You! Father Serra, are the logical man," was Crespi's prompt reply. "I know it will be a great hardship, with your sore leg, to make that long and tiresome journey; that is really the only thing I regret about it; but I know of no one in our beloved fraternity who is better fitted for the task. You know that Father Palou has more than once mentioned in his letters to you how much could be accomplished if it were possible to have you go to Mexico City. And in his last communication to me, Father Lasuen said the same thing. They are all cognizant of the fact that you, as the Father President of the Alta California missions, would be received with proper consideration, and your requests would more than likely be granted."

"I had never thought of that."

"No, we knew you wouldn't. But we have—and we are all of one mind, dear friend. You are the one man,

Father Serra, who would be given a hearing by our new viceroy, and we feel confident that he will not only listen to you, but will, undoubtedly, agree to furnish us with necessary supplies of food and funds for the building of additional missions, which are so sorely needed."

"You may be right. I can see, now, that it is my duty to go and I shall prepare to leave on the *San Carlos;* but before leaving, I must send word to all the fathers and arrange to have Father Palou act as Father President during my absence. This I know will meet with your approval, dear friend."

Camila and Marta were busy making some baby clothes when Serra and Crespi stopped in to inquire how their patient, the Indian widow, was getting on. The fathers were not altogether surprised to see what Camila and Marta were doing, as they had learned from Ignacio for whom the garments they were making were intended. Serra, however, asked Camila to let the widow know that Dr. Prat would see to it that she receive proper care and attention at the mission.

As Camila had heard about the disquieting news that had come in letters from the City of Mexico on the *San Carlos,* she inquired of Father Serra, "Is it true that you are going to leave for Mexico City?"

"Yes, that is my intention, and I expect to sail on the *San Carlos* when she leaves, which will probably be in a few days."

"Then I have a favor to ask of you."

"Anything serious?"

"Yes, and no. But, if you don't object, I would like to leave here with Marta and Ignacio, and go to live at the San Gabriel mission."

"Have you any particular reason for wanting to make the change?"

"There are several reasons, but I would prefer not to mention them. You know of my betrothal to Juan, and what our plans are. But as we cannot marry just yet, I want to take up some useful work and be able to see Juan, if possible, from time to time."

"Then José still refuses to give his consent?"

"I haven't asked him, Father, as I know he would refuse it, being anxious to have me marry someone else."

"I understand, and I can see no reason why you cannot go to the San Gabriel mission."

"I do not want you to think that I am finding fault with José. I know the day will come when he will think better of Juan and be only too glad to sanction our marriage. But until then, I would like, with your permission, to teach the women and children of the San Gabriel mission how to cook and sew—and to read, write and speak Spanish."

"Your brother may object to your doing this."

"No, I don't think he will, but as he is now, or soon will be, at San Gabriel, I'll talk the matter over with him there."

"In the meantime, I shall write a letter that you are to deliver to Father Cruzado, in which I shall outline your plans to him. I know he will be pleased to have you undertake this work, and he will see to it that you are provided with necessary accommodations."

"Thank you, Father Serra."

## CHAPTER V

# Serra Approves Topanque's Request

AT San Diego, letters arrived from Serra and Crespi for Jaime, Fuster, Amurrio, Corporal Rocha and Martin Reyes. In his letter to Jaime, Serra notified him of his early departure for Mexico, and what caused him to decide on going. As both Jaime and Fuster had advocated sending one of the fathers to the Capital in order to bring about a better understanding between the government and the missions, they were greatly pleased to learn that their dear Father President, himself, was going to Mexico to talk over the situation with the newly appointed viceroy. Jaime's request that Amurrio be permitted to visit Topanque's rancheria was also approved by Serra, to whom Serra had also written personally, wishing him success in his efforts to win additional converts.

When Martin Reyes learned that Serra approved of Father Amurrio's going to Chief Topanque's rancheria, in company with Fernando, Machado and himself, he lost no time in making necessary preparations for their departure. As their stay was to be indefinite, they provided themselves with ample sup-

plies, for which three pack animals were required. These were to be cared for by the muleteer, Juan Antonio Coronel, and a young neophyte; the latter was also to act as a servant and assistant to Father Amurrio, whenever called upon. Horses were supplied for all the members of the party, with one extra mount for use in case of some unforeseen accident. Reyes and Machado were to go fully armed, and to carry an extra supply of ammunition. Fernando also was supplied with a musket, which he had learned to use with deadly effect. Although quite a young lad, he was considered a first-class marksman.

Inasmuch as there were no roads, and very few trails, Reyes did not neglect to include in his outfit an ax, two picks, two shovels and a heavy sledge hammer, as these implements might prove helpful in clearing off heavy brush, cutting down trees, breaking up boulders, and even building roads. They estimated that it would take them from five to seven days to reach their destination. There was no need to hurry, and they intended to explore as much of the back country as possible. They were delayed a few days waiting for the return of Corporal Rocha from San Gabriel. Although the communication from Commander Fages, which Juan had permitted Reyes to open in case it should be received during his absence, fully approved of Martin Reyes and Manuel Machado accompanying Father Amurrio as guards, they did not want to start out until the corporal was on hand to take over the

supervision of the mission guard and personally approve all that had been done.

After having made the long overland journey from Loreto to San Diego, this back country excursion was much like child's play to such experienced travelers as Reyes and Machado and everything went on smoothly for the first four days. They made good time, frequently rested their animals, stopped for their noonday meal and customary siesta, and found good camping sites. As Martin Reyes had brought along his guitar, their evenings were spent with music and song.

Father Amurrio also furnished interesting and improving entertainment in telling some of his experiences as a young man, and why he decided to study for the priesthood, and then finally prepared himself for missionary work among the savages. Machado, a Catalonian from the Pyrenees Mountains, was also prevailed upon to relate some of his experiences, and the tales he told of his native country brought both tears and laughter. With a limited and friendly audience, and no women around, this gray-haired soldier forgot his bashfulness, and in the simple telling of his boyhood hardships, his long years of army life, and the many battles in which he had fought and been frequently wounded, he unconsciously proved himself to be of heroic dimensions and a man who had earned and deserved a hundred medals for bravery and distinguished service, none of which he had ever received.

Towards evening of the fifth day, while Martin Reyes was riding somewhat in advance of the other

members of his party, he was halted by a strange sight. At a distance, but advancing toward him, he saw a band of savages and in their midst a number of women, children and old men. Reyes did not know just what to make of it—whether the savages were members of a migrating tribe, or some of Topanque's followers, coming part of the way to meet them. No sooner had some of the women and children caught sight of Fernando, than they cried out: "Save us, friends, save us! Help! Help!" Fernando, recognizing from their cries that they were members of his own tribe, dashed towards them, and as he did so, he yelled: "Martin! Martin! come quick! These Indians have captured some of my people."

Reyes and Machado, whipping up their steeds, soon caught up with Fernando; then halting their horses, they aimed — fired their muskets, and seriously wounded three of the marauders. So thoroughly did they frighten the rest of them that they scampered in all directions, leaving their prisoners happy and unharmed. Fernando was quickly informed of what had happened: the women and children, guarded by some of the old men of their tribe, had been sent out to gather reeds and grasses for their basket work, when they found themselves surrounded by members of a powerful and unfriendly horde of savages that lived many miles from Topanque's camp. The timely arrival of Reyes, Machado and Fernando probably saved their lives, or saved them from a fate even worse than death.

Father Amurrio examined the three wounded savages; and after having made them comfortable, he started them off in the direction of their distant rancheria. Martin Reyes then had a talk with the released prisoners assuring them that there was not likely to be any further trouble. He then ordered everyone to fall in line; and, with Fernando leading off, they were soon on their way to Topanque's rancheria. After an hour's march, Reyes called a halt. It was then decided that one of the old men of the tribe, who knew every tree and every trail from the sea to Topanque's, should take Fernando's place at the head of the line, and that Fernando was to ride on ahead as fast as he could, to his father's rancheria and let him know what had happened.

"You can tell your father," said Reyes, "that he need not feel uneasy about us. It is our intention to keep on moving for another hour or two, and then camp for the night. We will have a supper of corn meal mush and spitted cotton-tails. Sentries will be posted about the camp to guard against any possible night attack, and at daybreak we shall be on our way."

"That is fine, Señor Reyes, and I know my father will be grateful to you, as I am, for the kindness and care you are showing my people." With a rather sheepish look Fernando asked, "Have you any other message?"

"Yes, you good-for-nothing kid, you tell your sister that I said she should box your ears, and that if all goes well I hope to see her tomorrow night."

"All right, I say, my friend, he tell me, my sister, she is a scamp so soon she box her ears tomorrow night."

"No! No! you got it all wrong, Fernando."

"I mix up, Señor Reyes, so may be, Natooka, she understand. Adios."

There is nothing the Indian enjoys quite so much as a fiesta. This word has many meanings in Spanish, but its general meaning to the Indian is—a holiday; and that includes all its dictionary definitions. Such holidays cannot come too often for him. It also means a time for rejoicing, and Topanque, in order to honor his guests and the return of his first-born son, Fernando, as well as the safe return of the rescued prisoners, announced a three days' holiday, and sent out invitations to his friends to come and join with them on this gala occasion. They came from near and far, in goodly numbers; it mattered not how many, just so they came care-free and ready to take part in the games, dances, wrestling matches and the singing. There was an abundance of food, but none of the guests came empty-handed, and all expected to have a good time.

The dances of the early California Indians differed greatly from those of other Indians in various parts of the United States. When seen at night, in the enchanting light of the moon or a blazing campfire, the effect was startling and bizarre. These dances were only indulged in by the men, the women meanwhile standing outside of the circle, sometimes chanting to the stamping steps and grunts of the males.

Father Jacob Baegert, who had been in charge of one of the Lower California missions, left the following description of their ancient dances: "Their dances consist in a foolish, irregular gesticulating and jumping, or advancing, and walking in a circle. Yet they take such delight in these amusements that they spend whole nights in their performance. These pastimes, though innocent in themselves, had to be rigidly interdicted, because the grossest disorders and vices were openly perpetrated by the natives during the performances; but it is hardly possible to prevent them from indulging in their sports."

The younger element cared less for dancing, but it seemed to be fond of wrestling and a simple and almost childlike gambling game that consisted in guessing in which hand a stick of wood or shell was held. On the last night of the fiesta, Martin Reyes, who loved all kinds of manly sports, easily defeated Cuyamac, the strongest and most powerful of Topanque's Indians, who was also said to be an unsuccessful suitor for the hand of Natooka. Cuyamac, greatly chagrined at his defeat and jealous of the favor shown Reyes by Natooka and many others as well, was overheard making threats against the life of Reyes.

There was still another element that cared not at all for the tribal games or dances, but preferred a far more interesting pastime—a "game" known the world over. And it was Cojuati, sister of Topanque, who was trying to instruct Manuel Machado in the rudiments of the ancient "game," hoping thereby to overcome his

bashfulness. It was to prove a difficult task, but her ardent nature and her sincere belief that success would crown her efforts, made the work an enjoyable pastime. Love-making is an art—and Cojuati was a past-mistress of all its intricacies, and, unknown to Machado, she was gradually weaving about him a net that finally enmeshed the gallant soldier, and held him captive to her charms.

Martin Reyes had been in such great demand since his arrival at Topanque's rancheria, that so far he had not seen much of Natooka; but now that he had completed the lengthy program that had been prepared for him, which had included playing the guitar, singing duets with Fernando, some Spanish love songs, dancing the fandango, bolero and other old-fashioned Spanish dances, and, as a finale, the wrestling match with Cuyamac, he joined Natooka, the señorita of his dreams. Together they walked off into the night.

Father Amurrio, the guest of honor at Topanque's rancheria, was looked upon as a superman by the savages. Although he had so far acquired only a smattering of the dialect used by Topanque's tribe, he made good use of it in telling them about some of the fiestas he had enjoyed as a boy in Spain. Then gradually he began to interest them in more serious stories, and at the end of the third day's entertainment, and long past the customary bedtime hour, he asked Fernando to act as his interpreter while he told them of a wonderful fiesta recounted in the Bible, known as the Lord's

Supper. He told them how one of Christ's disciples had betrayed Him with a kiss, and how his name had been handed down, from generation to generation, as the man who sold his soul for thirty pieces of silver. The story made a deep impression upon the Indians.

At the close, as a tribute to Topanque and his people, Father Amurrio asked Fernando to recite the Lord's prayer in his native tongue.

## CHAPTER VI

# Serra in Mexico

FATHER SERRA, accompanied by a fifteen-year-old Indian boy, named Juan Evangelista, one of the first of the Monterey converts, had safely reached San Blas, a port on the western coast of Mexico. The day following his arrival there, he left for Tepic, a small inland town, some distance from San Blas, where the Franciscans maintained a convent, known as the Hospice de Santa Cruz, where Serra intended to rest a few days before leaving on his long overland journey to the Capital.

Besides the two burros which Father Serra and Juan Evangelista were riding, they had two pack mules to carry their supplies. The road over which they were slowly traveling frequently dipped into beautiful valleys, and rose up over rugged and picturesque mountains that awed the young Indian lad who had never beheld such a wondrous sight before. Several days after leaving Tepic, Father Serra complained of having a severe headache, and as it grew worse, he decided, after having reached a suitable camp-site, to rest awhile. Evangelista helped him to dismount, and quickly arranged blankets and pillows to make the father comfortable. It was quite a new experience for the young Indian to have a sick man to care for. As he

looked at Father Serra, he noticed that he was breathing very heavily and his half-opened eyes seemed wholly unconscious of his surroundings.

This began to worry Evangelista and he didn't know what to do. Looking about him, he saw a small adobe cabin some distance away, and, after waiting a while longer, hoping that Father Serra might wake up, he decided to walk over to the cabin, and, if there was anyone living there, speak to them of Father Serra's condition. At the cabin, he met a young Mexican half-breed, named Andreas Moreno, who was living there with his wife and their baby. As well as he could in broken Spanish, Evangelista told Señor Moreno what had happened, and between them they arranged to move Father Serra to the Mexican's cabin, while the wife quickly freshened up her homely bed for Father Serra's use.

The burros and mules were staked out nearby, where there was ample pasturage. No sooner were all these arrangements made than young Evangelista collapsed and had to be placed on a couch of pine boughs in the same room with Serra.

After both of Moreno's patients were made comfortable, the Mexican and his wife hurriedly fixed up their lean-to of brushwood, for their own use; and towards evening, Señora Moreno prepared a simple meal of atole (cornmeal gruel) and broiled kid that had been slaughtered the previous day. They hoped this rarebit might tempt the appetites of their distinguished guests after they had recovered from their

indisposition; but it was not until the morning of the following day that Father Serra awoke from his trance-like sleep.

After looking about for awhile, Father Serra was greatly surprised to find himself a guest in the little adobe cabin. The Mexican, seeing that the father was awake, explained to him what had happened. It was all a mystery to Father Serra. Finally he decided to get up, but found he was too weak, nor did he feel the want of food; however, at Moreno's earnest solicitation, he drank a cup of creamy goat's milk.

What worried the father most was the illness of Evangelista. Calling him two or three times, brought no response, so he asked the Mexican to bathe the boy's face and hands with cold water. This treatment was fairly successful, and shortly afterward Evangelista regained consciousness, and, at Serra's request, he drank a cup of milk, but refused the food. He wanted to get up, but Father Serra insisted that he keep off his feet for the rest of the day. After another restful night, both were able to get up and partake of some cornmeal gruel and goat's milk. This greatly pleased Moreno and his wife, who looked upon the coming of Father Serra as a great blessing, and therefore were anxious and willing to serve him to the best of their ability.

While questioning his hosts, Serra learned that on account of the great distance to any place of worship, they had been unable to have their baby baptized; so, as a partial return to these wayside Samaritans, he offered to perform this ceremony for them. Beaming

with joy, the Mexicans made the necessary preparations for the event, and after talking the matter over, Moreno asked the father if he would have any objections to naming the boy after him.

"Not at all," said Serra. "I shall deem it an honor, and I sincerely trust the boy will grow up and be a joy and blessing to you."

After blessing the water to be used for the boy's baptism, Serra named their first born, Junipero Serra Moreno, and Juan Evangelista was duly accredited the boy's godfather and with Father Serra's consent, presented the lusty youngster with his own rosary.

On the morning of the fourth day, as both Serra and Evangelista were feeling better, they decided to leave. After again thanking his hosts and bestowing his blessing upon these simple, kind-hearted and God-fearing people, Serra bade them farewell, and again resumed his long-delayed journey to the Capital.

Unfortunately, a malignant fever forced both travelers to seek relief at the hospital in Guadalajara, where, for a time, neither the doctors nor the nurses believed that Father Serra or Juan Evangelista would recover. While the shadow of death was hovering over their sorely tried patients, these kind-hearted doctors and nurses did not know that the Father President of the California missions had not yet finished his work in the Lord's vineyard—and not until that work was done would the gateway into the great beyond be opened to him, nor could they be opened to his youthful convert, until after the purpose of Serra's long journey had been

achieved. So at the darkest hour, relief came to both travelers, and again they started towards their destination. Just before reaching Queretaro, which was about one hundred and twenty miles from Mexico City, Father Serra again had a slight relapse and was obliged to spend several days at a hospital in that city.

Arriving at Mexico City—weak and weary from his serious illness and travel, Father Serra's arrival at the San Fernando College, unexpected as it was, created a sensation. Some years had passed since their beloved brother last rested within its walls. The numerous and glowing reports of his successful work in the Californias had made his name a household word throughout New Spain, and all the members of their fraternity from the Reverend Father Guardian to the sacristan of the college, were happy to welcome their zealous brother missionary. In an unostentatious way, they tried to show their love and esteem for their brother by trying to serve him. Serra's simple wants, however, were soon supplied. And as he always preferred to serve, rather than to be served, there was very little they could do for him.

After resting a few days, Serra joined them in their daily tasks, and when their evening meal was over, they all gathered around him and he told them about the work that had been done in Alta California. He told them about the planning of the four expeditions and their final arrival at San Diego, of the many who lost their lives fighting the dreaded scurvy—of the march

to Monterey and Captain Portolá's return to San Diego because of their failure to locate that famous port—of the danger of starvation, and the contemplated abandonment of the San Diego mission—also of the nine days of prayer and the miraculous coming of the *San Antonio*. Then he told them of the second march to Monterey; the founding of the five missions and the discovery of the great body of water which they named San Francisco Bay in honor of their seraphic father St. Francis. Another night he told them of the California Indians; of the many converts they had gained, and the many thousands yet to be saved with the founding of the new missions. To most of the fathers that were present, Serra's story was a revelation, and all were deeply moved as he recounted their successes, their failures, and the hardships they had endured.

Gradually his hearers began to realize the immensity of the great work their Order had undertaken in their efforts to Christianize these ignorant savages. Then Serra began to point out the many handicaps that had so often impeded and hampered them in their work, of the outrageous and unjust treatment of the savages—telling them, as a case in point, of the soldiers' assault on a distant rancheria: how they had driven off the women, and how one of their number had captured the young wife of the Indian chief and carried her off, how the husband, justly incensed, tried to kill the guilty man and was shot down in attempting to avenge this dis-

graceful outrage. This being one of the many evils they had had to contend with.

"And then, as a climax to all our troubles," said Father Serra to the startled brothers, "came the word from our beloved Father Guardian that the newly appointed viceroy, His Excellency, Don Antonio Marie Bucareli, was going to abandon the port of San Blas, and send our needed supplies overland."

Resting for a moment, Serra continued, "And that, my dear brothers, would prove fatal, as the cost would be too great. Now you can all see that if we are to continue our glorious work in Alta California, something must be done.

"It was at the earnest solicitation of the fathers now in charge of our missions in California, that I consented to undertake this arduous task, not for the pleasure there was in it, yet, thank God, it has been a great joy and pleasure to be with you once more, to join you in your daily devotions, to advise with you, and to decide among us what is the best thing to do. If it is agreeable to you, let us take this matter up with our new viceroy, who is, I have been told, a good and pious man—but before all, my beloved brothers, let us ask God's aid and assistance in this meritorious work we have undertaken in California; and to show by our efforts how deeply we appreciate the honor of being afforded the opportunity of bringing these simple souls to kneel at His feet in adoration of Almighty God."

The hour being late, all knelt as the Reverend Father Verger, the head of the college, repeated their nightly prayers.

## CHAPTER VII

# Indian Unrest

AMONG the Indians living in the vicinity of San Diego, there was developing a well defined undercurrent of animosity both against the white faces of the San Diego mission and those of the presidio. There was no apparent cause for it, and little thought or attention was given to the matter. Perhaps it owed its origin to the fight that had taken place between the mission soldiers and the Indians, on August 15, 1769, when three Indians had been killed and an unknown number wounded, but this had never been definitely determined.

At the San Diego mission, one of the soldier guards, named Francisco Pena, caught an Indian climbing over the palisade surrounding the women's quarters. Chasing him with a drawn sword, Pena followed him into the mission church where, forgetful of time and place, he gave the savage an extra jab, causing the blood to flow quite freely. Father Jaime, who happened to be at his morning devotions when this occurred, was aroused by the cry of the Indian and hurried to the scene. He was horrified at what he saw, and dumbfounded at the desecration of the sanctity of the holy church. His anger aroused, Jaime threatened to excommunicate the soldier as he came between him and the

wounded Indian, both of whom fell at the father's feet, the savage crying in fear to be saved—Pena begging the father to forgive him. A crowd quickly gathered about them. Without asking any questions, Jaime ordered two neophytes to drag Pena out of the building, while he himself cared for the Indian's wounds, after which he had him carried into a mission room.

Poor Pena! For a time he did not know what to do. With the fear of excommunication hanging over his head, he was certainly not in a happy mood. At first he thought he would ask Father Fuster to intercede for him; but, being doubtful of the outcome, he quickly dismissed that from his mind.

Finally, Pena decided he would go to the presidio and tell his good friend, Corporal Rocha, all about his troubles, and explain how, after numerous and unheeded warnings, he had again found the Indian climbing over the palisade to the women's quarters, which had been strictly forbidden. As Pena had been placed there to guard against this very thing, he believed he was justified in punishing the Indian; and, being further incensed against the unfaithful neophyte for his cursing and villifying Fathers Serra, Jaime, Fuster and the white faces generally, he admitted that he may have carried the thing too far, and in his choler, failing to notice that both had entered the church, he had even struck the Indian in that sacred edifice, and in so doing aroused the ire of the good Father Jaime.

"It was only after the Indian cried out for help,"

said Pena, "that I noticed where we were, and kneeling at the father's feet I begged his forgiveness. Instead of being forgiven, Father Jaime said he would excommunicate me, and had me, a soldier of King Carlos of Spain, and a faithful member of the church, ignominiously dragged from the building by two neophytes. It would break my dear mother's heart if she knew of my sad predicament. You know, Corporal, that I did not mean to do anything wrong, but the good Father Jaime, whom I have always greatly respected and admired, is spoiling those Indians. They are getting so insolent and overbearing that it is becoming more and more difficult to make them obey our rules and regulations. Those slovenly sneaks can make Father Jaime believe they are sprouting angels' wings; but I know better. Even now, I have reason to believe that some of those savages are planning some mischief."

Juan had given close attention to Pena's report, and asked, "What reasons have you for believing the Indians are planning some mischief?"

"My suspicions were first aroused by some of their queer actions and the curious and inquisitive questions they asked. One of the Indians wanted to know at how great a distance one of our soldiers could kill a man. Another one wanted to know how many muskets we had, and where we got the powder and shot we put in them; while a third Indian's curiosity was aroused as to what caused the noise when the guns were fired. These are but a few of the many questions they asked. I have also noticed that of late they

act quite different from the way they used to. It is true they are not all alike, and many of them are as kind and thoughtful as our own people.

"Another unusual thing that aroused my suspicions were the meetings that have taken place between our neophytes and some of the Indians from the distant rancherias. When I asked our neophytes what those loafers wanted, they either ignored my questions, or started to tell me some lies.

"I called Father Fuster's attention to what was going on, and asked him to warn Father Jaime not to visit any of the rancherias without taking a soldier guard with him. Yet he keeps on going alone, and pays no attention to our warnings. It is true, they all like Father Jaime, and he is gaining many converts; but I know it is not safe for any white faces, as they call us, to go among those Indians unarmed."

"I am glad you told me all this, Pena, and I think I shall start an investigation on my own account. I shall also intercede for you with Father Jaime, and I feel sure that he will forgive you for having desecrated the sanctity of the church, when he learns what caused you to forget yourself. As additional protection, I shall ask that another soldier be stationed at the mission. To make the work less monotonous, I shall also suggest a weekly alternation of the guard personnel if it meets with the fathers' approval. However, all this can wait until I return from San Gabriel, where Captain Rivera has also ordered some changes to be made. In the meantime, Pena, you had better return to

the mission and keep close watch about what is going on among the mission neophytes. And be sure to report to me anything that you think may require prompt investigation. We must keep both our eyes and ears open and take no chances."

The following day Juan questioned a number of the soldiers at the presidio about Pena's story, and was given ample corroborative information. On the strength of it he rode out to the mission, intending to caution the fathers. As he turned in at the barracks he met Father Fuster, who promptly insisted that Juan have supper with them. As usual, after they had wined and dined on frijoles (the French kidney bean), boiled spinach and rabbit stew, Jaime suggested a game of chess. This opened the way for Juan to bring up the subject of the fathers' carelessness in traveling back and forth among the different rancherias unaccompanied by a soldier guard. The corporal cautioned both the fathers not to wander too far afield, and have one of the guards go with them, as there was always some danger.

Jaime pooh-poohed it all, and spoke of the Indians —how friendly they had grown, and of their many new converts. He knew all this would please Father Serra when he heard of it on his return from Mexico.

"I sincerely hope, Father Jaime, that you are making no mistake about there being no danger. We have heard many rumors of discontent among the savages, and we know they have had some trouble both at San

Carlos and San Gabriel, that is why I think we should not be too sanguine about conditions in this vicinity.

"I don't suppose Pena told you, Father Jaime, how some of the Indians, even from distant rancherias, are trying to get all the information they can about how many guns we have and how do we make our shot and powder. Nor did he tell you about one of our Christian Indians, who climbed over the palisade to the women's quarters, despite frequent warnings that if caught doing it again he would forfeit his life. This, however, did not deter him, but what aroused Pena's ire, was the neophyte's villification of both you and Father Fuster. It was this foul-mouthed abuse that caused Pena to punish him, which brought him such a severe reprimand.

"Of course, we all know that Pena should not have followed the Indian into the church; but the poor boy, in his anger—and it was justifiable—had forgotten even the laws of sanctuary. I sincerely hope, Father Jaime, that you will forgive Pena even this grave offense, which weighs so heavily upon him. You know he is a fine soldier; well educated, and a man of good character. That was why I, personally, selected him for one of your guards, knowing, as I do, that he is brave and true, and will do his duty regardless of consequences."

"You are right, my son," Jaime admitted; "I feel that I have been too severe with him." Turning to Fuster, "would you mind taking my place and finishing

this game with Juan, while I go and beg Pena's forgiveness for my rash temper which, I trust, God will help me to bring under subjection."

Father Jaime soon returned from the barracks and assured Juan that both he and Pena were feeling much happier, now that they had come to a better understanding. "But I cautioned him," said Jaime, "to be more lenient with the Indians, to whom the ways of religion are still passing strange."

## CHAPTER VIII

# Cuyamac Banished

ARTURO CUYAS, the distinguished lexicographer gives the following definitions for the word "Rancheria"—a settlement; a cluster of huts; hamlet; camp; etc. For the word, "Rancho"—a mess; hut; hamlet; small farm; ranch, etc. When using the word "Rancheria" in connection with the native savages, the Franciscans referred to a settlement or cluster of huts, and not, as many believed, to a small ranch or farm; for the savages of Alta California had no farms and knew nothing about cultivating the soil, prior to the coming of California's expeditions.

At Topanque's rancheria—Amurrio, Reyes, Machado, Coronel and Fernando utilized their spare time by teaching the Indians how to improve their lands and make them productive, how to make useful articles from reeds and grasses, besides baskets, how to fashion clay into pots, bowls, jugs, etc., as well as adobe bricks for the building of huts more durable than those built of tules, broken branches and the like. These were but a few of the many things they taught them.

Although none of Topanque's Indians had been accustomed to manual labor, they soon became interested, and gradually a creative as well as imitative

instinct was slowly developed. And instead of spending their time as heretofore, in sheer idleness or gambling, they devoted many hours to various kinds of labor; and eventually they became useful, instead of useless, members of the human family. During the late afternoons and evenings, Father Amurrio had a number of classes which he instructed in Spanish and simple arithmetic. This was done objectively and was greatly enjoyed by his pupils. As they advanced in their knowledge of the language, Amurrio began to instruct them in the rudiments of religion, thus preparing them for conversion.

Although, if questioned, Martin Reyes would not have admitted it, the impelling reason for his wanting to go with Fernando and Amurrio to visit Topanque's rancheria, was his keen desire to see more of Natooka for whom he had taken a great fancy, which had now ripened into love for the beautiful young Indian girl.

After his day's work was done, Reyes managed, somehow, to join Natooka. They would frequently take long walks, or on moonlight nights, they would, together with Fernando and his girl friend, or Machado and Cojuati, cluster about a small campfire, with Reyes entertaining them by playing his guitar; or, they would all join in singing some of the old Spanish ballads he had taught them.

Eventually, the nightly meetings between Reyes and Natooka aroused Cuyamac's jealousy. Although Cuyamac was a suitor for Natooka's hand, she treated him

with scant courtesy, and he was beginning to doubt his ability to win her. Action was necessary. The tribal medicine man had agreed to help him, but failed. The best way would be to kill Reyes. Cuyamac, biding his time, when the opportunity came, broke up an interesting meeting between the lovers, by firing an arrow at Reyes who, fortunately, was wearing his leather jacket which saved his life.

Natooka, with a loud cry, drew out the arrow and ran to her father with it. The arrow was recognized as belonging to Cuyamac. Topanque called some of his followers and ordered them to find the would-be assassin, Cuyamac, and bring him in. A meeting of the tribal elders was promptly called to try the guilty man. As soon as they were assembled, Topanque explained what had happened and they were dumbfounded at Cuyamac's action. The elders did not have long to wait. The ceremony was opened with a weird tribal chant as Cuyamac was brought before them. Topanque ordered Cuyamac to speak and tell the elders why he had so flagrantly disgraced his tribe by trying to kill their friend and guest.

Cuyamac: "That I shot Reyes is true, and I am sorry I did not kill him. You all know Cuyamac wanted Natooka for his woman. Since these white faces came, she no longer looks at me. I did not like to have her go with Reyes, so I had a talk with our medicine man and he told me, he would fix it, so that Reyes would not get Natooka. He lied to me, so I decided to kill Reyes."

An elder: "There was yet another way to get Natooka."

Cuyamac: (proudly) "You all know I am strong. Yet this white face, thin like an arrow, fought with me and won. Like all white faces, he has a charmed life, else why didn't Cuyamac's poisoned arrow kill him?

"Among Topanque's braves what one dares me to fight? What two can throw me down? Yet here comes a new man, who is still a boy, and puts me to shame before all our warriors. Then I swore to kill him. Cuyamac has had his way, and Cuyamac is not afraid to die."

The elders (after conferring): "It is well, Cuyamac dies at sunrise."

Reyes, Machado and Amurrio had silently witnessed this thrilling scene. Then Reyes, holding up his right hand to attract the attention of the elders: "May I speak?"

The elders: "Speak."

Reyes, coming forward: "I have a favor to ask. Although it is true that Cuyamac tried to kill me, I forgive him and I should like to have him go unpunished."

Contrary murmurs were heard at this request.

Reyes, again holding up his hand, said: "Will you permit Father Amurrio to speak?"

The elders: "Yes! Yes! Let him speak."

Then Amurrio, facing the elders: "Señores, when Chief Topanque sent word to his son, Fernando, who had long been living among us, and whom we have learned to love, that he wanted him to return to his

home, and you so kindly asked me to accompany him, I was greatly pleased. I came as a friend, and I want you all to be my friends. I came to you with a message from one who died many years ago in order that we might be saved. It was to tell you about Him that I came here. While He lived He taught men to forgive those who fought against them.

"But even before His time, there was another great teacher to whom God entrusted His 'Ten Commandments,' which He ordered His children to obey, and one of those commandments says: 'Thou Shalt Not Kill.' Señor Reyes knew that Cuyamac had never heard of these Ten Commandments. Among us, we, too, have elders who sit in judgment against those who break these commandments, and our elders have often said that ignorance of the law will excuse no one; but it was because of Christ's appeal for the sinner, to forgive those who trespass against us, that Señor Reyes forgave Cuyamac, and it is in the name of our Lord God, that I also ask you, my friends, to forgive Cuyamac, and let him go."

Again there were murmurs, but the elders promptly demanded silence.

Fernando was the next to hold up his hand. He asked the elders:

"May Fernando, the son of Topanque, speak?"

All: "Aye! Aye! Let Fernando speak."

Fernando: "Dear friends, you have heard Señor Reyes, the man who saved my life, speak, and you have heard our friend, Father Amurrio, speak; and if

the great Father Serra were here, he, too, would beg you to forgive Cuyamac. When Father Serra talks, he does not speak of revenge, but of salvation and an eternal life, which we may all gain if we obey God's laws, and I know it would please him and our friends here, if you would let Cuyamac go free."

Topanque then stepped forward and said: "Your chief never says much. However, our elders found Cuyamac guilty, and our tribal laws make death the penalty. The white faces, who are our friends, say let Cuyamac live. Our elders do not like this, but Father Amurrio says we should let him go. Señor Reyes, and my son, Fernando, who will some day be your chief, and who now speaks for the great white chief, Father Serra, also want you to let Cuyamac go. So we have agreed not to kill Cuyamac, but he must go, because he tried to kill Señor Reyes, who is our friend, and who saved the life of Fernando. Topanque has made his talk."

Topanque, looking hard at Cuyamac, and with an outstretched hand pointing off commandingly:

"Cuyamac, you are no longer one of Topanque's braves. Go—the way is open."

As Cuyamac, carrying himself proudly, left the meeting place and camp, with his head he motioned to two of his friends, Holgu and Rezic, to follow him. Beyond the confines of Topanque's rancheria they came to a halt, when Cuyamac told his friends that he intended to kidnap Natooka, and asked them to help him. He also told them that a great uprising of some of

the Indian tribes was being planned for the purpose of killing the white faces, robbing them, and destroying the San Diego mission and presidio. Word had been sent far and wide to those tribes who were opposed to the coming of these bearded men—ordering them to get ready. Cuyamac assured Holgu and Rezic it would be great sport, then added, "When the day of the attack is agreed upon I want you to go with me. There will be much to be gained and many fiestas will follow our victory."

As Holgu and Rezic had long been friends of Cuyamac's, whom they respected for his strength and cunning, and believed—from the Indian's point of view—that he was justified in attempting to kill Natooka's white-faced lover, they agreed to help him. Cuyamac quickly unfolded his scheme to his confederates, and while he planned to carry off Natooka himself, his friends were to steal the horses, let the mules out of the corral, and wait for him at the water hole about a mile north of the camp.

It was long after the midnight hour when Cuyamac gave them the word, nor was there any hitch in their pre-arranged plans, and everything was carried out so quietly that none of Topanque's followers learned of Natooka's abduction until the following morning.

The same evening that Cuyamac hatched his diabolical scheme to kidnap Natooka, the old gray-haired soldier, Manuel Machado, had a serious repair job on his hands—one that greatly worried him. His awk-

ward hands were dexterous enough in the handling of sword or musket; but when it came to threading a needle, and sewing on a patch, or darning holes in his socks, he was at a disadvantage.

However, "Army Regulations" required neatness and cleanliness; and how could a soldier be neat and clean with torn trousers or torn unmentionables? That was what worried him, and before sunrise he must finish repairing a rent in his army trousers. How it happened he couldn't tell, but he knew it happened that evening, and all the ripping cuss words in a soldier's vocabulary would not close the rip, so with infinite bravery and many deep sighs, poor Machado started to close the gap.

As Machado was busily engaged in his sartorial job, Cojuati entered his tent, bringing with her a beautiful basket of her own weaving, which she presented to her gray-haired hero. The entrance of Cojuati rather startled Machado, and he blushed for shame at being caught doing a woman's work. He thanked Cojuati for the fine basket she had brought him, and asked her to be seated, but kept right on with his awkward mending.

Cojuati for a time watched how clumsily Machado worked, then took the trousers out of his hands and said: "Me fix 'em up fine. You no can do."

Machado, after watching how cleverly she did the work, was willing to admit the allegation—"You no can do." After the mending was finished, Cojuati straightened up things in the tent and was about to

leave when Machado handed her a silver peso. She was so happy to receive the present that she impulsively embraced the donor, and, with a deep sigh of contentment she comfortably rested her head on Machado's shoulder. The bashful soldier was so taken aback that he did not know what to do, when Cojuati, trying to help him out of his dilemma, did another repair job by placing Machado's arm about her waist, and added the significant words: "We do like Señor Reyes and Natooka."

As the muleteer, Juan Antonio Coronel, who accompanied Reyes and Machado on their visit to Topanque's rancheria, made his early morning visit to the corral, which had been fenced in for the safe-keeping of their horses and mules, he found the bars down —all the animals gone, and the young Indian, whom Topanque had placed in charge of the inclosure, securely bound, gagged, badly battered, and unconscious. When finally aroused the young man was so dazed that he couldn't tell what had happened, but spoke in a disconnected manner of some huge monster who had hit him with a big club.

Hurriedly making his way to Reyes's tent, Coronel told him what had occurred, and at the same time aroused the whole camp. It was then discovered that Natooka was missing. Topanque quickly assembled his followers, and, as they were being checked up found that Holgu and Rezic were also missing. He was then told of their having been seen with Cuyamac,

shortly after he was banished. It did not take Topanque long to figure out what had taken place, and he promptly planned to start in pursuit of Cuyamac and his cronies, believing that the trio had carried off Natooka and driven off the animals so as to delay pursuit.

Selecting twenty of his youngest and ablest warriors, Topanque then prepared to pursue the abductors. He was joined by Reyes, Machado and Coronel, and after considerable persuasion, Fernando was also allowed to go along. All were fully armed. The first thing they had to do was to find the trail of the miscreants. They were puzzled for a time, as there were hoof prints in all directions. However, when Reyes explained to them that it was more than likely that Cuyamac would make use of the horses and drive off the mules purposely to puzzle them, he also assured them that if they followed the hoof prints of the horses they would undoubtedly be able to locate Cuyamac, rescue Natooka, and punish her abductors. Although Topanque accepted Reyes's dictum, he nevertheless ordered two of his warriors to follow the trail of the mules, and thus avoid making any mistake.

Although Cuyamac and his friends had had some hours headway, they were obliged to move slowly. As they were not familiar with the handling of horses it proved a handicap to their progress. They had tied Natooka on the back of a horse, which was led by Rezic—another cause for delay. While there were

numerous well-worn trails, some of them were so narrow and steep that the riders were frequently compelled to dismount and walk or ride along in single file. Cuyamac was headed for a steep and almost inaccessible mountain where he had lately discovered a deep cavern with a long tunnel leading to a second opening. There he and his party intended to hide until they felt they were safe from pursuit.

While Natooka, who had been gagged to keep her from crying out, made the best of a precarious situation, she was not altogether helpless. She knew that, sooner or later, both her father and Martin Reyes would learn what had happened to her and hasten to her rescue. The thought uppermost in her mind was—what could she do to help them? By the time her captors came to a clearing, she managed to loosen and drop a shell necklace that Reyes had given her, hoping that he, or one of the Indians, would find it. It was not long before a prized bracelet was sacrificed. Then she pulled out some of her hair and dropped it, and she even succeeded in tearing a piece out of her cotton wrapper which she had made from some material Reyes had given her. Natooka believed that any one of these things would serve to point the way and let her people know that she was being carried off. She knew that help would have to come quickly, or it would be too late.

While Topanque, Reyes and some of the Indians were following a freshly broken trail over which it appeared horses had lately passed, one of the Indian

runners, somewhat ahead of them, was lucky enough to find the shell necklace which he picked up and carried back to the chief, who at the sight of it was now positive that Natooka was with Cuyamac and his confederates, and that they were on the right track. Topanque immediately ordered one of his runners to go back and tell the others that they had found Cuyamac's trail, and urge them to hurry along.

As Cuyamac, Natooka, Holgu and Rezic reached the foot of the mountain, they abandoned their horses and started climbing a zigzagging and precipitous path that led to the hidden cavern. Cuyamac had swathed Natooka's feet with reeds and grass, so as to make it easier for her to walk, thus eliminating the necessity for them to carry her up the steep and rock-strewn trail. Walking between Holgu and Rezic, she was constantly urged to move on. It was slow work, and long before they were able to reach Cuyamac's hiding place, they were seen by Reyes and some of Topanque's warriors.

Topanque, believing that it was Cuyamac's intention to climb to the top of the mountain with Natooka and from that vantage point defy his pursuers, ordered three of his swiftest runners, Zersac, Olgu and Terou, to climb the mountain from the opposite side where, he knew, there was a much easier trail to the summit. He hoped in this way to forestall Cuyamac and force him to surrender. Topanque did not know of the secret cavern, but Cuyamac had still some distance to climb before he could reach its entrance.

Reyes, uneasy about the outcome, fired a shot at Cuyamac. Although he did not come within a hundred feet of hitting him, it served to put the fear of death in the hearts of the abductors, who now took turns in carrying Natooka and pushed ahead with renewed effort.

While the encircling of Cuyamac was gradually being brought about by Topanque, Reyes and the three Indian runners, Surgeon (so dubbed by Father Serra) Coronel, the veterinarian horseman, was not idle. He was worried over the loss of his horses and mules, and, naturally, was anxious to locate them.

Climbing to the summit of a steep hill from which he obtained an extensive view of the surrounding country, he thought he saw more or less swaying in some heavy brush not very far from where he was standing. It might have been caused by the wind—or was it merely a stretch of his imagination? At any rate, he thought it worth closer watching. Pulling out his metal whistle, he blew it three times—a calling signal which his well-trained animals had been taught to obey. As all was still about him the shrill sounds carried far, and a few minutes later, Coronel's horses came running up to him.

Believing that the horses might help in capturing Natooka's kidnappers, Coronel mounted his favorite steed, and, with the other horses following him, soon reached Reyes and the Indians who were trailing Cuyamac, and was heartily cheered by them.

The return of the horses proved a good omen. It

recalled to Fernando's mind that there was a well-defined trail leading up another mountain to the right of the one where Cuyamac sought to find a safe hiding place. Near the summit there was a wide clearing that could easily be reached on horseback—from where they could get a good shot at the abductors and, undoubtedly force Cuyamac to capitulate. Fernando explained all this to Reyes and the others, and, thinking well of the plan, they promptly acted upon it. Accompanied by Coronel and Fernando, as well as three additional Indian runners, Reyes soon reached the clearing.

While Reyes was making this attempt to get Cuyamac from the front, the three Indian runners that Topanque had ordered to circle around the mountain from the far side, soon reached vantage points that still further estopped Cuyamac's movements.

As Cuyamac looked about, he began to realize the dangerous position he was in, and, knowing that he could not reach the secret hiding place in time, he made use of a number of huge boulders in forming a barricade for their protection, and thus awaited the next move of the pursuers. He did not have long to wait. Reyes and Fernando had had their muskets trained on him and his party for some time, and the only reason they had not fired at the abductors was their fear of hitting Natooka.

Fernando, keenly alert, was waiting for a chance to show his ability as a marksman, and, catching Holgu as he passed from behind one boulder to another, *he*

*shot at and hit his man.* At almost the same time, Reyes, with a second shot, hit Cuyamac in the shoulder, causing a painful flesh wound. Cuyamac was now ready to make any kind of terms that would permit him to go free. Calling over to Reyes, he said: "Cuyamac wants to speak if you do not shoot."

"Speak, we will not shoot!" Reyes answered him, as both he and Fernando were seen laying down their guns.

Cuyamac, again speaking for his party: "If you let us go, we will give you back Natooka. If not, we kill her."

After thinking the matter over and firmly believing that Cuyamac would not hesitate to carry out his threat, Reyes called out: "Look up Cuyamac. Three of Topanque's men—Zersac, Terou and Olgu—hold you at their mercy. With their arrows pointed at you, they have only been waiting for Fernando to give the tribal signal to shoot. If given, your death will follow. Twice you have deserved to die. Yet for a second time I would plead for your life. What have you to say for yourself?"

"Indian no understand. For all time our men take what they want. For long time I want Natooka. She fine woman. Because Cuyamac like Natooka he let her go. I no kill her, she is free. No use to fight. Let Fernando, the son of Topanque, give death signal—Cuyamac now stepping forward—I ready to die."

"You brave man, Cuyamac, and Fernando, brother

of Natooka, thank you. The up road is open to you, Rezic and Holgu. You are all free to go."

Cuyamac, as he started climbing the mountain, again called out: "Señor Reyes, I not like white faces, but you fine man. Fernando, he good man by and by. Natooka, she good woman. Rezic, he come with me. Holgu, he dead. We go for all time."

Zersac was the first of Topanque's runners to reach Natooka, and picking her up in his arms he carried her down the mountain, where Topanque, Reyes and Fernando were waiting for her.

The noisy shouts of Topanque's warriors echoed and re-echoed through the hills as they marched homeward, and every tribal member, with their friend Father Amurrio well in advance, came forth to greet Topanque and his braves, their beloved Natooka, and their white face friends.

## CHAPTER IX

# Mission San Gabriel

FATHER SERRA, before leaving for Mexico, handed Señorita Ortega the letter that she was to deliver to Father Cruzado of the San Gabriel mission. Camila had other reasons for wanting to go to San Gabriel to live, besides those she had indirectly alluded to when she asked Serra's consent to make the change.

On one occasion, when her brother José heard her speaking in one of the Indian dialects, with Marta, he startled her by telling her that it was the language used by the natives at the San Gabriel mission. Marta had often spoken to Camila of having lived, as a young girl, in a beautiful valley where it was much warmer in summer and cooler in winter than at San Diego or Carmelo. She had also spoken of a high mountain that was nearly always covered with snow, and of a big river in which, with other children, she used to go for a swim.

"I left there," said Marta, "with an Indian who visited our rancheria, after he had asked me to become his wife. We went to live at San Diego. It was after my first husband's death that I met Ignacio and we were married by Father Vizcaino. That was while you were so seriously ill."

"I am sure, from what my brother said, that you

used to live in the San Gabriel district, and I am glad of it, as I feel that you can help in our work there, as a teacher among your own people."

"That is what I would like to do."

Camila also knew that she would see more of her brother at San Gabriel; and there was also the hope of seeing her dear Juan. She knew that José had been keeping them apart, but that could not last much longer.

Fortunately for Camila, she was able to make the journey from Carmelo to San Gabriel with her brother, José. They stopped over at the mission San Antonio for two days, and spent nearly a week at the mission San Luis Obispo. On their arrival at the San Gabriel mission, José helped her in fitting up a cabin that would be large enough to house Camila, as well as Marta and her husband. He also introduced his sister to the two fathers in charge of the mission, and they were well pleased to have her assist them in teaching the natives. A newly constructed adobe building that could be used as a school room, was placed at Camila's disposal, and there were many pupils. Marta, who had laboriously passed through the minor stages of mental development, was duly appointed Camila's assistant, and being a native, she could more readily explain to the others what was expected of them, although she had less patience than Camila.

Some months later, a new surgeon, Dr. Davila, who was appointed in place of Dr. Pedro Prat, who had been retired on account of a serious illness, came to live

at the San Gabriel mission. He was deeply interested in Camila's work and would frequently stop in to see how she was getting on, but Marta thought he was far more interested in the teacher than the pupils. Being a man of education, and a newcomer like herself, there was a bond of sympathy between her and the doctor, and when their day's work was done, they frequently enjoyed long walks together, or visited some of the doctor's patients, a number of whom were being cared for by Camila and Marta.

During one of Ortega's visits to the mission San Gabriel, Dr. Davila made a formal call on the sergeant and had quite a long talk with him; and the most important subject of his conversation referred to José's sister. The doctor, like many other men before him, had fallen desperately in love with Camila, and was anxious and willing to marry her, but, following an old Spanish custom, he first voiced his feeling to the young lady's guardian, and politely asked the sergeant for her hand in marriage.

Ortega, recalling his past experience with Camila, did not know just what answer to give the doctor, for whom he had the very highest esteem, and whom he would be happy to have for a brother-in-law. He also knew that Camila thought well of Dr. Davila, and had shown a marked friendship for him, whereas she had merely tolerated Captain Fages for his sake. Nevertheless, José doubted if Camila's feeling for the doctor

amounted to anything more than those of personal friendship and esteem.

In order to reach a clearer understanding with the doctor, Ortega asked him openly, "Have you any reason to believe, Doctor, that my sister returns your affection?"

"No, I haven't; but I do know that she has a friendly feeling for me, and I am hoping that it may ripen into love. But before making any further advances, I was anxious to learn whether you would approve of me as her betrothed and give your consent to our marriage, if I should be fortunate enough to win her affection."

"With all my heart, Doctor—and I shall be very happy, indeed, if you succeed in winning her."

"I deeply appreciate your good wishes, Sergeant, and sincerely thank you."

It was about ten days after the doctor had his heart-to-heart talk with Sergeant Ortega, that he asked Camila to go with him to see a woman patient of his who was seriously ill and not likely to recover. After seeing the doctor's patient and having had a talk with the Indian woman who had been acting as her nurse, Camila realized that the doctor was right in his belief that there was little hope for her recovery. In order to make the patient more comfortable, Camila suggested certain changes be made and told the nurse that she would call again with Marta in the evening and, if necessary, remain all night.

As they were returning to the mission, the doctor

told Camila that he loved her, and asked her to be his wife. During the past few days Camila had noticed a decided change in the doctor's demeanor toward her, and, fearing just such a declaration, had fought against it in every possible way, with the hope that she might prevent its happening, inasmuch as she did not love him. With her cordial friendship and high regard for the man, Camila felt sincerely sorry that she could not reciprocate his affection, and, believing that the doctor would appreciate her frankness in the end, she told him that she did not love him, and asked his pardon if he thought she had tried to mislead him.

The doctor, recognizing the sincerity of her friendship for him as never before, said, "No, indeed, you have not, dear friend, but I have long since learned to love you, and tried hard to control my feelings until such time as I thought you might return my affection for you."

"Unfortunately, Doctor, that is impossible. I learned to admire you for the sincere sympathy you have constantly shown these poor and helpless Indians in their hour of pain and misery, and ever since then, deeply appreciated your friendship; and I regret, more than I can express in words, that I cannot respond to your affection for me."

The doctor, perceiving that there was little hope for him, and trying, as well as he knew how, to hide his hurt feelings, bravely said, "I shall always hold you in the highest esteem, dear friend, so let us say no more about it."

Riding towards them were three men on horseback. They were soldiers, and Corporal Rocha was riding in advance of the party.

From a distance, Juan had seen Camila talking to a man, and halted his horse and dismounted as he came up to them. As Camila's eyes met those of Juan, the doctor learned why there was no hope for him.

After being introduced to the corporal, the doctor excused himself and left them together.

Juan and Camila had not seen each other since they parted at San Diego. Much had happened since then. Both knew that efforts had been made to keep them apart, but these only served to strengthen their love. Letters, wherein Juan and Camila bared their innermost thoughts, were dispatched at rare intervals. Camila, true to her promise to her guardian brother, was satisfied to wait until she could marry Juan without José's consent. Camila knew that her brother still hoped that something would happen to cause her to change her mind. José could not fathom the depth of their love. Tried, as it had been, by the fire of countless heart-breaking trials, to them it was a bond that defied time and space. They were only absent from each other in the flesh. They knew that some day they would meet again; but they had not anticipated that it would be out under the open sky, and before interested spectators. However, it mattered not to them. Knowing that they must not be too demonstrative, they tried to dissemble —a difficult thing to do. Only those who have lived

through such an experience can fittingly describe the deep feeling of rapture that was theirs, as hand grasped hand, and eyes that looked love to eyes which spake again.

When Juan and Camila returned to earth once more, it was Juan who broke the spell, and the first thought that came into his mind was the last thought he had in his mind as he greeted Camila. He wondered what Dr. Davila had been talking about to his sweetheart, and oddly remarked: "What a sad looking face the doctor has."

"Did you think it sad, Juan? I thought he had rather a kind and sympathetic face."

"I judged from the look on his face that he must have sustained a great sorrow."

"You are right, Juan—he has. But let's not talk about it. I know the doctor is a good and extremely kind man, and I like him."

"Bravely spoken, dear Camila, and if it were not for our holy covenant, I would be frightfully jealous."

"Could you be jealous, Juan?"

"Dear one, I love you—and every man, if he sincerely and truly loves a woman, is jealous of her. Although he may never show it, yet deep down in his heart that jealous feeling exists. It is a part of his love, possibly the baser part, the heritage of our ancient ancestors that modern civilization has taught us to subdue. There, there, I should not have said so much. In our lives, Camila, jealousy will never play a part. My love for you is too deep for that. If ever there should

come a time, which God forbid, when you should tire of me, I'd let you go—aye smilingly—but with a breaking heart. Cherish my love, dear Camila, as I shall ever cherish yours, and, until that long-looked-for day shall come when I may claim you, may God watch over and protect you."

"Fear not, my dear, dear Juan. Your Camila will be true to you and, like you, will wait for that blessed hour when we shall be as one. Until then let us trust in God."

## CHAPTER X

# Serra Meets Viceroy Bucareli

AT the College San Fernando in Mexico City, idlers were not tolerated. Each and every member had certain tasks assigned to him, and few, indeed, were their hours of recreation. Occasionally a rare diversion was afforded the brotherhood when a noted missionary from a distant mission or an eminent church dignitary came as a visitor amongst them, and kindly consented to preach for them, celebrate a holy Mass or assist them in their church service. Such were the epochal events that brightened the monotonous lives of these devoted missionaries. It was one of these rare occasions that caused every brother to rise an hour earlier, so that, with tasks completed, they could not only attend early Mass, but even remain to hear their beloved Father Serra preach a sermon for them. It was to prove a long-remembered day with them, because it was also the day on which Serra was to meet their viceroy, Antonio Bucareli, and talk over with him what must be done to save the California missions.

Fathers Serra and Verger were graciously welcomed on their arrival at the viceroy's palace by His Excellency, Don Frey Antonio Bucareli, who invited them

into his own private apartment, and asked his distinguished guests to be seated. Turning to Serra, His Excellency said, "As the representative of His Majesty, King Carlos, I am pleased to welcome you back to Mexico and, personally, I feel highly honored in having you call to see me, but I shall consider it even a greater honor, if you will consent to make this house your home during your stay in the Capital. As a Spaniard, I am proud of the splendid work you are doing in Alta California, and as an earnest and loyal member of our Church I want to aid and assist you in every way possible to successfully carry out this great spiritual conquest of the savages, to which you and your brother missionaries are devoting your lives for the glory of God and the honor of Spain."

"In behalf of our humble fraternity, I sincerely thank Your Excellency for your kind expressions of good-will. Many months ago when the information reached us of your appointment as viceroy of New Spain, we also learned that you had the reputation of being an upright and just man, who would not only be deeply interested in the social welfare of his majesty's subjects, but would likewise be deeply interested in their ethical and spiritual advancement. It pleased us all to hear this, as there is so much yet to be done in our distant missions, so many souls yet to be saved, and you, more than anyone else, can help us with this work.

"Therefore, at the urgent desire of the fathers, who are in charge of the California missions, I have made this long journey to meet Your Excellency, so that we

might confer with you as to our needs and as to what changes are necessary to successfully carry on our work. This, Father Verger and I shall be pleased to do at your convenience, feeling sure that you will give our necessities your earnest and friendly consideration. I also want to thank you for your very kind invitation to have me as your guest. It is a great honor, which I sincerely appreciate, but my health and duties debar me from accepting."

"I sincerely regret that you cannot accept. There is one thing, however, that both you and Father Verger can do, and I believe it will be to your interest. I am giving a dinner tonight to the members of the Royal Council and I should like to have you both present as my guests. Meanwhile, Father Serra, if you have the time, I should like to have you write out and explain in detail, what changes should be made, and what is most needed to satisfactorily continue your work, and what suggestions you have to offer for the upbuilding of the missions, the Christianizing of the savages and the colonizing of King Carlos's domain in California. Dinner will be served at six-thirty o'clock, and I shall expect you."

The viceroy's dinner was a sumptuous affair. Bucareli sat at the head of the table with Serra at his right and Verger at his left hand, and the nine members of the Royal Council, representing the leaders in Mexican affairs, occupying the other seats. Bucareli, with strong introductory remarks, called upon Father Serra to

speak for the newly established missions in Alta California.

After the applause, with which he was greeted, had subsided, Serra said, "Gentlemen, it was only our great need and the danger of our being obliged to give up our efforts in the peaceful conquest of the gentiles in Alta California, that caused me to make the long and wearisome journey from Monterey to Mexico City, in order that I might explain to you more clearly than it could be told in a letter, what will necessarily have to be done if we are to continue in charge of the California missions.

"When His Majesty, King Carlos, decided to take formal possession of Alta California, and, through his inspector-general, Don Joseph de Galvez, your humble servant was invited to undertake the conversion of the savages living in the invaded territory, to the Christian faith, I believed it was my duty, as a follower in the footsteps of our seraphic father, St. Francis, to accept this task, and on my knees I thanked God that I had been selected to take charge of this great work. To bring the teachings of our Lord, Jesus Christ, to these ignorant savages, but little removed from the beasts of the forest—was to be the privilege and honor of our Brotherhood. Ours the privilege and pleasure to dedicate the new missions; and to bring the divine consolation of our religion to untold thousands of the most abject of all human beings, was to be the supreme joy of our humble fraternity.

"In the few years we have lived among these gen-

tiles, we have been fairly successful, and while the flag of Spain has been unfurled as far north as the bay of San Francisco, our beloved king remains in peaceful possession of a wonderful domain, whose potentialities can hardly be over-estimated. We have also been making headway in the founding of new missions and have converted many of the savages to Christianity, and all this has been done with a minimum loss of human life. Insidiously, however, our progress is being hindered, the laws of simple justice are being violated, a vicious element within our midst is being favored by those in power, and our efforts are being undermined by those who should help us to advance them."

As Serra rested a moment, he was heartily applauded by the members of the Royal Council.

The viceroy, as deeply moved as the others by Father Serra's succinct description of Spain's undertakings in California, after first apologizing for interrupting their distinguished guest, said, "Will you, Father Serra, give us some inkling as to your needs and the changes you desire to have made, so that we, as the king's representatives, may consider them and do our part in helping you and your brother missionaries to successfully carry out the spiritual conquest of the California Indians?"

Serra, well pleased by his reception and the impression he had made, in answer to Bucareli said, *"I have, at Your Excellency's request, drawn up a list of the more urgent needs of the California missions* (hands list to Bucareli). *From it Your Excellency will see that*

*what I state is the plain truth, and that what I set forth, as it seemed to me, I have to say in conscience, because I consider it very important and necessary in order that the object which His Majesty has in view by going to such great expense may be accomplished.*

*"I hope that Your Excellency will read it, and that you will determine what you may judge to be right and expedient without delay, as I am obliged to return and wish to do so as soon as possible. May what I ask be granted, in which case I shall return very contented; if it is not granted, I shall go somewhat saddened, but always conformed to the will of God.*

"But aside from these needs, therein asked for, we are menaced by two serious dangers that threaten, not only the collapse of our missions, but also the downfall of Spain's sovereignty in California. The first of these is the lack of co-operation on the part of the *comandante* of our military forces, Captain Fages, who should be replaced by someone more in sympathy with the missionaries and the work that we are doing. The second, and, possibly, the most precarious danger, would be the permanent closing of the port of San Blas. Unless the order for the closing of that port be revoked, gentlemen, all the California missions will have to be abandoned, as it would consume too much time to transport our supplies overland, and the costly freight charges would make such transportation prohibitive."

Bucareli and the Royal Council began to realize that Serra was right, and the viceroy, who, on the advice of some tricky politicians, had ordered the closing of the

port, said, "I can assure you, Father Serra, that the port of San Blas will not be closed."

The viceroy called for his secretary, and, on entering, he dictated the following message to him: "Captain Esquilo Salvador, Naval Comandante, San Blas—All orders for closing the navy yard and port of San Blas are hereby countermanded. Hasten completion of the new ship, *Santiago,* and report progress."

"I want this order to go with tomorrow's dispatches, Bonifacio, so prepare it at once and bring it to me for my signature."

"Yes, Your Excellency," Bonifacio replied.

Bucareli, again turning to Serra, said, "Now as to the removal of Captain Fages, have you anyone in mind for that position, Father?"

"While I should not like to have you think that I am trying in any way to dictate your policy in Alta California, there is a tried and capable officer, Sergeant José Francisco de Ortega, the son of a former general in the Spanish army, who would be quite satisfactory to us, and whom I can recommend as a man you can always depend upon."

"Your recommendation of Sergeant Ortega will be duly considered. And now, gentlemen," said Bucareli to the Royal Council, "I will ask Father Serra to repeat to you a single incident that occurred in Alta California some months ago, which will give you a better understanding of the malign influence that has retarded the efforts of the missionaries in their peaceful conquest of the savages, and why I believe it would be judicious to

replace the present commander-in-chief of our military forces in California, Captain Pedro Fages, by a man for whom the soldiers will have greater respect, and who is likely to fittingly punish any soldier or civilian who flagrantly desecrates the flag and honor of his country."

Serra then repeated the story of the soldiers' assault of an Indian rancheria, and how one of their number captured the wife of an Indian chief and killed her husband when he attempted to avenge this dastardly outrage. "The episode is not a pleasant one to relate, gentlemen, yet if we condone such acts how can we expect these ignorant savages to become honest and law-abiding members of society, if we permit our own people to wantonly scoff at, and transgress, the laws of God and man?"

Serra's story of the outrage was a revelation to the council, as Bucareli knew it would be, and he said, "We all agree, Father Serra, that you are right, and in behalf of the members of the Royal Council and His Majesty, King Carlos, I want to thank you for having given us such a clear insight as to the conditions that are prevalent in Alta California, and to assure you of our appreciation of the work that your valiant band of missionaries is doing in that territory.

"I feel sure that when the history of Spain's exploits in the new world is written, none of her achievements will be more heartily endorsed than her peaceful conquest of California, and it will be you, Father Serra, and your estimable fellow-missionaries of the Francis-

can Order, who will deserve the credit for it, and while Spain proudly proclaims you one of her noblest sons, you will have achieved a greater glory in having devoted your life to the bringing of eternal salvation to the lowliest members of the human race.

"There is just one thing more, Father Serra—and this likewise includes you, Father Verger—I have a favor to ask. I am giving a reception this evening which is to be foliowed by a musical concert and ball, and I should like to have you both attend—no, not the ball, unless you care to stay for that, but the musical concert. I have learned that you are both fond of good music and singing, and I can promise you a rare treat. It has become known, Father Serra, that you are in the city, and many of our good people are anxious to meet you. Therefore, I trust you will both honor me with your attendance, if it be but for a short time only."

Knowing that it would please the viceroy, both fathers attended the reception and met many important and influential people. There was an excellent program, but what pleased Serra most was the singing of a band of Indian neophytes, belonging to one of the Sierra Gorda missions, that had formerly been under his care.

A fortnight later Serra learned that the viceroy and the members of the Royal Council had granted nearly everything he had asked for in behalf of the California missions; in fact, he was assured of even more than he had asked for, as he learned through a reliable source, that His Excellency, Don Antonio Bucareli, had also decided upon the founding of three additional missions,

for which he would personally guarantee the cost of the buildings and the church vestments.

As Serra's object in coming to the Mexican capital had been crowned with success, he began to make preparations for his return to California, where he knew his dearly beloved friends and brothers of the Franciscan Order would be anxiously waiting to learn the outcome of his mission, and to hear all the latest news about their fraternity.

Gathered about Father Serra at the Franciscan College were the novitiate members of the Order of St. Francis, young men who were preparing themselves for a life of self-sacrifice. There were many questions they wanted to ask their eminent leader before he left. It was to be the father's last night among them, and they all regretted that he had to go, many knowing it would be a final parting. His visit had been an inspiration to all the young men, and his simple talks on the daily life of the fathers laboring in distant missions made a deep impression.

"You will," said Serra, "have to undergo many trials and occasionally your steps may falter, but a night of prayer will refresh and strengthen you.

"No doubt many of you have heard how some of our brothers have frequently, for extended periods, been stationed at outlying missions with no brother in religion for a companion, only our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament witnessing and understanding their loneliness (it was customary to have two missionaries at all

the missions)—no one to share with them their simple meals—no one to lift them up if they should fall—no one to speak a kindly greeting or to whisper in their ear the sweet name of Jesus if death should come for them. But all this would be forgotten in the great joy of seeing those poor outcasts, coming like little children, to kneel with us at the feet of our Lord. That, my brothers, is our compensation; that is what makes our lives so well worth living.

"Let me impress upon you that this, too, will be your greatest joy and blessing when the time comes, and you go out among these ignorant brothers, born, even as you and I, in the image of Almighty God, and you carry unto them Christ's message of salvation and eternal life. Come, brothers, let us join the others in our nightly devotions."

## CHAPTER XI

# Indians Afraid of Fages

AT the San Carlos mission, the early Sunday morning service had been attended by a great many of the Christian Indians, and at its close many of the neophytes gathered about Father Crespi, near the entrance of the mission compound. They all hoped the father might be able to tell them when Father Serra would return to Carmelo. Among the matrons in the party was the young Indian woman who had been captured by one of the soldiers, and tagging at her heels was a sturdy youngster, who was a great favorite with the fathers. All seemed to be very happy and contented as they exchanged their views with the father on many subjects.

Suddenly someone in the crowd cried out that Captain Fages was coming with two of his soldiers. As soon as they verified the statement of his coming, the Indians scattered in all directions, as they were afraid that Fages or his men might do them some bodily injury.

Fages had suspected for some time that one of Serra's objects in going to Mexico City was to try and have someone else appointed commandant in his place. He didn't particularly care if the government should recall or dismiss him, as he knew he had enough influence to get as good, or even a better berth, elsewhere.

Anyway he had grown tired of his present office, which necessitated his living a thousand miles from nowhere, with rarely anyone to talk to excepting some illiterate soldier, or an occasional church dignitary. His position had always been a trying one, and he frequently had to carry out orders that were not at all to his liking. He was willing to admit that he had not always acted for Spain's best interests in his questionable treatment of the padres. So, when he received official notification to return to the Capital as soon as possible, he was not grievously hurt thereby. In another letter from a friend, he also learned that Captain Rivera would probably be appointed commander-in-chief in his place.

As there were a number of letters for the fathers at the presidio Captain Fages thought he would ride over to Carmelo and deliver them personally, and, by telling them of his recall, forestall them with the news. After greeting Father Crespi, Fages asked, "Have you had any late news from Mexico?"

"Nothing more than the news contained in the letters we received about a month ago."

"A great deal has happened since then, Father, as you will no doubt learn from these letters, which arrived only this morning. You will notice that besides those addressed to you, there are several letters for Father Palou and one or two for Father Dumetz."

"I thank Your Excellency for your kindness in bringing them over."

"It was a pleasure. Your letters, Father, will no

doubt tell you that Father Serra is returning from Mexico, and will, probably, arrive on the next ship. You will also be pleased to learn that I am to return to Mexico at once, and you are likely to have as my successor, Captain Fernando Javier Rivera y Moncado, former commander of Lower California, and captain of the first land expedition to enter Alta California. I hope it is true, as he is a reliable soldier and capable officer, even though he has such a long name."

"What you have just told me is news, indeed, Your Excellency."

"I thought it would be. In a way I shall be sorry to go, but I have been here on active duty ever since Captain Portolá took possession of this territory in the name of King Carlos, and I feel that I am entitled to a vacation and, possibly, promotion as well. I am willing to admit, Father, that I have not at all times been *persona grata* with your confraternity, and frequently biased in my judgment; nevertheless, I have long since realized that your Order is doing a noble and praiseworthy work among the savages centering around the missions, and I sincerely hope you will have less trouble in getting along with Captain Rivera and find him more in sympathy with your efforts to Christianize the natives."

"I can assure Your Excellency, that personally, the mission fathers bear you no ill will, and while we have often had cause to find fault with you, we also, on many occasions, commended your efforts in our behalf. So let

us forgive and forget that which was unpleasant, and only remember your many kind acts. When do you expect to leave?"

"It will depend on the arrival of Captain Rivera. I shall, no doubt, see you again before my departure. Well, I am sorry, Father, but I must go. Kindly convey my greetings to Fathers Palou and Dumetz. Adios."

## CHAPTER XII

# Machado and Reyes Engaged

AT Topanque's rancheria, Manuel Machado, after thoughtfully considering a most vital question regarding his future happiness, finally decided to take his good friend, Father Amurrio, into his confidence and ask his aid and assistance. Just how to broach the subject with the father worried him greatly, but—well, it would just have to be done, and (Machado was standing outside of Amurrio's tent, still hesitating as to his next step), finally clearing his throat with a loud "ahem": "Are you alone, Father?"

"Yes, Manuel, come in."

"Father, forgive me for disturbing you. I have a confession to make."

"What sin have you been guilty of now, my son?"

"No, no Father, you do not understand. I am in trouble and I thought you might help me."

"Haven't I always helped you?"

"Yes—yes you have—but this is different, it—it has to do with Cojuati."

"What, have you gotten into trouble with Cojuati?"

"Yes, no, no, not exactly that, but I don't know just what to do."

"Is it as bad as that?"

"It is pretty bad and I need your help."

"I'll do the best I can for you, but first you must tell me what it's all about."

"Well, you know, Father—"

"Yes, but I don't know."

"Yes, I know you don't know, that is why I asked Cojuati to come with me."

"Oh! I see, you want Cojuati to tell me about your trouble?"

"Yes, no—no Father—I want you to tell Cojuati."

"I see, but you have not yet told me what it is that you want me to tell Cojuati."

"Well, you see, Father, she has always been so kind to me—"

"Yes, I see, go on, go on."

"I—I—think I would like to marry her."

"Ah! Now I begin to understand, and she has refused you."

"Oh! no, no, Father, she has not refused me, but I should like to have you ask her to marry me, that is why I asked her to come with me."

"But why don't you ask her yourself?"

"Have you ever tried to ask a woman to marry you?"

"You know, my son, we are forbidden to do that."

"Forgive me, Father, I didn't mean that—I mean—I thought maybe you—you would like to ask Cojuati to marry me."

"I begin to comprehend. You love Cojuati and want to marry her."

"Yes, that is it, but I don't know how to say it to

her. I—you see, the words just stick in my throat and I—see, you see now, so won't you please, Father?"

"Yes, I see now just what you want, Manuel. This is a new occupation for me, but I will do the best I can for you. Will you ask Cojuati to come in?"

"Yes, yes, I ask her." (Going to the tent opening.)

"Hurry up, Cojuati, come in quick. Father Amurrio he wants to speak to you."

"I come, I glad to hear him speak."

The father was somewhat uneasy as he turned to Cojuati, and said: "But this time I am to speak for Manuel."

"What for Manuel he no speak hisself?"

"I think that would be the better way," the father admitted. "Come here, Manuel, and you, Cojuati, stand opposite him. Now Manuel, you close your eyes and repeat after me."

Manuel repeats: "Would you-like-to-get-married, Cojuati?"

"Yes, very much, Manuel," Cojuati answered.

Again Manuel repeats the father's words: "Will-you-marry-me, Cojuati?"

"Yes, for long time."

"Now, my children," said Amurrio, as he shook hands with both Cojuati and Machado, "you are betrothed and I congratulate you."

Machado, fully appreciating Father Amurrio's kindness in helping him out of a trying situation, was profuse in his thanks, and as he was leaving with Co-

juati, said, "Next time I come to you again, Father."

"I shall always be pleased to help you, my son."

At Topanque's rancheria, Reyes and Machado had some of the Indians help them to decorate the brushwood altar, where on the Sabbath day Father Amurrio, in priestly habiliments, asked his friends to gather about him and he spoke to them on many interesting religious subjects. A male choir of Indian voices assisted the father in his work, in which all showed a deep and growing interest. The Indians knew that the time was drawing near when their friends, Amurrio, Reyes, Machado and Coronel, would leave them. Before he dismissed them, Amurrio told them that Father Serra was planning to build a new mission, in a place selected by him in a beautiful valley, where the soil is good and an abundance of water is assured. "It is not far from the ocean," Amurrio informed them, "nor is it very far from here. It is to be known as San Juan Capistrano. It may be my good fortune to be assigned to the new mission as one of its missionaries, and I sincerely hope that you, my dear friends, will come and live there with us."

The same evening, Martin Reyes called to see Father Amurrio to apprise him of his betrothal. "It may please you, father, to know that I have asked Natooka to be my wife, and she has consented. She is willing to marry me at any time. I told her that I would like to have Father Serra perform the marriage

ceremony the next time he visits San Diego, and I thought that possibly you could tell me when he is expected there?"

"Father Fuster, in his last letter to me, stated that they were expecting to hear from Father Serra almost any day, but no mention has been made in Palou's letters, as to the date of his arrival.

"I am also getting anxious to learn how soon we may expect Father Serra in San Diego, as my work here is about finished. There is much to tell our good Father President about Topanque and his people, all of whom, I feel convinced, now want to become Christians. We might send someone to the San Diego mission to find out if either Fathers Jaime or Fuster have had any further word direct from Father Serra or Father Palou."

"If you will prepare your letters, Father, I will ask Fernando to take them to San Diego for you, and if you will kindly mention it, I would like to have Fathers Jaime and Fuster know of my betrothal to Natooka."

"It will afford me great pleasure to do so and I know the good fathers will be delighted to learn of it, nor shall I forget to mention that our beloved son, Machado, after a severe and painful struggle, has finally been captured by the good-natured Cojuati, although I think she will have to use a lot of tact and diplomacy to complete her conquest of our bashful hero. It might be well, Martin, for you to suggest to Manuel that you have a double wedding—that he

marry Cojuati at the same time that you are to marry Natooka."

"That is a good idea, Father, and I'll suggest it to him. How soon will you have your letters written?"

"In about an hour."

"All right, Father. I will also send word to our dear friend, Corporal Rocha, about our betrothal and urge him to get busy, or Manuel and I will steal a march on him. Now to hunt up Fernando and to prepare for his journey."

Cojuati had ideas of her own about betrothals and marriages. The tribal customs were of the simplest, and just why those of the white faces should differ, was quite beyond her child-like mind. Believing that she was now the property of Machado, she gathered up her baskets and bowls and a few culinary articles, together with a good sized club, formerly the property of her deceased husband, and started for Machado's tent which she boldly entered. Machado, busily engaged in cleaning his musket, and likewise enjoying a late pipe, was rather surprised to see his sweetheart at that somewhat belated hour, but gallantly made her welcome and asked her to be seated. Cojuati found convenient places for her belongings excepting the club, which she handed over to Machado.

"What is this for, Cojuati?" Machado asked her.

"When Cojuati no obey her man—you use. When Cojuati make heap big talk—you use. When Cojuati make smiles at other man—you use much."

"All right dearest," Machado smilingly answered her, "but as it is getting late dear, I'll walk back to your hut with you."

"I no go. I stay here now with my Manuelito for all time." (Going over and caressing him.)

"But, sweetheart, you cannot stay."

"Why no stay? Me belong to you now."

"Not yet, my Cojuati. We are not married yet"—Machado laughingly taking up club—"Cojuati no obey her man—me use."

"Well, me go—but come back tomorrow, yes?"

## CHAPTER XIII

# A Terrible Night

AT San Gabriel Camila and Marta had given many days of their time helping to nurse and care for Dr. Davila's patient, Elena, the wife of Enrique, who was gradually growing weaker, and her passing but a matter of a few days. One of the fathers had been called in and had ministered to her spiritual wants. That for a time seemed to quiet and comfort her, but she soon became delirious and throughout the night she constantly talked of her husband, who had left her some time before to go visiting with some other Indians at the various rancherias between San Gabriel and San Diego. At times, her voice was quite clear and distinct, and every word was understood, again it was loud and boisterous and her words broken and unintelligible, and then it would drop so low that only the movement of Elena's lips showed that she was still in the clutch of some supernatural power that delayed her passing. Camila and Marta looked on with alarm and amazement. Toward morning, their patient gradually quieted down and appeared to be more comfortable, but much weaker. Opening her eyes and looking about her, both Camila and Marta saw that she was again in a normal condition, and Camila, stooping over her, said:

"Is there anything we can do for you?"

"My man—he come?"

"Not yet," Camila answered her.

Then in a low, halting voice, Elena started to tell Camila and Marta of the strange experience she had passed through during the night. "I see him," she said; "he make big talk with many Indian men. They say all go fight white faces—maybe kill all. I speak, many times, my man no do, white faces our friends, but he say must do; medicine man, he say, kill all white faces —then Indian he have all times fiesta. Witch doctor he say us have many men—white faces he have few men. My man, he say, I go San Diego. I say no must do. I say prayer words for you not go, my good man. He say, I come. I say him, father he glad. You speak father, my words, Señorita."

"Rest now, dear friend," Camila advised, "and I will go to Father Cruzado and tell him what you have said and ask him to come and pray for you. Marta and I will come back again in a little while and Rosalia will stay with you until then. Maybe you can go to sleep now."

Camila did not know what to make of Elena's strange talk. If her dream or confused statement should prove true, her brother should know about it and take steps to prevent any calamity overtaking the missions. She remembered that Juan had casually spoken of some possible trouble at San Diego during his visit, but it had not materialized.

Camila, finally, made up her mind to tell her brother,

José, who was expected to return from the San Luis Obispo mission at any hour, what she had heard, and let him decide whether to pay any attention to it or not, and act as he thought best. His son and nephew, Pepe and Juanito, in charge of Fathers Jaime and Fuster, were living at the San Diego mission and in Rocha's last letter to her, he stated that at José's request he was now personally in charge of and looking after the mission guards. This had pleased Camila as she knew that Juan would carefully watch over her young nephews and the mission inmates as well.

Upon reconsidering the far-reaching effects of such a plot as described so vividly by Elena, Camila believed her brother ought to thoroughly investigate the matter and send word to Juan advising him to guard against any possible outbreak. Giving oral expression to her thoughts, Camila said, "How I wish I might be with Juan while danger threatens. Perhaps José will decide to go on to San Diego at once. I hope so, and I shall insist on going with him."

After leaving their patient, Camila and Marta stopped in at the mission and asked to see Father Cruzado. While waiting in the reception room, Dr. Davila happened to come in and Camila reported Elena's condition to him, and at the same time she told him of the terrible night their patient had passed through, and the strange story she told them on awakening.

After listening to what Camila had to say about the uncanny night Elena had lived through, Dr. Davila,

after carefully considering the rather unusual case, gave the following interpretation of her dream or vision: "It is quite likely that she knew something about what her husband, and his questionable pagan friends, were up to, and this preyed so strongly upon her mind as to cause her illness, and might cause her death. However, it is more than likely, now that her brainstorm is over, that she will recover, but that still remains to be seen. You did well, Señorita Ortega, in coming to see Father Cruzado regarding Elena. If you prefer, I will see him for you, and ask him to call on my patient with me, as I believe from now on he can do more for her than I can."

"That is very kind of you, Doctor. Marta and I are very tired after our strenuous night and I must try and get some sleep before José returns."

Another twenty-four hours had passed at the mission San Gabriel, and Camila was still impatiently waiting for the return of her brother, José, from his journey to the San Luis Obispo mission. Restless and uneasy, she paced back and forth, counting the minutes and wondering what could possibly have delayed him. At last she saw him coming, and then completely unnerved, she fell prostrate from sheer exhaustion and want of sleep. Marta, as she hurriedly gathered Camila up in her arms and carried her into her apartment, was not surprised at what had happened—Camila had been working too hard and worrying altogether too much about Elena's fantastic dream about her husband,

"who," as Marta had often remarked, "is no account, no how."

Ortega, seeing what had happened, hurriedly reached his sister's bedside, and, shocked to find Camila so overwrought, he tried to cheer and comfort her. José's soothing words soon proved effective and as she quieted down he asked her, "Do you want me to call Dr. Davila in to see you?"

"No, no, José. I'll be all right again shortly. I was worried at your delay because of something that has happened here that I thought you should know about at once, and I watched and waited and prayed for your return. Perhaps you may laugh at me, José, for worrying about what I have to tell you, but to me the thought of it has become a veritable nightmare, that has taken possession of me, body and soul. The cause of all this, José, has been a strange dream or vision that Elena, a neophyte patient of Dr. Davila's, had two nights ago, while delirious. In the morning the woman awoke in a perfectly normal condition, and then she told us, in a slow and halting way, of her dream. She told of seeing her husband and spoke to him although he was miles away, and urged him to come back to her and not join the plot against us."

José, interrupting his sister: "Believe me, Camila, a thing like that is not a laughing matter."

"At first her story did not make much of an impression on me, but after telling Dr. Davila about it and getting his explanation of what caused Elena to have such a strange dream, I could not help but believe that

the vision or dream she described so vividly, which she had seen while delirious, was based on her knowledge of the fact that there is a plot on foot to destroy the San Diego buildings and kill all our people. Your son and our nephew Pepe, and my own beloved Juan, and he will always be that, José—"

"There, there, Camila, don't excite yourself. You had better rest and let me think this thing out."

After pondering over what might prove a serious situation, José finally decided upon what action to take, and, turning to his sister, he said, "Do you think, Camila, that you are well enough to go to San Diego with me?"

"If you were to go, José, and leave me here, I believe it would kill me. It was the one thing that I hoped you would do, José—hurry on to San Diego. You need have no fear about my health, but I should like to have Marta and Ignacio go with us."

"I intended asking them to go along. Now listen, Camila, I am going to tell you something that is not generally known, and I do not want you to speak of it to anyone. We have known for some time that there has been considerable unrest among some of the Indians, not only at San Diego, but right here at San Gabriel, and even at Monterey we have had some disquieting reports, but we believed it had been checked. We judged this to be so because of the many converts the fathers are gaining daily at all our missions. There is no question in my mind about Elena's husband being one of the malcontents, and there are many others, but

they have not, heretofore, caused us any uneasiness. At San Diego some time ago, I approved Corporal Rocha's request to increase the mission guards from three to four men, and ordered him to personally take charge of them."

"I thank you, José, for giving me all this information, which, you can rest assured, I will not repeat to anyone.

"Juan wrote me some time ago that he was now in charge of the mission guards, and I am glad of it as I know he will give his life, if necessary, to protect those under his care."

"I agree with you, Camila, Juan is a brave and capable soldier, but—"

"Yes, I know, José."

"We are drifting from our subject. Some time ago I was authorized to furnish Fathers Lasuen and Amurrio with necessary guards and any other assistance they would require for the consecrating of a new mission about midway between San Gabriel and San Diego, which is to be known as Mission San Juan Capistrano. Father Lasuen is ready to go with me at any time, but Father Amurrio, who is to be stationed there with him, is at present proselyting among the savages not far from where the new mission is to be located. Two of our soldiers, Martin Reyes and Manuel Machado, are with him.

"Now, instead of stopping at the new mission site, we can go through to San Diego, and if everything is all right there, and I sincerely hope we will find it so,

we can turn about and come back and dedicate the mission, and thus carry out Serra's instructions. I can send word of our plans to Amurrio from San Diego and ask him to join us. I know Father Lasuen will not object to the extra ride, and we will all feel easier and happier in making the journey through to San Diego, where we will be able to have a short visit with our dear boys.

"I must look up Lasuen at once and ask him to prepare for the journey. You, too, Camila, had better get busy, as we start for San Diego at two o'clock today. You can also let Marta and Ignacio know when we are to leave."

"All right, José, we will be ready."

## CHAPTER XIV

# The Savages Plan a Midnight Massacre

AT San Diego, letters had just been received from Father Serra. Jaime was reading aloud to Fuster, "Listen to this—'the viceroy, Antonio Bucareli—God bless him—and the Royal Council have agreed to appoint a new commander-in-chief in place of Captain Fages. They have also agreed to keep the port of San Blas open and continue to send our supplies by boat as heretofore.' "

"That's great!"

Jaime continued: "Ah, here is something even better than that, something that will please and perk up all the fathers. 'Furthermore, we learned from a reliable source, that His Excellency, Frey Bucareli, will guarantee the cost of building three new missions and furnish the vestments.' Let us hereafter, my dear Fuster, remember this good friend in our prayers."

"I am sure that all our brothers will say amen to that, but what I want to know is when our beloved Father President is coming back to us?"

"All in good time, Brother Fuster. Ah, here is the news that you want in the closing paragraph. 'My work here is finished. In company with Father Pablo

Mugartegui and Juan Evangelista, I am leaving for San Blas tomorrow morning.' "

"Great news, joyful news, but kindly let me have that last letter, as I want to read it myself—Hello! there is someone knocking. Come in! Well, well, here is our faithful son, Fernando. You are, indeed, welcome."

"Thank you, Father. I am happy to see you again, and you too, Father Jaime. Here is a letter I brought you from Father Amurrio."

"Thank you, Fernando. Come and sit beside me here and tell me the latest news of all our good friends."

"There is not much to tell, Father Jaime, and I know you want to read Father Amurrio's letter, so, if you will kindly excuse me for awhile, I'll hunt up some of my old friends and come back to you later. I was told to wait for your answer."

"That will be quite all right, Fernando, and we certainly want you to come back, as we want to know what has happened to you and our friends since your last visit."

"It may be late, but I'll be back."

Fernando had always been popular with the soldiers, as well as the neophytes. After taking his horse to the corral, Fernando walked over to the barracks hoping to meet Corporal Rocha, but learned to his regret, he had left that morning with Francisco Pena for the presidio.

"Pena," said Juan Alvarez, "has not been at all well

lately, and the corporal thought a few days' rest at the presidio might help him."

"I am sorry to hear of Pena's illness, as I wanted to give him Señor Reyes's message. I also had one for Corporal Rocha. Both Reyes and Machado wanted to be remembered to you. Señor Reyes has some very important news for Corporal Rocha, but he may hear all about it from Father Jaime."

"Oh, I think we know what it's about. You can tell Martin Reyes that we know why he was so anxious to go with you to your father's rancheria. You can also tell him for me, that the 'boys' are saving up their reales (a Spanish coin) to buy him a wedding present."

"You tell your friends, Señor Alvarez, that Fernando suggests that they had better save up enough pesos to buy two wedding presents."

"Why, Fernando, you don't mean to say that you are going to get married at your age? Why you are nothing but a boy!"

"You think so, why I'll soon be seventeen. However, I promised not to say anything about the second marriage, and that goes."

"Tell me, Señor Alvarez, how are the neophytes getting along? Are there many new converts?"

"Our mission is growing steadily and both Fathers Jaime and Fuster are well liked by the Indians. Your first question, however, is not so easy to answer, Fernando. Why not walk around and have a talk with some of the neophytes?"

"I'll take your advice, as I think Father Amurrio will be interested to hear about them."

"If you decide to stay overnight, you can help yourself to any of the empty bunks in the barracks and here is a key to the outer gate. It belongs to Martin Reyes and you can give it to him when you go back."

"Thank you, Señor Alvarez."

Fernando's unexpected appearance among the San Diego mission neophytes created a veritable sensation. His friends, and there were many of them, quickly gathered about him, pleased to extend a hearty welcome. There were many questions asked and answered. Being a neophyte, like themselves, they did not hesitate to tell him all the news worth telling, and Fernando was not long in finding out that there was something mysterious going on. The older neophytes admitted there were many new converts, also quite a few deserters. They also told Fernando that many others were being urged to leave and keep away from the white faces.

To the neophytes gathered about him, Fernando said: "How foolish it would be for any of you to go back to the mean and disgusting way in which you had been living. Why you were even lower beasts than the howling coyotes or the evil-smelling skunks. Now you are human beings, children of the same God as the white faces, and, like them, you have learned how to keep your minds and bodies clean."

They all agreed that Fernando was right, but as

one of the neophytes among them said: "Some of our mans is like the wind that blows many ways, when much hungry they neophytes; when much lazy, they skunks."

Another man in the party told of a secret meeting of pagan Indians that was to be held that night, about a mile beyond the mission compound.

Without saying a word to anyone, Fernando decided to attend the meeting.

"Do not let any of these wily Indians of the distant rancherias, or their medicine men lure you away," Fernando cautioned them: "They do not want to clothe and feed you as the good fathers are doing. If they come to see you again, why not ask them what they have to offer you in the place of the clothes you now wear, of the huts you now have, of the food you now eat, of the life you now lead, of the God you now worship? They cannot fool my father's tribe. We know they have nothing better to give us for what we now have, nor have they anything but soft words and crooked lies to give you. Do not forget the words of Fernando, the Christian son of Topanque, who is your friend and brother!"

Disguised as a pagan savage, Fernando quietly approached the place that had been pointed out to him for the secret meeting of the Indians. There were about one hundred and fifty men present, and many of them had evidently come from a great distance as they spoke in strange tongues, and only a few understood

their words. There were talks on many topics, but the gist of them all was a proposed attack on the white faces. Their outbursts were all more or less crude, some even childish, and the outcome uncertain, until Cuyamac, the Indian banished from Topanque's rancheria, arose to address them.

In a fervid harangue he told the assemblage of their well organized plans and the glory to be won by success, which was certain. He painted a glowing picture for them and gradually awakened the kill instinct in the minds of his hearers. "Then, in a burst of fine oratory," said Fernando, in describing what followed to Reyes and Machado, "Cuyamac shouted at them that there were only twelve white faces at the mission and less than twenty at the presidio, while they would have over one thousand armed warriors against them. 'Surely you are not afraid of a handful of men? If not, then let us be brave and kill all these white faces. Are you agreed? If so, speak!'

" 'Aye! Aye! We are agreed,' they answered Cuyamac.

" 'Then let us meet here fully armed, five sleeps hence, after the sun goes down and attack at the darkest hour.'

" 'Aye, aye. So be it, Cuyamac, five sleeps hence.' "

Although the hour was late Fernando intended seeing the fathers before they retired, as he wanted to get the letters they were to write to Amurrio. He was also anxious to have a talk with them and warn them

of the danger that threatened both the mission and presidio.

After apologizing for being so late, Fernando first told Fathers Jaime and Fuster, in as few words as possible, of what had taken place at his father's rancheria. Then he told them of what he had seen and heard since his arrival, ending with the story of the midnight meeting of the savages and their contemplated attack both on the mission and presidio. The fathers politely listened to it all, and then Jaime quaintly remarked, "You see Fernando, yours is not the first story of this kind that we have heard. Why only a short time ago, Francisco Pena, who is now ill at the presidio, told Corporal Rocha a somewhat similar story. The savages are all friendly to us and we are gaining converts almost daily. We appreciate and thank you, Fernando, for coming to us with this information, as it proves your friendship for us and your sympathy in our work. Our lives are in God's hands and we have nothing to fear."

"I sincerely hope that you are right, Father Jaime. But I—well, time will tell."

"Quite right. Here are two letters for Father Amurrio. Father Fuster has also written both to Reyes and Machado, congratulating them on their good fortune in having succeeded in winning the love of your sister, Natooka, and your aunt, Cojuati. We also congratulate you, my son, as you are about to gain two most estimable men, whom Father Fuster and

I both greatly admire, for your uncle and brother-in-law."

"I had never thought of that and I want to thank you and Father Fuster for your good wishes, and if you will both kindly add your blessing, I'll bid you good night and good-bye, as I expect to leave at daybreak."

Fernando, being a full-blooded Indian, did not agree with Fathers Jaime and Fuster that there would be no Indian uprising, and, therefore, they had nothing to fear. On the contrary, he believed, from what he had seen and heard, that the San Diego situation was a serious one, and he was anxious to return to his father's rancheria as quickly as possible and tell Señor Reyes about what he had learned while at the San Diego mission. Then let him decide what action to take for the protection of his friends. Fernando also believed that when his father heard that Cuyamac was one of the ring-leaders of the band of pagan Indians, who planned the burning of the mission and presidio buildings and the killing of all the white faces, he would also organize and head a relief party of his ablest fighters and hasten to the assistance of their friends at San Diego.

Then the question came up, should he remain at San Diego and face this danger with his friends? "No," Fernando remarked to himself, "that would be foolish. The best thing for me to do is to hurry home and bring help. Five sleeps hence, Cuyamac said. Why it would take all of that time to make the round trip. I must try

and make it in less time, or we will be too late. Now for a few hours' sleep and an early morning start."

As Fernando was restlessly tossing about in his bunk at the mission barracks, unable to go to sleep again after being awakened by a strange dream that he had had, he recalled some lines, that his friend, Martin Reyes, had read and re-read to him from a book that Father Jaime had loaned him some months ago. The lines as he remembered them, read as follows: *"When the mind is overwrought with anxiety for those we love, and danger threatens, then frenzy comes and robs us of our sleep. Strange dreams may follow, trailing a thousand furies, that go riding through the night, babbling in as many tongues, to mock us."* At the time he could not understand what the lines meant, and Reyes tried to explain their meaning to him. He remembered how he laughed when Martin, to give him some idea about the furies, straddled a stick and went running about as though he was riding a horse. Babbling tongues were easily explained, but he had never had any dreams, and when Martin told him that people often had dreams that foretold of impending dangers, and even death, to those they loved, he was puzzled.

Now, that Fernando had been awakened by a most realistic dream, wherein he visioned a horde of pagan Indians, whooping and yelling, as they circled round and round a heavy brushwood fire, within which Rocha, Reyes and Machado were being slowly burned to death, he knew what those lines meant. The dream

was to warn him of the danger that threatened his friends. That was it. No wonder he was restless and could not sleep. So, without disturbing the soldier guard, Fernando quietly slipped out of his bunk and the barracks, and leading his horse from the nearby corral through the gate of the mission compound, he was soon urging him on towards his father's rancheria. He had to be careful while it was still dark, but at sunrise he was well on his way toward his destination.

At long intervals, he would stop to graze and rest his horse, while he himself tried to get a little sleep. There was no time wasted. It was past the noon hour of the third day, while nearing his home, when his horse stumbled and threw him off. It was not the first time he had been thrown from a horse, which had heretofore been a laughing matter, but in getting up, Fernando found he could not stand on his right foot. There was something wrong, but he must keep moving. He tried to coax his horse to come to him, but failed. Then he tried to hop and crawl towards him, but mister horse kept moving away.

A sad predicament now confronted Fernando. Desiring to aid his friends, here he was, helpless and at least five miles from his father's rancheria, and no way for him to get there. While lying on the ground taking an enforced rest, he heard a distant gunshot. Surely it must have been fired by Martin Reyes or Manuel Machado. He called to them through cupped hands at short intervals, but got no response. If he could only have had his gun with him, but he had safely fastened

that to his saddle. Well, he had done his best. Turning at last with his face downward, he gave way to his despair. A few minutes later he heard a second shot fired and that sounded much nearer to him. Again he called: "Hello! Reyes! Hello! Machado!" This time his voice was heard, both by Reyes and Machado, who gave answering calls and soon reached their helpless friend.

Fernando was not long in telling his story. When Reyes heard that Cuyamac was one of the ringleaders in the plot to wantonly destroy the San Diego buildings and kill the inmates, he was inclined to regret having helped to save his life, but he soon dismissed that thought from his mind. Reyes picked up Fernando and placed him on Machado's horse, while Machado was rounding up the horse that had thrown Fernando. They all started off at a rapid pace for Topanque's camp where a bonesetter, an elder of the tribe, soon eased Fernando's pain, by carefully bandaging a badly dislocated ankle.

In the meantime Reyes turned over Jaime's letter to Amurrio and told both him and Topanque what Fernando had learned from his talk with some of the San Diego neophytes, and his attendance at a secret midnight meeting of the pagan Indians. Fernando said, "There was very little life to the whole affair until your own banished tribesman, Cuyamac, aroused them by his stirring talk, and urged them to join him, and together they would burn and destroy the San Diego mission and presidio buildings and kill the white faces.

This they agreed to do on the fifth night after their meeting."

"Do you think there is anything to this, Topanque?" Reyes asked him.

Topanque was surprised to learn that Cuyamac was one of the ringleaders in the contemplated uprising of the Indians, and, after using some unprintable Indian profanity and wishing he had that son of a cross-eyed virago, Cuyamac, within the borders of his rancheria, said: "Cuyamac he make good talk, always; and I believe that what Fernando saw and heard is true—" After a pause, he added: "I think we had better call a tribal meeting, Señor Reyes."

This was no sooner said than done. At the meeting they discussed what action to take and it was decided that help must be sent to their friends at once, and that Cuyamac be fittingly dealt with, if they succeeded in catching him.

Chief Topanque selected twenty of his most dependable warriors and ordered them to prepare to accompany him to San Diego, another twenty to prepare and follow them two hours after their departure. Reyes and Machado, having learned that Father Serra was expected to arrive at San Diego almost any day, asked Topanque's consent to let Father Amurrio, Natooka, Cojuati, Fernando and his younger brother, Juanito, go with him. All this was agreed to, and before sunrise the following morning, Topanque and his warriors, armed to their teeth, were well on their way to San Diego.

## CHAPTER XV

# The Great Mission Battle

IT was the night of November 4, 1775. An overcast moon dimly lit up Mission Valley. Toward the west, a silvered pathway was seen where the early rains had caused a flow of water along the river bed that emptied into the distant bay. It was a warm and peaceful night. In a room in the mission building, Father Jaime, with nothing more than a tiny taper to illume the scene, was kneeling in prayer. Father Fuster and the two scholars, son and nephew of Ortega, had long since retired, likewise the carpenter and the two blacksmiths, while Corporal Rocha and his three soldiers, Juan Alvarez, Joaquin Armenta and Alejo Gonzales, were asleep in the barracks. As the moon disappeared, skulking savages were seen moving in the brushwood towards the mission. There were over eight hundred (Palou says one thousand) of these semi-naked Indians slowly crowding forward, waiting for the signal to begin the attack. In the foreground a mass of dried brushwood had been piled up against some of the buildings, while, crawling along on hands and knees, a number of Indians were seen approaching with smoldering brands with which to start burning the brush, palisades, and buildings.

The first man to awake was José Arroyo, one of the

blacksmiths, and, although seriously ill, he seized a newly sharpened sword and rushing out, he attacked the Indians. Being fatally wounded, he staggered back into the smithy, aroused his fellow-blacksmith and then dropped dead at his feet. Felipe Romero, the second blacksmith, from behind his bellows, which he used as a barricade, shot one of his assailants and then made a break for the barracks.

Father Jaime, aroused from his devotions by the firing of Romero's gun and the yelling of the savages, deliberately walked out into their midst, oblivious of all danger, and greeted the Indians with his customary salutation: "Love God, my children, love God." A dozen arrows struck him down, and his body was quickly dragged away.

Corporal Rocha and his three soldiers were awakened by the crashing poles and the smoke and smell of burning brushwood. Rocha, at once recognizing the need of prompt action and knowing that they were facing a life or death struggle, gave his men strict orders not to expose themselves needlessly, waste no powder, and make every shot count. "I must hurry over to the fathers' quarters," he said, "and insist on their joining us here. If it is God's will, I'll be back in a few minutes. Ah, here come Philip Romero and José Urselino to help you. Don't lay down boys, but pick your target and get your man, while I bring over the fathers and the two Ortega boys."

As Rocha, partly protected by the inside walls of the burning buildings, started to cross the mission grounds,

he saw just ahead of him two Indians, who had evidently entered through the smithy, running towards the Ortega boys' cabin. He shot the Indian nearest to him and was just in time to save one of the Ortega boys from death at the hands of the second Indian, who, with club upraised, was about to strike him down, when the corporal ran him through with his sword. Rocha with the two Ortega boys then entered the fathers' quarters. A quick survey showed only Father Fuster present and Juan asked, "Where is Father Jaime?"

"He was devoting the night to prayers, and when the unusual noise awakened me, I saw him getting up from his prie-dieu and walk out through the mission."

"Then the Indians," said Rocha, "have either captured or killed him. What a catastrophe, but we must not stop to think about it. Now I want you three to stoop down and stick as close to the walls as you can and hurry over to the barracks. Pepe, let Father Fuster go ahead and you follow after Juanito. When you get to the open space, all of you crawl along on your bellies until you have passed it. Then you will be safe. I will remain here and protect you from a rear attack until you have reached the barracks. Then I will follow you. Quick! Away with you, we have no time to lose!"

They all reached the barracks without mishap, and so far the Indians had not succeeded in wounding any of the mission defenders in the barracks, while they knew that quite a number of the savages had been killed and wounded.

Unfortunately for Rocha and his men, the flames soon forced them to abandon the barracks for a room in the mission building, and when that became untenable, they were obliged to seek refuge in a small abandoned and unroofed adobe building, that had formerly been used as a kitchen, which made a poor makeshift. They hurriedly closed up a large opening in one of its walls with bags, bales, boxes and a huge copper caldron that had been used for boiling their stews and soups. Here these courageous defenders made their last stand and, by the time they had closed the opening, all were wounded, and two of the soldiers and the carpenter totally disabled.

Arrows, sticks and stones were being showered upon them, and, while Fuster on his knees implored God's protection, Alvarez, the remaining soldier, and Romero, the blacksmith, assisted by the two Ortega boys, quickly cleaned and reloaded the muskets, which Rocha, with unerring aim fired at the Indians. In the waiting intervals, while the muskets were being reloaded, Rocha, with the carpenter's hammer would pound the copper kettle, and then, in a loud voice, using a native dialect that he knew some of the savages could understand, he would shout commands as though he had a full company of fighting men behind him. This he followed up by the firing, in rapid succession, of the loaded muskets, and by his dauntless bravery, single handed, he held the vast horde of savages at bay throughout the fearful night.

An unforeseen danger that threatened the lives of

these heroic defenders, was caused by a burning brand, thrown into the inclosure by one of the savages, that barely missed destroying their last sack of gunpowder, which Father Fuster subsequently protected by sitting upon it. Thus the hours passed until dawn, when the Indians were forced to disperse, and Corporal Rocha and his brave little band of heroes knew the fight had been won.

The body of Father Jaime was soon found and brought into the ruined storehouse, where it was placed beside the charred remains of José Arroyo. The mission neophytes, who claimed they had been held under duress while the conflict was under way, were next released and two of the most trustworthy sent to the presidio for assistance.

It did not take Corporal Mariano Verdugo, temporarily in charge of the San Diego presidio, long to get started on his way to the mission, when he learned through the neophyte messengers, of the great fight that had taken place during the night. When Verdugo heard of the courageous stand that had been made by the mission's brave defenders, and had seen the bodies of their dearly beloved Father Jaime, and the no less beloved, José Manuel Arroyo, and silently gazed upon the battle-scarred heroes of that terrible siege, he burst into tears and, as he afterwards told his friend, Francisco Pena, one of the mission guards, who was confined to his bed at the presidio with an attack of pneumonia,

and consequently had missed the fight, that he was not ashamed of giving way to his emotions.

Pena, thrilled by the story he had heard, said, "Mariano, that was one of the greatest moments of your life. I hope you also thought of saluting both our dead and living heroes."

"I did more than that. I not only saluted the living, but I got down on my knees and kissed the sadly torn robe that covered the ghastly wounds of dear Father Jaime, and as I raised his hand to let it rest upon my head, I asked our dear Lord God to forgive those dastardly fiends who shot down one of His anointed disciples.

"It was too bad, Pena, that you had to miss that great fight. I would gladly have given my next year's pay if I could have been in Rocha's place. You and I were out of luck."

"You never spoke a truer word, Mariano. Let us hope we may have an opportunity to get some of those devils later on."

Following the arrival at the mission of Verdugo and his four soldiers, hurried prèparations were made for the removal of the dead and wounded. Mules were loaded with what food and such other articles as the Indians had not destroyed, and the sad procession was soon started on its weary six-mile march to the presidio. While not a single one of those who lived through the night's siege had escaped being wounded, more or less seriously, with the one exception of José Urselino, who died shortly after the battle, all eventually recovered.

On their arrival at the presidio, Father Fuster was given a room in the presidio building that had at one time been occupied by Father Palou, while Corporal Rocha and the two boys were given Sergeant Mariano Carillo's room as he had gone north to visit one of the other missions and would not return for some time. The rest of the men were given bunks in the presidio barracks. The next sad act was the digging of two graves for the burial of Father Luis Jaime and José Manuel Arroyo at which Father Fuster officiated.

## CHAPTER XVI

# Serra's Thanksgiving Service

LIEUTENANT ORTEGA and his sister Camila, Father Lasuen, Marta, Ignacio and three soldiers reached the San Diego presidio shortly after the noon hour on the day following the defeat of the Indians in their attack on the mission. When Ortega learned the details of that thrilling fight and heard from the lips of his son and nephew how Corporal Rocha had saved their lives and won such a signal victory, with only a handful of men, he was so overcome by this glorious achievement that words failed him for a time. The magnitude of Rocha's victory was so overwhelming. No doubt many would find it hard to believe that three ordinary soldiers, a blacksmith, a carpenter, a priest and two boys, one ten and the other twelve years old, with an almost unknown non-commissioned officer, Corporal Juan Estevan Rocha, in command, could stand up and battle against over eight hundred armed and bloodthirsty savages, and defeat them after an all-night siege. Others would consider it absolutely impossible. Such a thing had never been heard of before and many might justly believe it was a miracle.

Ortega, at last recognizing Rocha's inherent ability, manfully asked his pardon and forgiveness for his past treatment of him, and after heartily thanking him for

The Ruins of the Old Mission San Diego de Alcala
On July 16, 1950 Ground Breaking Services Were Held for the
Building of a New Mission

saving the lives of his son and nephew, and congratulating him for his signal defense of the lives and property entrusted to his care, he affectionately embraced him, and there and then told him that he not only withdrew all objections to his marrying his sister, Camila, but would consider it a great honor to claim him as a brother-in-law, and, if he had no objections, he would be proud to act as best man at his wedding.

"Your victory," said Ortega, "the greatness of which you do not seem to grasp, has probably never been equalled in the annals of human warfare, and justly entitles you and those who took part in the fight with you, to our heartfelt praise and commendation."

Lieutenant Ortega (he had been promoted), after having his heart-to-heart talk with Corporal Rocha, insisted on his having his wounds properly dressed and bandaged by Camila, who had just come into the room.

"If any stitches should be needed," said Ortega, "you could call in Father Lasuen who, among all his other great gifts, is also a capable surgeon, and I know he will treat you kindly. Did you hear what I said, Camila?" her brother called to her.

"Yes, José, every word. I asked Juan to let me wash and properly bandage his wounds when we arrived, but his wounds, which he said did not amount to much, could wait until after I had fixed up Pepe, Juanito, and the others. Come, Juan, I am ready to fix you up now, and we will excuse José, while I try to make you look more presentable."

"Of course this is another conspiracy, and of course, Lieutenant Ortega is in the way. Ah, well, I see that henceforth I will have to take a back seat, and I am going to look for a comfortable one. Well, have a good time. Now, Pepe and Juanito (who were lying in a double bunk), be good boys while I am gone."

"Isn't he a dear, Juan?" Camila remarked as her brother kissed her on leaving the room.

"He is a prince. I wish you could have seen and heard him when he came up to me and asked that I should forgive him and forget the past. There were tears in his eyes as he embraced me."

"That's nothing, Uncle Juan," came from Pepe, "you should have seen daddy when we told him how that ugly looking Indian came so near killing us. I told him I wasn't a bit afraid because I saw you coming, and knew you would save us, and then daddy cried, and we cried, but it hurt me so to see daddy cry, that I told him how you made Father Fuster lie down on his belly when you ordered us to crawl over the open ground at the mission, as I knew that would make daddy laugh, and then he made us both promise that we would always remember Uncle Juan in our prayers."

"And you, too, Aunt Camila," Juanito chimed in.

"There now, boys, you had better keep quiet," Camila called to them, "and go to sleep."

"Now, Juan, how am I ever going to get your arm bandaged if you will insist on holding my hands while you are trying to kiss me?"

"Just one more kiss, Camila, and I'll try to behave."

Marta, coming in, "Excuse me, please, Ignacio he come to see you. Have good news. Many Indians are come—"

"What is this good news, Ignacio, that Marta started to tell us about?" Juan inquired of Ignacio as he entered the room.

"Chief Topanque he come with many of his warriors. Fader Amurrio he is come with Señor Reyes and Manuel Machado and they bring Fernando, who no can walk, his bruder, what they now call Juanito, because you save him life, my Corporal, like you do for me, long times since, but I no forget. Chief him also bring Natooka and big woman what have many smiles and funny name, who say she make marry with Señor Machado. I hear Señor Reyes say to Lieutenant José, heap more Indians come quick, and big ship he come now for San Diego. You see ship soon. Maybe Fader Serra he come in ship, then I go ask Lieutenant José, fix up with Fader Serra for make marry my Corporal Juan to my Señorita Camila, like you fix up one time with Fader Wizkeno for me and Marta."

"Will that suit you, dearest?" Juan asked Camila.

"Anything that suits you, dear Juan, will suit me. Remember, I told you once that when the hour came I would be ready and would not fail you."

"I know, dearest, and I'll try to deserve your faith in me."

The ship that Ignacio had seen entering the harbor proved to be the *Santiago,* having on board Fathers Serra and Mugartegui, and Juan Evangelista, the

young Indian neophyte. They arrived at the landing-place in a small boat and were met there by Fathers Lasuen, Fuster and Amurrio, Lieutenant Ortega, Martin Reyes and a number of soldiers and neophytes. As many of those present had not seen Serra since his departure for the Mexican capital, they were delighted to behold their beloved Father President once more. After the customary greetings the fathers, accompanied by Lieutenant Ortega, started for the presidio. As they walked along, Fuster—with one arm in a sling—told them of the all-night battle at the mission and the death of their beloved brother, Luis Jaime. The news of Jaime's death did not sadden Father Serra, as he believed their brother had achieved a glorious martyrdom, and that his passing was to be envied rather than deplored.

With deep emotion, Serra said, *"God be thanked, now the soil has been watered, now the conquest of the savages is complete."*

Fuster also told Serra of the brave fight that had been made by the mission guards under the command of Corporal Rocha, and how Rocha had not only saved the lives of the two Ortega boys, but of all those under his charge.

Lieutenant Ortega, who was one of the party escorting Serra to the presidio, taking up the conversation where Fuster left off, rather startled his hearers when he said, "Corporal Rocha's victorious fight will become historic and rank with the world's greatest battles. It seems hard to realize that when this fiendish and un-

foreseen combat started, there were just four fighting men—a corporal and three soldiers—besides a blacksmith, a carpenter, a priest and two boys, opposing over eight hundred armed savages. When these undaunted heroes, imminently facing death, had finally reached their last stand, three of the men were soon totally disabled, and two others seriously wounded, leaving but one man, Corporal Rocha, to battle single-handed against this overwhelming force of howling savages, in an all-night fight, and with the oncoming dawn he forced them to disperse. It is almost beyond human understanding.

"History has recorded many glorious battles won throughout the ages, but I cannot recall any that can be compared with Corporal Rocha's single-handed victory. It might well be called miraculous, and surely God was with us in that fight, for if it had been lost, it is more than likely that we would have had to abandon all our missions, and might well have caused Spain the loss of Alta California."

"You may be right," said Serra; "and Father Fuster has just informed me that we have you to thank, Lieutenant Ortega, for having placed our worthy son, Corporal Rocha, in charge of the mission guard."

"When I heard of the Indian unrest in San Diego, I asked Rocha to take charge of the guard, because I knew that he could be depended upon in any emergency, and I was not mistaken. That reminds me, Father Serra, of another emergency, and we will have to depend upon you in this case to help us out. Corporal

Rocha is engaged to my sister, and, if, agreeable to you, they would like to have you perform the marriage ceremony."

"Long ago, my dear Lieutenant, I promised them I would be most happy to be so honored, and, as it is my intention to hold a thanksgiving service tomorrow, why not start it off with their marriage ceremony?"

"Kindly make it two ceremonies, Father Serra," blushingly blurted out Martin Reyes, who had just then come abreast of the father; "as I have asked Natooka, the daughter of Topanque, to become my wife, and she has kindly consented."

"I congratulate you, my son, and I shall be most happy to accommodate you. Tomorrow morning at break of day, on condition that the ceremony take place before the blessed cross that you helped us to erect, Martin."

The news that there would be a double wedding soon leaked out and congratulations and presents were being showered upon Camila and Juan, Natooka and Reyes, and everyone at the presidio planned to attend the unusual early-morning marriage ceremony at which the beloved Father Serra was to officiate.

Cojuati also heard the good news, but it did not sound so good to her, as no mention had been made of her engagement and marriage, and she meant to find out why she and Machado were being left out in the cold. She soon caught sight of her Manuelo, sitting alone and disconsolate near the barracks. Coming up to him Cojuati saw that he was quite unhappy and ques-

tioned him, "What my man eats? Him look sick. Me sorry, much sorry."

"No, I'm not sick, dear Cojuati. Just feeling mean and ugly."

"My Manuelo, he no mean, him fine man. I think maybe better we get married, yes?"

"Pretty soon, my dear."

"What mean, pretty soon?"

"After a while, dearest."

Cojuati, having long since realized that her Manuelo was either scared, ashamed or too bashful to carry out his promise to her, meant to stir him up and said, "You afraid for what?"

"I am not afraid. That's not it at all," Machado replied. "Reyes he says we should marry same time he marry Natooka, but I no like."

"Then why you no do like Indians. When Indian him want woman, he find woman him like and say, 'Come, you my woman.' If she like man, she go. You say like Indian, 'Cojuati, you my woman.' Me go."

It took some time for Machado to satisfactorily explain to Cojuati what the real trouble was, and finally, he promised her he would ask Father Amurrio to marry them.

"When you do this? Now?"

"No, let us wait until tomorrow."

"Cojuati, she no wait. Come, you fix him for now and we fool Natooka and Señor Reyes, and they no fool us."

"All right, let's get it over with. Come, my dear Cojuati."

"Sure I come, my dear Manuelito."

"There, boys, I think we can call it a day," said Corporal Verdugo, after having carefully inspected the work they had done in decorating the bower and altar and hanging up the mission bells, which they had brought back to the presidio, on a nearby tree for the use of Serra's thanksgiving service and the double wedding of their friends. "This ancient timepiece of mine which has been an heirloom in our family and handed down from father to son for ages, shows both hands resting on the figure five, so it must be twenty-five minutes past five o'clock, Tomaso, and I think you and Carlos had better start ringing the bells and get the people up here before daylight."

A huge bonfire effectively lit up the altar, and the cross that had been erected on that historic Sunday when Father Serra dedicated the San Diego mission, and in the cool morning air, with the heavens still "bespangled with those isles of light," it made a most picturesque and inspiring scene for the fathers and their followers to look upon.

Slowly, the various individuals who were to take part in Serra's early-morning service, began to fall into line as they approached the freshly bedecked altar. Heading the procession came Fathers Serra, Lasuen, Fuster, Amurrio and Mugartegui, garbed in befitting vestments; then came Lieutenant Ortega with his sister,

First Book
in which are set down the records
of the
Baptisms
of this new Mission of
San Diego.
Belonging to the Apostolic College of the Propagation
of the Faith of Missionaries of the Order of our Holy
Father St Francis of the royal Observance, of San Fernando
of Mexico.
Founded
at the instance of the Catholic Monarch, Don Carlos III,
King of Spain (whom God preserve) under the auspicious
and fruitful succession of his Excellency, Don Carlos Francisco
de Croix, Marquis de Croix, present Worthy Governor and
Captain General of this New Spain.
By the illustrious Señor Don Joseph de Galvez of the
Royal Council and Court of his Royal and Supreme Majesty
of the Indies, Acting Inspector and Visitor General of
this New Spain, for the Religious of the Apostolic College
Commenced
on the 16th day of July, Feast of the Exaltation of the
Holy Cross, title of Our Lady of Mt Carmel of St Dominic
in the year of our Lord 1769
Its First Ministers
the R. Pr. Fray Junipero Serra, President, and R. Pr. Fray
Fernando Parron, members of the College of San Fernando
of Mexico, associated with R. Pr. Fray Juan Vizcaino,
appointed for the foundation of another Mission.
This Book
Junipero Serra
Libro Primero
de los
Bautismos
de esta nueva Mision de
San Diego

This First Page of the Book of Baptisms of Mission San Diego de Alcala
Is in the Handwriting of Fray Junipero Serra

Camila, and his son and nephew, Pepe and Juanito; Topanque and his daughter, Natooka, and his two sons, Fernando and Juanito. Following these came a number of soldiers led by Corporals Rocha and Verdugo; Machado and his wife, Cojuati; Martin Reyes, the four wounded men, Juan Evangelista, Topanque's band of Indians and a number of the San Diego neophytes. There was a short prayer and the singing of the nuptial Mass, which was followed by the marriage of Juan Estevan Rocha to Camila Maria de Ortega, and Martin Reyes to Natooka, the daughter of Chief Topanque. After these loving couples, now happily united in the bonds of holy wedlock, had received the nuptial blessing, they stepped to one side, and, while the first salute of the guns and cannon shot thundered forth and ushered in the coming dawn, the congregation gathered more closely about the altar as they did not want to miss a word of Serra's talk and his eulogy of the living and the dead.

After quiet had been restored, Father Serra, impressed by the scene and his subject, with all his old-time vigor and inspiration, first spoke of his journey to Mexico and his reception and success at the capital. He told them of his serious illness and recovery. Of his hearty welcome on arriving at the College of San Fernando in the City of Mexico. Of his friendly meeting with Viceroy Bucareli. Of the deep interest he has taken in our missions. Of his agreement to furnish necessary funds for the erection of three additional missions. Of his rescinding the order for the closing of the

port of San Blas. Of the joint meeting with Bucareli and the Royal Council and their favorable response to our requests, for all of which I feel that our thanks are due to these friends for their kind consideration of our needs.

As soon as the boisterous applause that followed Serra's informal talk about his visit to Mexico had subsided, a deep hush silenced the motley congregation. It was unusually impressive. Looking out over the vista of winding hills, the glistening bay, the peaceful ocean, and the overspreading sunshine, the reverend father for a moment, seemed oblivious of his subject and the friends who had gathered about him. Then, as his near-sighted eyes rested upon this unique assemblage, he said, "From time to time various reports had reached us of some ill-feeling that many of the savages had against us. When we learned that this was true we endeavored to overcome their animosity by redoubling our efforts to gain new converts to our faith, thus turning possible enemies into friends, and the non-believer into a follower of Jesus Christ.

"There was no doubt in our minds," Serra continued, "that the uprising that terminated with the mission battle, was largely due to that evil influence that had been such a grievous menace to us in striving to bring about the spiritual conquest of the California Indians.

"It was that evil influence that had made it possible for the tribal prophets, or medicine men as they were sometimes called, to stir up a feeling of hatred against us among the malcontents and the weaker-minded mem-

bers belonging to many of the rancherias surrounding the missions. Fortunately, their first preconcerted uprising and attack had proven a failure, and it must have cost the combined forces a great loss in killed and wounded.

"Our Heavenly Father had not forsaken us in that fight. That heroic little band of our faithful followers, under the able command of Corporal Juan Estevan Rocha, had fought for a worthy cause and they had won a great victory.

"Human bloodshed, however, my dear friends, should always be deplored. It is largely due to man's failure to obey God's laws that war continues a constant menace to the human race; but the day will come, and let us hope and pray that it is not far distant, when these laws will be obeyed, and war amongst the nations and the peoples of the earth will forever cease, and eternal peace shall bless the land, and we shall become one nation and one people, at peace with God, our neighbors, and ourselves.

"We should not bestow our praise upon the dead and withold it from the living. In what Lieutenant Ortega has said was probably one of the most remarkable fights known to human warfare, that little band of heroes, comprising four soldiers, a blacksmith, and a carpenter, valiantly faced a vast horde of armed savages, in an all-night attack on the San Diego mission, against which our men had made no preparations whatsoever, and finally forced them to disperse; thus winning a great victory for Christianity, for Spain, for

their king, and for civilization. Each and every one of these brave fighters is deserving of our sincere thanks and stintless praise. We should all hold their names in kind remembrance for they were battling for the safety of our missions and the mission fathers.

"Corporal Rocha, the commanding officer of this dauntless band, deserves to be enrolled as one of the world's greatest heroes, and his name and his fame should live through the ages. Juan Alvarez, Joaquin Armenta, Alejo Gonzales and Felipe Romero did yeoman service in this great conflict, and, with their intrepid commanding officer, should henceforth be enrolled among Spain's notable sons, all deserving of present and posthumous fame. Nor must we forget the two Ortega boys, Pepe and Juanito. Although wounded, as were all the others, they continued to help in cleaning and loading the muskets throughout that fearful night. They, too, deserve our thanks and commendation. Our beloved brother, Father Fuster, likewise proved himself a hero when he sat upon their last bag of gunpowder to shield it from the burning brands of the savages.

"To those near and dear ones of our valiant dead, we extend our sincere sympathy. Their loved ones were martyrs to a great cause. José Manuel Arroyo, the first victim of the belligerents, was a man of unblemished character, who had always lived an exemplary life, and in his passing proved himself a hero. José Urselino, who passed into the great beyond only a few hours ago, as a dying request asked that his estate be used for the

redemption of those ignorant and misguided savages who had caused his death. What a lesson he has left for the living. Let me ask, dear friends, that you henceforth remember these worthy men in your prayers.

"And now we come to our dearly beloved Brother Luis Jaime. Thou, too, dear Brother Jaime, didst die a hero's death, and thy gentle spirit has winged its way to Paradise. Among our hallowed dead, none so well deserved thy crown of martyrdom. In life, thy every thought was to serve our Master, and thy blessed benediction, 'Love God, my children, love God,' served as thy password into the *Sanctum Sanctorum* of the great beyond. In ages yet to come, thy brothers will envy thee thy martyrdom and generations yet unborn will praise and glorify thy name. Jaime, brave and gentle Jaime, may everlasting peace be thine."

THE END

WITHDRAWN

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